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THE  
HOLY WORLD  
OF A SOUTH ISLAND

REV G. E. MASON



24

1876

1. Church of England New Zealand
2. New Zealand - The Church of England

1880-1885

3. Voyages around the world 1885.

6

A. J. Purckas

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Alas...







How lilies grow  
in Auckland

the same time, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) published a letter to the editor from a physician in the United States, who had been asked to review the book. The physician, who was a member of the American Medical Association, wrote that the book was "a very good book" and that it was "well written and well illustrated." He also wrote that the book was "a very good book" and that it was "well written and well illustrated." The physician's letter was published in the *JAMA* in 1941.

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# ROUND THE ROUND WORLD

ON A

## CHURCH MISSION.

1

BY THE  
REV. G. E. MASON,

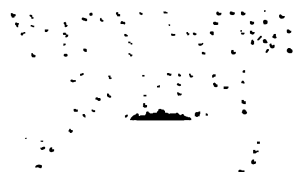
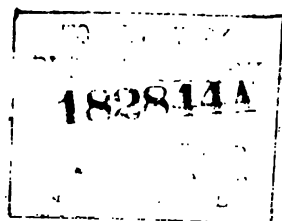
RECTOR OF WHITWELL, HON. CANON OF SOUTHWELL, AND A "CANON-MISSIONER"  
OF THE DIOCESE.

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PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

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LONDON:  
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,  
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, W.C.;  
43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.  
BRIGHTON: 135, NORTH STREET.  
NEW YORK: E. & J. B. YOUNG AND CO.  
1892.



TO  
MY DEAREST BROTHER,  
WHOSE SELF-DENYING LOVE AND DEVOTION TO WORK AT HOME  
ARRANGED (I MORE THAN GUESS, THOUGH HE NEVER SAID IT)  
THAT I, RATHER THAN HIMSELF, SHOULD EXPERIENCE  
THE PRIVILEGES AND JOYS  
OF WHICH THIS LITTLE STORY IS THE RECORD,  
ARTHUR JAMES MASON, D.D.,  
I LOVINGLY DEDICATE THESE PAGES.



## P R E F A C E .

---

IN the year 1884 the present Archbishop of York, who was at that time Bishop of Lichfield, and included in his yet undivided diocese the county of Derby, wrote to my friend, Mr. Charles Bodington, who was Vicar of Christ Church, in the city of Lichfield, and is now a residentiary canon of the cathedral, and to me, saying that he had been requested to send two clergymen to preach missions in the dioceses of Christchurch and Auckland in New Zealand, and asking us to go. The call was unexpected and startling. But if any one on earth had a right to utter it, it was our own diocesan. He had the first claim on our obedience. He knew us and our parishes very well, and when, after weighing all the objections we could urge, he unhesitatingly took upon himself the responsibility of telling us to go, we felt that for us to refuse would be presumptuous (see Appendix, p. 363).

We sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of July in

the next year, and we followed the course of the sun "round the round world." We crossed the Atlantic Ocean and the great continent of America, and, stopping to lunch at the Sandwich Islands and to breakfast at Tutuila, reached New Zealand in the early spring. Our missions in the two islands lasted through the finest summer that had been known for twenty years, and it was winter when we steamed away through the storms of the South Pacific to Tasmania and Australia. Somewhere between Brisbane and London we slipped through another spring and summer, and reached home in September, 1886, after an absence of fourteen months. The mission was, I think, the first that had ever been sent to the colonial Churches.

The New Zealand Church paid our travelling expenses, as well as the stipends of the two clergymen who took charge of our parishes. It was, therefore, costly ; but the sum we received was not greater than the annual income paid to the incumbent of a city church in the colony.

This story of our travel was chiefly written during a short summer holiday in 1887. Change and growth are rapid in the colonies. Five years in these young countries are equal to fifteen at home, and there must have been many alterations in New Zealand since we learned to love it. These pages only profess to represent our impressions of the country at the time.

Although in writing them I had the benefit of Canon Bodington's diaries, I could not possess myself of his recollections, and naturally the story has been told from my own point of view. I am afraid that this sad necessity may have given it a tinge of egoism, in spite of my desire to veil the naughty "ego." I know that he would not notice it himself, and I hope the more observant reader will forgive me.

My best thanks are due to my cousin, Miss Meadows Taylor, for selecting and laboriously transcribing from my letters and diaries the materials which I have here condensed; and to my brother, Mr. W. H. Mason, of Morton Hall, Notts., for reproducing in pen and ink the drawings from my sketch-book. The illustrations are nearly all his work. That on p. 43, although taken from my sketch-book, was copied by me from a photograph. The *Clematis indivisa*, on p. 93, was drawn by him from nature; and the *kiwi*, on p. 74, from a stuffed specimen given me by Dr. Kinder, of Auckland. The unacknowledged quotations are from Captain Cook's "Voyages," and from the "Diaries" of Bishop Selwyn; and I have corrected or verified my own impressions of the country by consulting the excellent "Year-Book of New Zealand" for 1886, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

It is well, perhaps, to add that all the remarks I have made on the advantage and the duty of



colonization were written long before "General" Booth proposed his scheme. It is evident, I think, that he has rightly discerned "the signs of the times." It is equally plain to me that the Salvation Army, regarded not as a Society for the conversion of sinners, but as an independent and self-sufficient religion, does not offer a strong and permanent basis on which to build up this important social work.

G. EDWARD MASON,

*Rector of Whitwell, Hon. Canon of  
Southwell, and a "Canon-Missioner"  
of the Diocese.*

*July 4, 1892.*



# ROUND THE ROUND WORLD ON A CHURCH MISSION.

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## BOOK I.

### *THE VOYAGE OUT.*

#### CHAPTER I.

ON the 13th of July, 1885, we were steaming westward in the *Bothnia*. It was an incomparably delicious day; the sea waveless and like a sheet of polished silver. Although we were four hundred miles from New York, the pilot came on board in the morning at seven o'clock. We saw a cruel shark with black fins cutting the water like lightning, and the petrels skimming round him. A lovely flying-fish flew on board. I bought it, and sketched it. It is like a mackerel with four wings. The web of its wings is like very delicate gelatine, more transparently clear than tracing-paper.

The next day was a busy one, our first spent in

the New World. And remarkably new it is. It would be quite impossible to mention half the new things that we saw in our forty hours' stay in New York. All was new. For instance, the waiters are all black. They have such comfortable faces and sleek skins and impossibly-large, rolling eyes, that they look exactly like seals—as though some of the creatures out of "Wonderland" had suddenly proved to be realities; and we breakfasted on blackberries and blue-fish.

There are three things well worth notice in an American hotel. The first is the sensible and scientific variety of bread; the second is, that breakfast is always begun with fruit and cream; and the third is, that wines and other intoxicating liquors are seldom touched in the dining-room. They may be had, if they are required; but the guests are not expected to ask for them. Their attention is not called to the wine-card. If they want such luxuries they go to the bar downstairs.

The streets are full of tram-cars; and over the tram-cars, suspended in the air about the height of the second or third story, is an "elevated" railway. The waggons, instead of being heavy and lumbering, are all springy and light, looking as if they were made of nothing, and they are painted all colours. The horses are chiefly white, with flowing manes and tails, and jingling with incessant bells. They are troubled with very little harness. The omnibus which brought us to the Metropolitan Hotel was grand and lofty and balanced on leathern springs. It was very like the Lord Mayor's state coach. But the coachman did not correspond to this idea. He had no gold lace or

powdered wig. He wore no coat ; he drove us with his shirt-sleeves tucked up. He had a straw hat on his head and a cigar in his mouth.

The streets are all full of telegraph-posts ; not one line, but many lines. The posts are simply trees with the bark off, painted, and leaning about in every direction. Some of them have as many as eight cross-yards, each of them with six or seven lines of wire running through them. These untidy posts are quite in character with the streets, which are roughly paved with large cobble-stones, and often littered with rubbish and encumbered with bales and crates of unpacked goods. The only really neat and quiet street which we observed, and the only one with a well-made, smooth road, was the famous Fifth Avenue, the home of the wealthy grandees who despise the English and copy them. The shops are, of course, all "stores." They are like warehouses, very large and roomy ; and each boasts a sign. These signs are very demonstrative. They do not overhang the passengers ; they contest the pavement with them. They are generally statues — a Highlander, perhaps, or a Red Indian, or a polar bear. Thrones are erected here and there for those princely people who can afford to have their boots blacked. They must be princely, because fivepence is the very smallest sum for which they can get what the "brigade" in London call "a shine." In the same way, if you want your hair comfortably dressed, you must pay a dollar. In fact, except at the hotels, which are to be considered cheap, a dollar appears to go little further than a sixpence. How rich the shoe-blacks must be ! I have often reflected since that

here is a great opening for gentlemen with broken fortunes.

Policemen, or, as they are familiarly called, "cops," lounge about the streets in cool suits and white hats, armed with ugly bâtons. They are, we were told, chiefly Irish, and are very handy with their official shillelaghs, and are apt in a row to "fetch you a crack over the head to see if you're the right man." But of this we cannot speak from experience. The postmen are like sportsmen; they wear comfortable grey clothes, and carry the letters in real game-bags.

What with signs, and shoe-blacks, and goods exposed for sale, and the motley crowd in summer costumes, the streets, though untidy, are remarkably picturesque. If some things are untidy in this New World, it is because the Americans—and they admit it—are so "go-ahead" that they have not yet had time to stop to finish them.

The older part of New York is as irregular as London or Rome; the newer part is mapped out with mathematical precision. The avenues run north and south, and are four or five miles long; the streets, which may be two miles long, cross them at right angles from Hudson River to East River. Avenues and streets are mathematical, not only in structure, but also in name. For their names are simply numerical. There are twelve avenues; and, when you have gone down Sixth Avenue as far as the Central Park, you find yourself in Fifty-ninth Street. How much further these streets may go beyond the Park, and up to what numbers they may run, I would not hazard a guess.

There is one advantage connected with this plan, that a slight knowledge of arithmetic enables you to find out how far you have to walk to get back to your hotel.

We crossed the vast suspension-bridge which connects New York and Brooklyn. It carries every kind of traffic across it at an immense height above the East River, and you look down on big ships being towed out beneath you. In the centre of the bridge is a broad foot-walk, with seats in the shade. Beneath there is a passage full of telegraphs and telephones. On either side comes a line of steam-cars, which run across without an engine. Outside these, again, is a broad carriage-way, making altogether five roads side by side.

From *depôt* to *depôt* (the word "station" is unknown in America) the bridge is a mile long. The view from it is splendid—it is like London in form, and like Venice in colour. The houses are chiefly red, but also white and yellow with green Venetian windows. The rivers and harbour are crowded with shipping. Each line of steamers has its own separate landing-stage, and the water is so deep that the largest ocean-steamers simply come straight in and sidle up to their own platforms without aid from tugs or boats.

On the bridge, as elsewhere, may be seen original and startling advertisements—here a huge statuary armchair; there a seven-league boot; there a placard in praise of "Phosphaline," a restorative for headache and "*gone-ness*," strong enough, you would be assured, to restore even "a gone coon."

The Americans have a passion for exaggeration. They have produced such extraordinary results

in so short a time ; their inventions are so sudden, their discoveries so surprising ; and everything they have is so big, such big lakes, rivers, mountains, prairies, and trees ; such big cities, such big industries, such big " stores," such big " tracks," such big " cars ;" everything, in fact, is on so great a scale that they naturally take an enlarged view of possibilities ; their imagination overleaps all the difficulties and rushes to a superlative conclusion. They have no desire to deceive, only to astonish. They have the instinct of a Jules Verne. They have the French love of *la gloire* ; only with them *la gloire* is not ideal but material. Much that they say is not meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre* : it is simply their droll humour. A young Mexican was describing to us a curve in a Pennsylvanian railway, which was so sharp that he was thrown out of his berth in a sleeping-car. " You know," he continued, " the curve is so sharp that you can step from the hind car into the front " —and, after a moment's hesitation—" in fact, there was once a collision," and then he burst into laughter. Another was explaining inoculation, and he said, " For instance, Peru is the place for fleas, but, after you've been there a few days, you don't feel them at all." The Mexican at once broke in with, " I've just come from there, and I quite miss them." A New York merchant, lately returned from travel in Europe and the East, initiated us into the mysteries of his cypher telegrams. One was the word " kopper." This was a telegram to be sent to his wife through his partner in business—indifferently from England, Rome, or Smyrna—and meant, " I am enjoying

splendid health. The country interests me exceedingly. The climate and scenery are delightful." If he wanted to vary the message, he telegraphed "koppers," and the little crooked letter, by the time it reached the delighted wife, had swelled into several more pleasant and reassuring messages.

Of all the new things in New York nothing is more new than the style of the newspapers. There they are hung in rows on the wall on the ground floor of the hotel—the ground floor, which is quite open to the street, and serves as a public club ; but the difficulty is to find one that is worth reading. You look in vain for anything like the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, or the *Standard*. You see no telegrams from Alexandria or Moscow. You can trace no mention of the burning questions that agitate Europe. You find trade, agriculture, and mining, adventure and amusement, gossip and scandal. Column after column is devoted to sensational stories, emphasized here and there by half-lines in large print, in which elopement, the revolver, or the dollar plays a prominent part. The fact is that the Americans have no politics. European questions affect them very little. They look on, but they do not mingle. Their political horizon is much the same as their geographical horizon ; it does not extend beyond what they can see from Coney Island on the Atlantic, and from the Cliff House on the Pacific. They have the confidence of strength and distance, and they are not shaken out of their easy *nonchalance* unless somebody looks with a greedy eye upon the Sandwich Islands or refuses bait to their fishing-smacks. Some of



the newspapers have romance in their very names. Two that may be seen on every stall are called the *Catskill Mountain Breeze* and the *Lake George Ripple*. We are accustomed to an *Evening Star*, but a ripple or a breeze is picturesquely novel.

The perfectly free use that is made of the ground floor of the hotels must be a tempting inducement to well-dressed rogues to make perfectly free with the property they find there. I suffered from it myself. One of them walked off with my umbrella. I know well who it must have been. I was writing a letter in the writing-room, and I placed my umbrella on the table beside me. As I wrote I observed a man seated on a chair not far off, who appeared to be asleep. I remarked that he slept very funnily, with his right eye half open. My umbrella fell on to the floor, and, soon after, the sleeper awoke, and moved his chair round to the side of the table where the umbrella lay. For one brief moment I went to the bureau for a stamp, and when I returned, the umbrella and the sleeper were both gone, and all inquiries were in vain.

There seems to be a real solid Church work going on in this great city. There ought to be a grand cathedral, like the splendid one built across the water in Brooklyn almost entirely by the munificent generosity of one devout lady. But, in spite of this want, the Church is doing well. Trinity Church is the mother church of New York. It is old and well endowed. The original building dates from 1697; the present structure is only forty years old. It has six daughter churches, and is the centre of the most important parish in New York. It also supports twenty other churches

in the city. In the parish there are more than five thousand communicants. This large number is no doubt partly due to the elaborate system of guilds which is established throughout this group of seven churches, and is admirably managed by the clergy, with the help of the Sisters of St. Mary. At Trinity Church alone there are the guilds of St. Ambrose, of the Holy Cross, of St. John, of St. Nicholas, and of St. Paul, for men; and the guilds of the Good Shepherd, of St. Agnes, of St. Mary, and of St. Monica, for women. The guilds form a connected chain, and are so arranged as to protect children from bad influences, and attach them to the Church, and keep them, as they advance in years, still under the care and guidance of good friends, until their habits and principles are fixed, and they become faithful and active Churchmen for life. It is pleasant to notice that the young men are not overburdened with religious instruction, but have their reading-rooms and billiard-tables, and their classes for geometrical drawing and clay-modelling. That the Church is aggressive in the best sense may be seen by the fact that there were no fewer than seventy-three adults baptized in the year, and thirteen hundred children, and five hundred and sixty persons confirmed. The collections amounted to more than sixty thousand dollars.

It would take too long to mention all the charitable and educational works of the parish. There are nineteen clergy, and an imposing and even puzzling array of choristers, servers, acolytes, and crucifers. The church itself, which is open all day for private devotion, stands in a fine position

on Broadway in a green churchyard overshadowed by lofty trees. It has an impressive interior. The chancel is raised, and is separated by a low screen from the body of the church. There are handsome stalls, and behind the altar is a very fine carved reredos in several compartments, representing the Crucifixion and other scenes in our Lord's life. There seems to be a great future before the American Church. The American people have a reverence for what is venerable and peaceful, and, with vigorous work and wide sympathies, the Church may look forward some day to a position as influential in the United States as the position of the English Church is in England, and more.

To a Churchman this does not sound a selfish hope. The Church does not exist for herself, but for her Lord and for His world. It is through the Church that His best gifts are bestowed upon men. The Church made England and Europe; and the American Church may make America. It is a glorious opportunity. There lies before her a varied and magnificent material. And, if she is able to rise to the true grandeur of her position, to mould the forces that are struggling around her, to lead the van of freedom, to wed the thought and the faith of the centuries that lie behind her with the life and speech and movement of the future that is crowding upon her, then, guided and governed by the good Spirit within her, she will be able to assimilate all that is best in other kindred forms of faith and worship, and by the compelling attraction of her vigour and her beauty, to lead all who profess and call themselves Christians into the

way of truth. A great American Church, sweeping her unresisted sceptre from ocean to ocean, might present to the world such a spectacle as has never yet been seen. It would be a boon to the whole world. "The people of America"—I quote from a poet of their own—"are becoming in many respects more intimately allied with the mother country than they were before their independence. Whatever goes to develop such an alliance contributes to the prosperity of both countries; and does something for the good of the human race, not to say for the glory of Him whose advent was peace and good will." The Church subserves "the noblest and most sacred interests of the Old World and the New, awakening sympathies and strengthening instincts, which, far more than skilful diplomacy, will ensure a perpetual unity."\*

\* Bishop Coxé.



## CHAPTER II.

WHAT geographical blunders it is possible to make! If a drawing-room full of people were asked to name approximately the latitude of New York, how many persons would guess it to be about the same degree as Penzance, and then hesitate for fear they should have ventured too far south! It really requires quite an effort of faith in Mr. Stanford or Mr. Johnston, to believe that New York is, in fact, in the latitude of Naples. So it is; and no wonder it is hot in July. In the same way, we are tempted to feel that New York is the capital of America, when it is not even the capital of New York State. Washington is the political capital. But perhaps we might say that America has two other capitals besides—Boston, the literary and scientific capital; and New York, the capital of commerce and of fashion. The capital of New York State is Albany, which lies north on the Hudson River; and not far from it is the well-known Saratoga Springs, the Buxton or the Baden-Baden of New York.

We steamed up to Albany in a river-boat. These

steamers are broad barges, luxuriously fitted up with saloons and restaurants, and the decks are roomy verandahs. They are propelled by paddles, and the man at the wheel is in the last place where you would expect to find him—in the front of the funnel, and half as high. It is the same on the bustling little tugs. As they approach they present the appearance of diminutive turret-ships. On the deck of our steamer was a characteristically American notice, "Gentlemen will not smoke; others must not."

The trip to Albany is a favourite and fashionable one; and so it deserves to be. The scenery is very pretty. The names of Rhinecliff and Rhinebeck on the left shore would seem to challenge a comparison with the famous German stream. A better comparison, perhaps, would be the Falmouth River or the Dart, although sometimes the rocks and precipices are bolder than would be seen on these English rivers. The banks are clothed with wood, chiefly cypress, down to the water.

Instead of feudal castles, there are ice-houses. In the winter the river freezes thickly. Ice-ploughs cut the frozen crust into blocks, which are stored away for summer use. And almost every hour one or two steamboats come puffing and panting down stream with a flotilla of ten or twenty ice-barges in tow. On the top of the barges a little windmill or two may be seen for baling out the water from the melting cargo. The grey Catskill Mountains wreathed with floating mist form a charming background to the groves of cypress, the villas and gardens, the rocks, the boat-houses, the ice-houses, the reed-beds, and the smooth, deep

water. We reached Albany in the evening, and went by night train to Niagara, and arrived in the morning at the station on the Canadian side called "Suspension-Bridge."

We took a carriage and drove up to Clifton House. It is a beautiful homely-looking house surrounded by cool verandahs, shaded by plane trees and embowered in leaves and blossoms. The view is splendid. The whole range of the Falls is spread out before you in a grand semicircle. The water of the Horseshoe Fall, as it bends and sweeps over the top of the precipice, is a clear, brilliant green. The foam rises high above the river, and forms a dense floating cloud, and makes the air moist and cool for half a mile. The violence of the rushing waters produces an incessant storm in the air, and the trees are tossed and blown about as if before a gale of wind.

The huge volume of the great St. Lawrence River plunges four million tons of water every minute over a wide and irregular precipice, a hundred and sixty feet high. On the right is the vast imposing amphitheatre of the Horseshoe Fall. The abrupt crags of Goat Island, crowded with cedars and with "the gadding vine o'ergrown," break the white line of toppling water; and on the left the smaller division of the river gushes out, itself divided into two or three waterfalls, the least of which is larger than the Velino at Terni, or the Aar at Handeck. Beyond them again, to the left, are broken precipices and trees, the suspension-bridge, and cascades, and veils of dripping water that remind one of the streaming hillside of Tivoli.

Across the suspension-bridge is a little town.

Everywhere were signs of a recent festivity. The state of New York has bought up all private rights on the American side, and thrown the whole into a free park. This public gift was made with much ceremony a few days before we arrived. All the houses were decorated with the stars and stripes and with the red, white, and blue. One window was quite banked up with white lilies. A triumphal arch in the main street bore the mottoes, "Niagara redeemed free to the world," and "New York's imperial gift to the world," with the names of the President and of the Lieutenant-Governor of Canada. In order to honour the occasion, Canadian troops were desired at the ceremony. But for Canadian troops to set foot on American soil was an illegal act. How to get over this formidable difficulty was the question. Recourse was had to the witty race of lawyers. They put on their spectacles and fumbled over their acts and deeds and parchments, until they found a clause which exactly met the difficulty, by providing that the suspension-bridge might be crossed by "workmen carrying their tools." So the soldiers marched merrily across to the sound of "Yankee Doodle," and burned as much powder in their "tools" as the solemnity of the day demanded.

It is certainly a most generous and useful gift, and I hope the state will soon do something to make the park neat and well-kept. It lies along the edge of the cliff between the suspension-bridge and the first fall. At this point a solid rampart of wall has been built on the very brink of the precipice, just where the water plunges down, so that you can almost dip your hands in the stream.



as it races past ; and a few paces further you can look right down into the gulf full of foam, and mist, and rocks, and wild water. Two hundred yards above this spot a bridge has been thrown across this branch of the river to Goat Island. Along the south shore of Goat Island are several little islands with withered cedars and festooned with tangled vine and Virginian creeper. One of them is called Luna Island. It stands on the very edge of the precipice. You can stand there, and, looking down, see on either side the sheets of dazzling foam.

On the day of rejoicing a woman was drowned here. She slipped off the bridge into the water. All help was impossible. She was swept swiftly down the few yards of rapids, and then sank over the brink. The body had not been found. The water, we were told, keeps the body behind the rocks, rolling it over and over, and playing with it till it is torn to bits, and, at last, washed out piecemeal.

On Goat Island a staircase constructed inside a funnel leads down to the foot of the cliff. The traveller, wrapped in waterproof, can descend, and thread his way along the plank bridges, which lead from rock to rock through the spray, and can actually circle round and pass behind one of the columns of thundering water. A few yards from the top of this descent there is a most picturesque view of the Horseshoe Fall. The nearer end of the semicircular precipice juts out into the pool, and is seen in profile. The spouting water that shoots over this eager prominence is in dark violet-grey shadow, and stands out, with the group of

rocks at the base, in bold relief against the emerald-green and snow-white vapour of the amphitheatre of falling water beyond.

A little, straggling bridge is built from rock to rock, as far as the top of this jutting cliff; and, poised on that frail and giddy eminence above the roaring cauldron, you see spread before you a glorious panorama of the great pool, surrounded by woods and precipices and foam. But a more tremendous view—probably quite unique in the world—is obtained by embarking on the *Maid of the Mist*. This venturesome little craft steams close up to the foot of both the Falls in a back-water beside the tumultuous, leaping waves of the main current. As the sun shines upon the Lower Fall, the sight is almost too dazzling to be borne. It looks, both in shape and brilliancy, like one of the grand snow-slopes of Monte Rosa. The resemblance is increased by the sweeping drenching sheets of spray that scud and fly past the boat on the wings of the storm that never ceases to blow, and shut out the blaze of light by the swift eclipse of their folding shadows. Then, again, through a sudden rift in the shifting clouds of mist, the blue sky shines, and against the blue sky far overhead, as if bursting from it, the smooth crest of the fall appears. On goes the boat, right up past Terrapin Rock, into the thunder and the foam, and pauses, quivering like a trembling bird, at the foot of the stunning avalanche, and then slips back to safety, and glides across to the Canadian shore.

A winding road leads to the summit of the cliff. It is beautifully wooded and rich with flowers. There are shrubs with masses of crimson and lilac

blossoms, scarlet columbine, red elder, branched lilac daisy, green anemone, pale lilac pentstemon, dogrose, pale, without the prominent stamens of the English rose ; strawberries, raspberries both black and red, and ferns. The heat was ninety degrees in the shade.

In the afternoon we walked down the gorge to the Rapids (two suspension-bridges, one for trains, the other for carriages, cross the river here), and past the Rapids to the Whirlpool. It was here—some three miles below the Falls—that Captain Webb was drowned. It would, apparently, be very easy to swim across the river. But the terrible hazard of Captain Webb's adventure was, that he dared to swim from below the Falls, right through the Rapids, where the water runs at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, and the waves leap up to the height of thirty feet, and to land somewhere on the shore of the Whirlpool. He was last seen alive in the Rapids about a hundred yards above the entrance to the pool ; and there he must have been dragged under by the downward whirl of the eddies. We were told by the boy in charge of the tram-car lift that, a few hours before we came, he had watched a great tree sucked under by the cruel water for five minutes—long enough, he remarked, to drown any man. There is no whirlpool such as has been described by Edgar Allen Poe, in his story of the Maelström. There is an almost circular cauldron, composed of wooded precipices. The river comes racing and foaming through the narrow gorge, and charges straight at the end of the pool. Here it is abruptly checked and repulsed, and rushes back,

in two streams, to the entrance of the pool, almost as fast as it entered, and then leaves the pool sharply at right angles, and winds away in a deep, rocky chasm, towards Lake Ontario. At the water's edge a good idea is obtained of the whole pool. The main stream rushes from right to left, and then, nearer the bank, the eddy rushes past in the opposite direction. The two currents crossing so swiftly give the sense of a dizzy whirlpool.

No words can describe the rich foliage of the banks. Everything is luxuriant, tangled, and beautiful. The tall, straight tamarack pines shoot up to a great height. The hemlock pines grow well. The cedars twist and bend in every variety of picturesque shape. Limes, maples, and other forest trees blend their foliage, and the shrubs with crimson and lilac blossoms, the wild vine and the Virginian creeper run riot over the dead trunks and the rocks, and trail fearlessly in the swift and treacherous tide.

The whole scenery of Niagara gives a wonderful sense of character. As you stand above the Horseshoe Fall and look up the river, the broad, waste stretch of water lifting itself up from the horizon, the white, tumbling waves, heap on heap, and line on line, foaming, rushing, leaping, pressing on in endless, furious, and confused agitation, strewn with the bare skeletons of trees, give the same effect as a strong high tide coming in over the flat sands of Caermarthenshire. It speaks of desolation, and want, and shipwreck, and ruin, and shivering cold, and useless tears, and cries unheard, and corpses uncoffined.

Then turn to look at the fall. The green, smooth

flood bends and rolls over the precipice in one great, liquid fold, thirty feet thick. There is no hurry, no confusion, no hesitation. It is serene and splendid. It is as strong as destiny and as victorious as fate. There you see the calm grandeur of conscious strength. It is like the sweep of an eagle's wing. It is like the splendour of a falling star. It leaps, it swings, it rolls straight out into the fathomless air, superbly indifferent to everything but its own majestic presence and resistless strength, and the sky, the air, and the rocks tremble as they see it come.

Half a mile lower, the broad sheet of water might be the peaceful river of Eden. It is absolutely smooth, cool, flat, green, unruffled in its sequestered bower by any puff of summer wind. You can hardly tell where the bank ends and the water begins. All the exquisite green of the rich, moist foliage is drawn down in long, reflected lines into the calm shadows below. All is rest, peace, and quiet. You long to bathe in it, to drink it, to thrust your hands into the soft tide. All is rest, peace, quiet. There is just a trace of foam floating in a dreamy line, thick like cream. It only emphasizes the green and the stillness. This is like some strong nature, which after passion has won peace, and only shows by some line in the face, by some pressure of the lips, what power lies stored away beneath that quiet smile, what tempestuous energies have shaken the past and may agitate the future. At least, it will be so here below the Second Bridge. There, for a mile in that wild gorge, called from poverty of language the "Rapids," all is white. The great heaving, rolling waves seem

to hold a tournament. They take, as it were, one, two, three swinging strides, and then fling and bang themselves against each other; then they roll over and look backwards to see where they came from, and roar, and laugh, and frolic, and scramble into shape, and then shout and hurl themselves together again, and leap aloft in a spout of jubilant spray; then, forward again with a reckless roll, billowing and bounding, one after the other, like giants at leap-frog. Clash and roar! shake and toss! wrestle and leap! batter and splash! Oh, what a wild extravagance of joy! too much life to think of anything but the pleasure of it! 'Away and away! Who shall stop us? No one dares to check us! We have it all our own way! Here we come, the maddest, merriest, wildest crew that ever rollicked and raced and revelled by night or by day!'

Only one scene more, and that is the Whirlpool. It is very large, and very deep, and very swift, but without emotion. It is no longer passionate, nor peaceful, nor recklessly exultant, but it is selfish and deliberate. All the experience of the course is here gathered up and resolved into a remorseless, unpitying, cruel selfishness. Nothing can go by ungrasped, untasted. It must pay with its life, and then it may go on its way—but dead. Whatever comes drifting down the tide must be sucked down to the chambers below, swallowed and drowned to see if its life be worth the having. There are men like that; perfectly polished, perfectly experienced, and perfectly cruel. They wish no harm to anything in the world; only whatever happens to be useful to themselves must be sacri-

ficed to them, and then, when useless, thrown aside. This is what Niagara seemed to me.

It was a curious and sad sight—quite a little parable—to see the flies attracted and killed by the electric light hung in the verandah of the hotel. The large globe was half filled with them. There they lay by legions and tens of thousands in a thick black mass. They came buzzing and swarming round, and—heedless and unwarned by the fate before them—fell inside in a continuous stream, till at ten o'clock there seemed to be only a few left to be killed, hovering dismally round the flame, waiting their turn to be “shrivelled in a fruitless fire.”

We left Niagara that night.



### CHAPTER III.

THE usual route from that place to Chicago is by way of Detroit. For this reason we decided to go by way of Port Huron, which we reached in the morning. The train is transported across the St. Lawrence on a steam barge. The river is clear green and blue, about twice the size of the Rhone at Geneva, and bordered with smooth, clean sands. The banks are quite flat. The great Lake Huron stretches away like an ocean to the north, forming a dark-blue line across the horizon, broken by the smoke of distant steamers.

It was getting dark when we reached Chicago (the "ch" must be pronounced as in French). We inquired for a "transfer" omnibus. An obsequious official assured us that we had better have supper in the refreshment-room, and that there was plenty of time before the omnibus started. This creature was in the service of the buffet. We wanted no supper, but we sat down in the room, and, meantime, the "transfer" drove off without us. We soon discovered the deception, but we



were doomed to wait half an hour for another, and then drove to an inn opposite the Burlington Dépôt ; and a fearful place it was. The rooms were wretched, and there was a large rat-hole in the floor near the head of my bed. Canon Bodington was amused by hearing my indignant expostulation with the waiter : " I insist upon having that rat-hole stopped up. I shall not go to bed till it's done. It's large enough for two rats to come out abreast." So the man nailed across it the top of a cigar-box.

Next morning the heat and glare were intense. We went out to search for the Cathedral, hoping to find an early Communion, and we were successful. We came suddenly upon a little church with an open door. We thankfully entered the cool shade. Fresh, sweet flowers were on the altar ; the candles were being lighted by a server, and a few people were kneeling devoutly. The priest wore the alb and chasuble. This was the first and only opportunity we had of communicating in the American Church. This little building proved to be the Cathedral. There are, however, twenty other American churches in the city.

In the American Communion Service, the Beatitudes, or the summary of the Law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," are read instead of the Commandments. It sounds a little strange to English ears. But in some English churches it is the fashion to leave the Commandments out altogether. It is a great mistake, and quite without excuse. The Kyrie comes to us from ancient days. It used to

be repeated nine times ; and it was a mark of genius in the Reformation that the Kyrie was preserved, and the monotony altered by inserting the Commandments, and thus giving a definite point to each petition. It is a misunderstanding of this part of the service that prompts men to leave it out. There is a feeling that the Commandments threaten the worshippers and introduce the Law into the great Gospel service. The fact is that the English version of the Kyrie is, like the whole service, an act of intercession. "Incline our hearts" is not the same as "Incline my heart." No doubt, it refers to the worshippers. But not only to them, as too many manuals of devotion seem to imply. It is an intercession on behalf of the whole Church and of the whole world. With this idea who would wish to leave out the Commandments and Kyrie? They tend in the same direction as all Church work and all preaching. What better introduction can there be to the day's work and the week's work?

We left this metropolis of pig-slaughter at mid-day without any feeling of regret. Our course lay through Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas, one of the most fertile districts of the continent. The crops of maize were magnificent, and many places reminded us of the scenery of an English park.

At midnight we reached Quincy, and crossed the great Mississippi. It seemed to be about a mile broad. We crept slowly across on a low iron bridge that creaked and rattled. The moon shone bright. The river looked absolutely motionless, wide and still as a lake ; the shore was swampy and covered with trees. We had both music and

light, for the frogs croaked loud, and countless fireflies flashed over the stagnant pools and among the boughs and leaves.

In the morning we came to the other giant river of America, the Missouri. It is a swift and muddy stream. The banks are densely wooded, and therefore picturesque. Otherwise it is not a beautiful river. It is spanned by a fine bridge, across which the train runs into Kansas city. From the number of negroes, the teams of big, long-eared mules, the swarthy look of the people, and their light cotton dresses, we thought the place looked very Mexican. To our dismay we found we could not leave till nightfall, and so we had to spend the day "confined and pestered" in this uninteresting town, with the thermometer at 98° in the shade.

Nearly all next day we were traversing the wide plains of Nebraska, through acres of sunflowers. These great prairies stretch for miles on either side, bounded by low hills on the horizon. Thousands and thousands of cattle roam wild, unchecked by any fence. They live out all the winter, and are driven in to be branded in the spring. It is here that the trains were sometimes stopped by migrating herds of buffalo. That will never happen again. Buffaloes, alas! are growing scarce. We saw, however, an antelope, one or two wolves, and thousands of prairie-dogs. These are something like jerboas. They generally sat straight up as the train passed, just as if they were on parade and very much afraid of the drill-sergeant. Beside them sat owls, which live with them in the same holes. And the two together take in a rattlesnake as a lodger. It would be

interesting to know what happens when they all chance to meet in the passage.

In the afternoon we reached the foot-hills, a sort of broken plateau, like the top of Dartmoor, only flatter. A heavy storm came on. Thick clouds advanced across the burning blue, and the forked lightning not only fell to earth, but leaped zigzag from cloud to cloud. Soon we caught sight of the higher summits of the Rocky Mountains, more than fourteen thousand feet high, Pike's Peak, and Park range ; and at sunset the snow-streaked mountains appeared in view standing like a barrier across the west, mingled with cloud, and gorgeous with the splendid colours of the sinking sun. So we ran into Denver. The city is more than five thousand feet above the sea level.

All the next day and night we were crossing (I may say) the Rocky Mountains. We went by the Rio Grande route for the sake of the scenery. We left Denver before eight, and began almost at once slowly to ascend the mountains along the river-bed, a branch of the Platte. The nearer hills, scantily covered with pine, assume the form of castles and towers. To the north the snow-streaked range fades away into the distance. The flowers were lovely. At the top of the first pass there are a few houses and a little lake with a boat on it, a pleasant place to spend a day or two in summer. Then we ran down to Colorado Springs, a fashionable resort near the foot of Pike's Peak.

Pueblo, which we hoped to find interestingly Mexican, proved dull and commonplace. Here we came upon the brown and rushing Arkansas river, bordered by poplars, which grow to the size

of fine forest trees. The sloping foot-hills are topped with turreted crests and a few stunted pines. Once the train drew up under an overhanging rock, which was covered with clusters of swallows' nests clinging to the eaves of every ledge. Perhaps the next station, Swallows, takes its name from them. We stepped out on to the platform of the carriage as we ran into the cañon of the Arkansas. The river rushes through a narrow slit in the mountains, which tower up to a height of one, two, or even three thousand feet overhead. There is only one line of rails, and just room enough for the train to pass. It seemed at each turn as if we must dash against the side. At one place, called the Royal Gorge, the cliffs almost meet; there is no longer room, nor can room be made for the river and the road side by side, and so the engineers have spanned the river from cliff to cliff, and the railway is suspended in the air above the course of the torrent, which leaps and foams beneath.

After passing the gorge a splendid range of mountains is seen, called, from their red colour, Sangre de Christo. At Salida the train begins to ascend a long, winding route over Marshall Pass, the summit of which is eleven thousand feet above the sea. It is a grand climb. We had two plucky little engines. It was night, but the moon was shining. The train was long and, as we looked out of the window, we could see the engines above us, the first throwing up a bright display of sparks, and the second a volume of dark smoke. We climbed up to the snow and could see the pine slopes and lower mountains wreathed in stray, white vapour far away below.

"The swimming vapour floats athwart the glen,  
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,  
And loiters, slowly drawn."

This is not the highest railroad pass. Fremont's Pass, in the same region, is higher still. It is 11,540 feet high.

The name of the Black Cañon of the Gunnison has a terrible sound, and it is a terrible place. The huge granite cliffs, towering up two thousand feet on either side in deep shadow, looked black indeed. This cañon is not unlike the former, only it is wider, and the river is larger. Waterfalls slip from the overhanging brows of the cliffs, and at one turn in the gorge there is a grand solitary pinnacle of detached rock, called the Currecanti Needle, which rises fringed with pines to a terrible height.

Right in the very middle of this dark rift in the mountains the train pulled up with hoarse, warning whistles, which re-echoed in the black, precipitous crags around. The cause of the stoppage was a landslip. Some rocks had fallen across the line in front of us, and there, at midnight, we had to stay two hours while the *débris* was blasted away with dynamite. It sounded as if the banging noise must shake down the crags overhead.

Through the Cimarron Cañon, Montrose, Delta, and the Uncompahgre plateau, with views of snowy peaks, lofty crags, giant pines, foaming torrents, deep pools, and green pastures, the line emerges upon the frightful deserts of Western Colorado and Utah, crossed only by irregular lines of green, where the Rio Grande and the Green river flow southward, fringed with grass and trees. The plains

are flat and yellow. No ~~grass~~ grows upon them, only tufts of burnt weeds. On either side the horizon is bounded by dry, bright mountains, blazing red and yellow in the dazzling hot sunlight. The few huts condemned to exist by the railway side call themselves, with a sense of their own misery, by such appropriate names as Desert and Solitude. The only other signs of life that moved in this awful wilderness were two ravens and one grey, old wolf. We wondered how Brigham Young and his band of emigrants ever had the heart to travel through this barren waste. He was as great an adventurer as Columbus. What a relief it was to creep between the two giant pillars of Castle Gate, five hundred feet high, that stand like sentinels to guard the entrance to Castle Cañon, and to reach the fairyland beyond, the wide, rich plain where the fresh-water lake of Utah lies surrounded by snow mountains. And so we came alongside the river Jordan, which flows from Utah Lake into Salt Lake, and in sight of Mount Nebo, which towers above the plain, to the great capital of the industrious and eccentric Latter-Day Saints.

Indian and other Gentile names are not banished from the land, but there is a rich jumble of Bible names—Ephraim, and Moab, and Heber, and Hebron, and the rest. But in their nomenclature the Mormons do not confine themselves to the classical names of the Old Testament. Their choice is free. Somewhat to the south there are two parallel rivers. One is called by the angelic name of Rafael ; the other is called Dirty Devil.

Salt Lake City is far the pleasantest town we saw in our journey through America. The shops

are poor, and there are no business palaces, as there are in Chicago; but the streets are broad, and bordered on each side by trees and swift runnels of water. There are gardens and cool detached villas, and high over the fertile plain glitter the snowy tops of the Oquirrh and Uintah mountains. The "Temple" is not completed, but the building proceeds, and bright blocks of white granite lie around. The appearance of the building is not ecclesiastical; it is something between a Norman castle and a modern warehouse. When the building is completed the Mormons profess to believe that Christ will appear to consecrate it. Meantime they have to be content to meet in a "tabernacle." In fact, there are two—a winter tabernacle and a summer tabernacle. They stand within the same enclosure as the Temple. The winter one is like an inferior town hall. The summer one is in the shape of a tortoise or a dish-cover. Inside it is composed of a platform and a hall. In the front of the platform is the seat for the President and his two assistants, his patriarchs, apostles, and bishops. The roof is decorated inside with innumerable garlands every seven years. At present they look a glorious mass of cobwebs and dust. The government of Utah State is the same as that of all the other States, but the Mormon sect has a legislature of its own, subject to a veto. Polygamy is strictly forbidden by the States, and every year a few Mormons are imprisoned for it. On this account there is much ill-feeling; and on this day, their anniversary and "septennial jubilee," there would have been some disturbance, and perhaps fighting, if it had not been for the death of General Grant.



For on this, their festival, the Mormons hoisted the "stars and stripes" half-mast high, as an insult and challenge to the Gentiles ; but it passed unremarked, because all the official flags were also half-mast high out of respect for General Grant. The great jubilee, it appears, would not have been very wonderful. All we could gather was that there would have been a procession of Sunday-school children. The Mormons showed their sympathy and respect for General Grant by leaving out the religious part of the programme, and preserving the horse-races and dancing.

Whatever may be said against the Mormons, we might learn from them an important lesson. They have set a splendid example of colonization. Brigham Young succeeded in doing what everybody at the present day wants to do, and what everybody declares to be impossible. There are too many people in England, and the number increases by a thousand a day. There are crowds of unemployed men in country and in town. There are thousands of women who drudge from early morning till late at night for a miserable pittance, which does not keep them alive very long. And there are swarms of children who have never scampered in a green meadow nor picked a daisy. And a single small room, only large enough for one, has to serve as dining-room, kitchen, wash-house, and bedroom for father, mother, sons and daughters, and babies. No wonder the public-house triumphs. It is true that "God"—as I once heard it expressed—"has His witnesses in every street." Beautiful and pathetic lives are lived under these conditions, and under conditions worse

than these. But this crush and misery is not right, and every one admits it. What is to be done? The sturdy labourer, the skilful mechanic, can emigrate wherever he pleases. He will make a good living in any place he chooses. If he takes the trouble to ask at the Government Enquiry Office, or at the rooms of the Church Emigration Society, he will find out where there is the greatest demand for his particular branch of industry, and he is sure to be welcome somewhere. But the regular cockney—the men from the warrens of our large cities; the men of small stature and small experience, who have never learned anything more than how to “pick up a living”—what is to be done with them? It is no good for them to emigrate like their more robust brothers. Even if the authorities of the countries where they landed did not ship them back again, it would be cruelty to tempt them to exchange the miseries of a city that they know for the miseries of a city that they do not know. Poor creatures! They are not wanted at home, and they are not wanted abroad. Can then nothing be done for them? We are constantly told that nothing can be done. But the Salt Lake City is a noble answer to this despairing view of nature and of humanity. The thing has been done, and it can be done again. The men that cannot shift for themselves do very well under the paternal government of a beneficent tyranny. The people that followed Brigham Young, and the people that give ear at the present day to the Mormon emissaries, are not the stout ploughmen and the skilled workmen. These would not be tempted by the Mormon programme. The ranks

of the Latter-Day Saints are recruited, as a rule, from those very classes that are considered so hopeless and so incapable. These people are not converts, as the word is generally understood. It is not the religious creed that moves them, nor is it the facility for living like a Turk. What is offered them is a terrestrial paradise—fresh air, fresh water, green trees, as much land of their own as they care to have, fresh delights, social freedom, plenty of room for work and for play, and the continual help of new friends to guide their steps until they can learn to walk by themselves.

Salt Lake City is the proof that the thing can be done, and that it ought to be done. If it has been done by Mormons, it can be done—and better done—by Christians and Churchmen. In Australia alone there must be room for hundreds of cities as big as this.

When the founders reached the spot it was a desert; now it is a luxuriant garden. What was wanted was water, and water was conducted from the mountains. To repeat the experiment elsewhere what is needed is religious faith and real charity and capital, and the old English spirit of enterprise, and a few good, strong-handed governors for the Utopias of the future. In England there is still plenty of all this. It only wants a man to stir it and gather it in.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the afternoon we went to Ogden, and changed from the Rio Grande to the Central Pacific line. For hours after leaving the city we ran along the edge of the Salt Lake, which was ruffled by a sweeping storm. It is like the sea. Two islands in it look like the opposite shore. Sea-gulls hover about it and fish in the mouth of the river, the marshes are white with salt, and flocks of black birds sit and roost in the tall, dry reeds.

All next day we were passing through dry plains, covered with sage-brush, rabbit-brush, and greasewood (so called because it burns up like grease). Jack rabbits swarm. They were scampering about by hundreds. The jack rabbit is not a rabbit, but a hare. There is also a real rabbit, which is called "the cotton-tail." You certainly could not starve there, and there are no game laws. It would be a splendid place for some of our country folk. I have great sympathy with poachers. It is not malice, nor the spirit of robbery, nor is it only the desire of gain or the love of rabbit-pie that makes a poacher. It is the natural love of sport. A poacher who had often been in gaol, and had as often resolved to give up poaching when

he got out, excused himself to me by saying that he could not sleep at nights for thinking of "the little things padding about in the grass." It is not easy to make a poacher understand why his favourite pursuit is wrong. A woman, who once came to my door and tried to persuade me to purchase a few couple of poached rabbits, explained to me that "there's no harm so long as you're not cotched. They're sent on earth for one as well as for another." According to this view poaching is, of course, necessary to the development of providential design. Without it rabbits would fail of their mission.

Here, in Nevada, would be a Paradise for poachers. The absence of keepers would, no doubt, deprive the sport of some of its relish and zest. But, perhaps, the piquant flavour of danger might be supplied by an occasional encounter with a rattlesnake or a grizzly bear.

Here we began to see groups of Indians at every station. The men occupy their time in lying flat on the ground. They wear white hats with broad brims and a band of bright ribbon ; on each side of the face a thick loop of black hair ; a blanket, a shirt, a pair of trousers, and, often, a long, white, tight-fitting overcoat. The papooses are strapped to a board on their mothers' backs, their two little hands sticking straight out.

Towards sunset we began to ascend a valley with a clear, green stream. At moonrise we got into the pine-woods of the Sierra Nevada, and we were in them till full daylight next day. At one place some boys clambered on to the train. I asked them whether there were any bears in the

wood. "Oh yes," they said, "plenty over there. His brother"—pointing to one of the party—"has got a young bear in the butcher's shop now; an Indian caught it." He explained that the Indian was a Payute.

In the early morning we descended the western side of the mountain range. The lower hills were very fertile, and beautiful with myrtles, fruit-trees, and flowers. We breakfasted at Sacramento, the first of those Californian names, such as San Francisco, San Benito, San Jose, Los Angeles, which tell the condition of the early colonists. It was Sunday morning, and the names brought a Sunday feeling. There was the refreshing thought of near rest. We had left the dust and heat of the desert far behind us, and we were entering "an exceeding good land." The pleasant, peaceful change was suggestive of George Herbert's lines—

"O day most calm, most bright,  
The fruit of this, the next world's bud."

The rich, wide plain is full of orchards and vineyards, and is bounded on the north by an interesting range of mountains. On the railway banks were yellow eschscholtzias and lupines. Then we passed through wide marshes or jungles of tall reeds, and so through tunnels and over ferries we ran out at last on the jetty at Oaklands, embarked on a steamer, and were soon landed at our destination between two lines of hotel-porters, who yapped and barked at us like hungry dogs. Really, no other words can express the row they made. It was inarticulate, furious, and deafening.

Yes, San Francisco at last! after more than

three thousand miles by rail. It is a tremendous journey. Chicago at one time appeared to us very far west. From the other side of the great continent we felt as if it were somewhere near Liverpool.

The daily bill of fare, printed every day in the hotel, is amazing. It includes frogs fried *au poulet*, squabs, summer squash, stewed terrapin, cold clams, stewed clams and canteloupe. The list of bread shows how well Americans understand its value, and reads like a reproof to our dull English bakers. It runs thus, and is really worth looking at:—Corn bread, plain bread, wheat rolls, cream rolls, wheat muffins, Irish oatmeal, wheat flakes, oatmeal wafers, Graham wafers, Graham bread, Boston brown bread, French rolls, Vienna rolls, Graham rolls, dry toast, cream crackers, dipped toast, cream toast, pan toast, English muffins, rice cakes, Indian cakes, wheat cakes, milk toast, corn cakes, oatmeal and cream, buckwheat cakes, oatmeal mush with milk, cracked wheat with milk or cream, hominy boiled or fried, mush fried, and waffles.

This country is the land of fruit. There are water-melons, melons, peaches, apricots, grapes, bananas, figs, pears, apples, plums red and purple, pine-apples, and, I must add, egg-plant, which is a vegetable, the colour of a plum, the shape of a pear, and as big as two hands together. The bananas and pine-apples do not grow quite so far north; but the country for miles is covered with vines, with standard peaches, and other trees loaded with glowing fruit. In the streets they also sell the most exquisite guillemot's eggs for food at ten-

pence the dozen. It was indeed Paradise to get here after the awful heat of the journey. We felt it to be like—

“The island-valley of Avilion,  
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.”

There is never any snow in the winter, and it is always fresh and cool in summer. The gardens are full of the choicest flowers. The fuchsias and vines grow so strong that they burst in some places through the roofs of the verandahs and flourish triumphantly above. One of the commonest flowering trees is the datura, which bears hundreds of white, trumpet-shaped flowers a foot long and rich with the most fragrant perfume.

These gardens are haunted by green humming-birds, with metallic pink throats—“hummers,” the children call them. They are quite tame and dart about swiftly like bees, uttering a little “cheep, cheep,” like a bat. They thrust their long bills up every flower, with their heads thrown back and their wings quivering so fast that you cannot see them. Then they perch on the tree and sit looking about them with perfect unconcern.

Every traveller goes to view the sea-lions on the coast, about seven miles from the city. There are four large rocks about a hundred yards from the shore. On these the sea-lions lie by hundreds, in droves and heaps. There is hardly room for them, and they push each other off into the water, and splash and dive, and shuffle, snorting, on to the rock again. The noise they make is extraordinary and never ceases. It generally sounds like a pack of



hounds in full cry, then like cows bellowing, and sometimes like a stout old gentleman blowing his nose. Some are as big as cows and have huge whiskers. As they writhe and crawl and twist about the rocks, they look something between bears and worms, and are, when dry, of a light yellow colour.

We went round "China Town" with a detective at night. There are forty-five thousand Chinese in San Francisco, and they all live together. The streets are simply Chinese. They are choked and thronged with China men, women, and children; little children with little pig-tails, no longer than a rat's tail. All the shops of every trade are Chinese. You see the druggist preparing medicine out of pounded lizards and the filings of deer horns.

We visited the joss-house, a restaurant, and the theatre. The joss-house is a gloomy place with several little chambers, in which are images of Confucius, three kings, three doctors, and a Chinese Samson killing a tiger. Little slips of fragrant sandalwood are burned before them. There was also a black figure of a "good devil." It was explained to us that some devils are not good; that they get inside a man, turn him black inside, and kill him in four days. At a Chinese wedding strips of perforated paper are thrown behind the procession, that the bad devils may be occupied in threading their way in and out and have no time to injure the bride and bridegroom. In front of one of the images is a vase filled with slips of wood. The slips are numbered, and are for medicinal purposes. The system of medicine is simple. The sick man enters the joss-house,

makes a salaam to the image, and draws a number. He draws, perhaps, number ninety-three ; he goes at once to the druggist and orders medicine ninety-three. We were not told what was the percentage of cures. Probably the patients are all treated alike to something which is only nasty, like pounded lizard, and does them no harm and no good.

In the restaurant men were eagerly playing dominoes. There were square seats and round tables, and on the tables tiny cups of vinegar and of mustard for making salad. A band of musicians, playing on a lute, cymbals, tom-tom drum, metal gong, and a stringed instrument, accompanied a singer who sang in a high nasal falsetto.

The theatre was so crowded that a group of boys, for whom no room could be found, were allowed to sit in a corner of the stage. The women were in a loft by themselves. The actors were all men—women never act—and the orchestra sat on the stage behind them. The performance was a kind of opera. A Chinese play is like a Japanese book. A Japanese book may consist of seventy, or a hundred, or even three hundred volumes ; and a Chinese play lasts for two or three months. If the audience want to understand the plot, they must attend every night.

We also visited a wretched lodging-house, where men were smoking opium underground. As we were coming away we heard tremendous blows, and found that the police were making a raid upon a Chinese gambling-saloon. They were inside a shop, battering with huge hammers an iron door, while the Chinamen in the shop went on quietly pounding their drugs, as if it were no concern of theirs,

In the Chinese quarter I bought two Chinese dolls. Of course they have Chinese faces, very expressive, and a smile that is "childlike and bland." They are the most intelligent and æsthetic creatures that ever were stuffed with bran. But though the Chinese make their dolls smile, they very seldom smile themselves. They have, wherever you see them, a worn, sad look. And no wonder. They work very hard, and are hated and despised by the American and colonial workmen.

San Francisco is considered to be one of the wickedest cities in the world. From what we were told, and from what we saw, we could well think the report to be true. At the same time, to judge by the newspapers, it must be one of the most superstitious. In the *Chronicle*, a daily paper, there is a long list of advertisements by fortune-tellers, mediums, astrologers, psychometrizers, and "independent slate-writers." One is "the celebrated young revealer by eggs and cards;" another "tells past, present, future; lucky charms; love tokens; correct information in stocks;" and a third makes "the correct and lasting likeness of your intended to appear in your hands."

When men give up the truth, they fall an easy prey to the first miserable imposture.

There is an American bishop of the city, and churches and chapels of all sorts. We attended St. Luke's Church on the evening of our arrival. The service was simple and reverent, and the sermon interesting. But there were no poor. The ladies and gentlemen who composed the choir sang an elaborate anthem while the collec-

tion was made. On our way home, we turned into the Roman Cathedral, and heard Monsignor Capel finishing a sermon on the subject of the Mass.



We went one day to see the "big trees" in a real Californian forest near Santa Cruz. We left at 8.30, travelled by train through miles of rich

orchards and vineyards, and arrived at the station called Big Trees at noon. There are hundreds of these giant monsters. The forest extends for miles over the mountains. Nothing can give an idea of the enormous size of the trees. They call them "redwood cedars," and say they are *Sequoia*; not the same as the Yosemite trees,\* but a variety. I am told that the proper name for them is *Taxodium sempervirens*. One of them has been surveyed, and found to be two hundred and ninety-six feet high, and fifty-eight feet in girth four feet from the ground. One peculiarity of these trees is their exuberant fertility. Sometimes eight or ten large stems rise up in a cluster, and outside this central cluster springs a circle of satellites, all from the same root, and the earth seems to heave up with them, as though it were making a great effort at production. When a tree is cut down, the stumps at once shoot up, and the roots also produce fresh suckers.

The wood is full of blue jays and thrushes with white back and red wings, and yellow swallow-tail butterflies and brown emperors, and grey squirrels, all so tame that they almost perch on your feet.

Canon Bodington went back in the afternoon. I remained, and at night I walked down—such a walk!—through the forest to Santa Cruz. The distance is six or seven miles. The sun was sinking behind the pine-covered ridges of the mountains as I crossed the shallow creek and began my journey. It was the first really wild country walk I had ever taken in America. I felt the exciting charm of novelty. The birds, the beasts, the

\* See p. 43.

flowers, the trees, were all new. Each step was a fresh discovery. Every time the boughs rustled or the bushes moved, there was an exhilarating sense of expectation. The road runs high along the mountain-side above the deep, rocky ravine. As I stood by the roadside to make a pencil outline, I heard the sound of wheels, and soon a light cart came up. There were two men in it, with thick, black beards. As they passed, they looked intently and curiously at me. At that moment it struck me that it would be quite dark before I got to Santa Cruz on this unknown road. I recalled the wild tales of Californian adventure and the wickedness of San Francisco. Was not this the land of the revolver and the bowie knife? Had we not been told that in the city there was every facility for procuring the silent and secure disappearance of enemies and inconvenient people? I should not have thought of danger if these black-bearded men had not looked so fixedly and curiously upon me. I was a stranger, and should never be missed. The black bag that stood beside me might be full of bank-notes. And as I thought how dark it would soon be, I felt uncomfortable. As I walked on, and the gloom deepened, I began to consider what I should do when the moment came. Should I try to push the men into the ravine, or should I offer them what money I had about me, and so hope to pass? I had walked about an hour more through the wood, and the night had set in, when I reached a turn in the road where there was a thicket of evergreen oaks, which formed a complete tunnel of thick foliage. Underneath was the blackness of darkness,

The way might be felt by spreading out the hands—it could not be seen. Up till now, I had walked with suspicion. Now I felt certainty. This was evidently the crisis. But it was no good to stop, and I plunged in. Suddenly, on my right, the bushes crackled and parted; I saw a gleam of white, and there sprang on to the road beside me a white calf. In a few minutes I heard the sound of voices. There was a house, and then more houses, and I was soon safe, in the hotel, from further imaginary alarms.

I collected ninety-three specimens of flowers in our journey across the great continent. At every station I jumped out and went as far as I dared go. Once I was nearly left behind, but I ran in time to scramble into the last carriage. In California I added more than thirty to my collection. The collection is unique. It is not the flora of a country, nor of a district, nor of a state; it is the flora of a railroad.

On Saturday, the 1st of August, we embarked in the *Australia*, and on the 8th came in sight of the Sandwich Islands.

On our left was a very long island, rising into a cloudy mountain. Over the sloping shoulder of this island we caught sight of another higher mountain, lifting a huge dome above the clouds. Several kinds of sea-birds came out to greet us. Soon we saw hills on our right. This was the principal island, Oahu, on which stands the capital, Honolulu. Its outline is very irregular, with sharp-pointed peaks rising straight from the sea like needles, and cones with extinct craters. Jagged ranges of rocks lead up like flights of

stairs to the central summit of the island. The colours were most brilliant. The top of the mountains, mingled with cloud, was a delicate grey. The slopes were bright yellow and pink, mingled with green. The shore was vivid green, and we could distinguish houses with curling smoke, and plantations of cocoa-nut palms, which rose high above the other trees, with yellowish-grey foliage. The sea near the shore was cobalt green, then the colour of a stonechat's egg, further out vivid blue, and on the horizon dark purple. It is impossible to describe the intense and vivid brilliancy of the colouring. Something like it may be seen at Capri, but not often.

As we neared the shore a dozen boys with brilliant orange skins, and white soles to their feet, and black eyes and hair, swam round the ship and dived for small coins, which they never failed to bring up.

The Bishop of Honolulu came on board to meet us. His carriage was waiting, and he drove us to his bowery palace—a low house with a verandah overgrown with passion flower—and gave us luncheon, including oranges grown in the country, very large, and of the colour of pale lemons, and home-made (delightful novelty!) guava-jelly. Almost the first sight we saw, as we drove up the street, was three native girls riding abreast, like men, and covered with garlands of flowers. I thought it was a circus, but I found they were ordinary village maidens, following the common custom of the country. The people are devoted to flowers. The rough men working at the docks wore wreaths of flowers, or leaves, or peacock's feathers round their hats.



I asked permission to gather some wild flowers in front of a house, and a native man came out and twined a garland of yellow ginger flowers round me. I had no idea that one palm would bear so many cocoa-nuts, or so big. I bought one, a great golden-green thing, as big as a football. Then there are mangoes, and guavas, and bananas, and sugar-cane. The bananas, with their delicious broad, green leaves and masses of fruit, are grown in orchards, and at their feet are melons tumbling about in profusion. Nearly all the trees are laden with flowers, brilliant blossoms, scarlet and yellow. There is bougainvillea, a mass of thick mauve blossom, and the yellow alamanda, and pomegranates in fruit and flower.

The king's palace and the parliament-house are large and handsome buildings. There are two Houses of Parliament—a House of Nobles and a House of Representatives. They meet every two years, and sometimes, no doubt, find something to pass an act about, of the same calibre as a vestry resolution. There is also a little army. The scale of civil and military affairs gives one the impression of being something like that of San Marino or Monaco.

The bishop showed us his boarding and day schools, where trades are taught; the dormitory, dining-hall, printing press, and carpenter's shop, the sisterhood from Holy Trinity, Devonport, with its chapel and school; and the unfinished choir of the cathedral. The stone is shipped ready dressed from England, at less cost than it could be worked in the island; for labour is very dear—four or five dollars a day.

We left again that evening, and steaming through calm and rough, rain and "doldrums," experienced the novelty of getting south of the sun, crossing the line, passing the mysterious boundary between east and west, and thus dropping out a day, and jumping from Wednesday to Friday. We halted in a glorious sunrise at Tutuila, one of the Samoan group of islands, two thousand miles from Honolulu and sixteen hundred from Auckland; and somewhere in this wide ocean ran through the shortest conceivable winter into a New Zealand spring. In the night of August 21 we saw the intermittent light of the Tiri-tiri lighthouse flashing to us our first welcome, and in the morning we cast anchor in Auckland Harbour.



## BOOK II.

*THE NORTH ISLAND.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE town of Auckland is built on the slopes of an extinct volcano. It is built in the shape of a fan, Mount Eden being regarded as the handle. The smooth, green cone of this hill, as hollow as a cup and terraced with ancient native earthworks to form a "pah," or fort, rises to the height of more than six hundred feet behind the town. At the foot of the cone is a sloping, green plateau, covered with broken blocks of lava overgrown with ferns and patches of native bush. Below this plateau, the rushing rains have torn in the mountain side deep ravines and gullies, which broaden outwards towards the sequestered and land-locked Waitemata Harbour.

On the sections of the mountain between these gullies, Auckland is built. It is utterly unlike an American city. It is not "built as a city that is at unity in itself." It is entangled among the gullies. The wharf is naturally the centre of activity. Queen Street—a broad, handsome thoroughfare—leads straight inland from the wharf, and may be regarded as the central ray of the fan. On either

side of Queen Street the town has spread over the low cliffs and flats by the shore. It has run inland up the ridges, leaving the gullies almost untouched ; it has seized on the plateau of the mountain, straggled thinly even up to the roots of the cone, wandered round behind the base of the mountain to form the hamlets of Newmarket and Epsom, and thrown a sprinkling of cottages and villas to Remuera on the west and far away beyond Ponsonby on the east. Although in Queen Street and elsewhere there are some fine buildings of stone, brick, and concrete, yet most of the buildings, whether churches or houses or places of business, are built of wood. All the detached houses and suburbs are of wood, and it is a curious sight to see the skeleton of a house completed before the outer walls or inner partitions are added. These "wooden walls" of New England are a great source of danger by fire. Here and there in the town are erected bell-towers, like railway signal-boxes, to give the alarm. This they frequently do, for fires are common. We received the impression—not a strictly true one—that there was at least one fire every night. The first night I slept actually in the town there was a fire at some livery stables, and seventy horses were galloping about the streets. In consequence of the danger by fire, it is now forbidden to build a house of wood in the town.

The causes which make Auckland so irregular and so awkward render it wonderfully picturesque. The deep ravines filled with tree-ferns and native bush, the white houses climbing the hills, the parapets of public buildings, the spires of the churches, the gardens, the groves of gum-trees and

Norfolk Island *insignis*, and maritime pines, are grouped in every variety of changing shape, and the soft blue of the sea and the delicate greys and purples of the islands and promontories and mountains form an exquisite background to every picture. In colonial towns it is the custom to reserve a wide space for parks and pleasure-grounds. This has been done at Auckland. "The Domain," at the back of the town, is a delightful piece of native bush and grass land, measuring two hundred acres, intersected by paths and watered by a stream, which has been retained for public use. It is a pleasure to see the groups of men and boys dressed in flannels, thoroughly enjoying the good old-country games of football and cricket, and sometimes a parade or sham fight of the volunteers, who already number in Auckland alone considerably more than a thousand.

The Church cemetery lies on the steep slope of the most beautiful of all the gullies. The head of the ravine is topped by the spire of St. Sepulchre's Church; the lower end of the valley is crossed by a lofty bridge. The trickling stream is matted and overhung by the long fronds of asplenium and tree-ferns. Tall, stately gums and weeping willows occupy the mouth of the valley, and through the thin, drooping bunches of the scimitar-shaped leaves and white, downy flowers of the gums appears the blue water of the Waitemata and the shores that enfold it. The cemetery is like some rare shrubbery with avenues and arbours of curious and scented shrubs and dracænas and pines and bunches of lilies. It is well kept, and the "reverential character" of the place carefully

respected. Reverence for the dead is quite a feature of the New Zealand character. Men take off their hats when they meet a funeral, and carts and omnibuses halt, and the drivers uncover their heads. It is a pleasant surprise to find this custom so well observed. It is too much neglected in England. Men will show their respect as the "sad array" passes them "slow through the churchyard path," but in the street the funeral too often is allowed to pass unrecognized. It ought not to be so, whatever interpretation is put upon the action; whether it be regarded as a sign of sympathy with sorrow—"Have pity upon me, O my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me"—or of respect for the dead, or of awe in the presence of death, or of homage to Him "in whose hand are the issues of life and death." In any case it is a simple and touching way, which could not be resented, of asserting the brotherhood of men. It is natural to expect a spirit of reverence and religion in a colony opened to the world by men who hazarded their lives, not for the love of gold, but for the love of Christ and of the human race. The roots of the colony were planted, as so many have been, by the courage and enterprise of English priests. Tasman and Cook discovered New Zealand, but the real work of civilization was begun and continued by Marsden, with Kendal, Hall, and King, his three brave assistants, and Williams and Selwyn. The treaty of Waitangi would never have been signed in February, 1840, if Samuel Marsden had not preached at the Bay of Islands on Christmas Day, 1814.

Whether the people of Auckland are conscious

of "the rock whence (they) are hewn," or not, they certainly take a keen interest in religious matters. Almost every form of Christianity has followed in the wake of the Church. There are churches and chapels in abundance. There is a Roman cathedral, a Salvation Army barracks, a Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, a synagogue, a Gospel Temperance movement, a Christadelphian meeting-house. The newspapers are full of reports of services and sermons, and lectures and meetings; and their columns are readily open to religious correspondents, some of whom have a real talent for writing on every religious and social subject, like the persons described in the Apocrypha, who will not let "any flower of the spring pass by." There is not any very general, eager search or longing desire after truth. People are too busy. The religious instinct is easily satisfied. Either there is not any deep sense of want, or else the attainment of truth is regarded as impracticable. Authority goes for nothing. All religions are considered to stand on the same footing. All shades of truth or error have a right to a place side by side. It is a free country, and to hint that, if one is right, another, which contradicts it, must be wrong, is almost resented as an interference with liberty of conscience. But this assertion of liberty is apt sometimes to be one-sided. I know an intelligent man, who was a regular attendant at a leading chapel in the town, and brought up to its tenets, who, after hearing the preacher denounce in unmeasured terms Roman Catholics and Churchmen, exclaimed, "If this is Christianity I shall have nothing more to do with it," and



joined the Secularist party and eagerly devoted himself to its support. I am glad to say that during the course of our mission my friend was baptized. He was afterwards confirmed, and is now a regular communicant.

Almost any speaker can obtain a hearing in Auckland. Lecturers, teachers, preachers, littérateurs, escaped nuns, and reformed convicts gain an audience and attract more attention than they would have at home. Indeed, it is curious to observe what kind of statements can be adventured by lecturers and received by the lectured. We only attended one lecture, to which we were courteously invited by the promoters. The lecture was to prove the mythical origin of Christianity; and, as a proof, we were told that the word "sent," the translation of the name Siloam, in St. John ix. 7, was the name—and the lecturer carefully spelt it letter by letter—of an Egyptian deity. The lecturer did not pause to explain whether he considered the seventeenth century a favourable epoch and Whitehall a favourable place for the creation of myths, or whether the Gospel was originally written in English, or whether "the most high and mighty Prince James" was the first Christian sovereign of England. The lecture was full of points of the same kind. In half an hour we ceased even to be amused. In the roving freedom of opinion and thought in the colony there is a good deal of scepticism, perhaps even of infidelity; but if this is the calibre of the teaching, ultimately Christianity cannot have much to fear.

The activity of the colony in matters of education is greater even than in matters of religion.

Education is free and secular. Wherever five and twenty children can be got together a public school is provided for them by the Government. Each remote little village far away in the heart of the bush has a school, which often has also to serve as a church. The teachers are not only highly educated, but are of good social standing. Some have seen what would be described by their English friends, perhaps, as "better days." Free education is the ideal of advanced politicians. But there is one consequence of the system which is not always foreseen, and it is this : that the rich get their children taught at the expense of the working-men, or, rather, of the whole community. For, although many prefer to send their children to private denominational schools, yet there is no doubt that many of the richer classes take a very wise advantage of the proximity and excellent instruction of the normal schools.

There is a strong movement, not only among Churchmen, in favour of introducing religious teaching into the Government schools. Under the London School Board the Bible is read and explained to the children by the teacher without using the formularies of any denomination. There seems no reason why the same system, or something better, should not be adopted in the colonies. Popular feeling is in favour of it. If a general vote could be given on the subject, there can be no doubt on which side the lot would fall. Sooner or later, persevering Christian endeavour must be crowned with success, and the Gospel story will be read, as it ought to be, by the children of Christian parents in every public school from Mangonui to

Southland. Meantime opportunities are sometimes offered for religious teaching. During our mission we not infrequently had the happiness of addressing sometimes two or three hundred bright-eyed, happy-looking children in a public elementary school.

Compulsory education is hardly needed. There are no street arabs. Nor is there in New Zealand, the same temptation to keep children at home for tenting crows, and turnip-singling, and pea-pulling. There are no crows. Wages are higher, and the labour of the boys and girls is not needed to supply the family purse. There are very few children whose education is neglected. Parents feel that they have to pay for the education of the country, whether their own children go to school or not, and it is more profitable for them to take their money's worth. Those who require more advanced education can find it in the grammar schools and colleges, and in the New Zealand university, which confers degrees upon women as well as men. But, in spite of these advantages, there is a steady current of young men returning to England to study for their professions or to graduate at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The activity of Auckland is not confined to commerce, education, and religion; room is also found for science, art, and literature. There is a good museum, containing, among other things, a fine collection of shells and stuffed birds. Lectures in science are given in connection with the Auckland University College. There is an anatomical museum, with a theatre for lectures, and classrooms. There is no lack of music. There is a grand choral hall and a prosperous choral society,

which, during our stay, gave a performance of Sir A. Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch." There are two societies of painters and two annual exhibitions—not to mention the works of one or two well-known landscape painters. What struck me most were the pen-and-ink sketches of a clergyman in the diocese. His drawings, especially of native trees, were charmingly true to nature, and showed great delicacy of touch and mastery of



form. Fifty years is hardly long enough to produce a literature. The books written by colonists have been chiefly works on New Zealand, many of them of great value and interest—on history, on politics, on the native races, on botany, natural history, geology, commerce, and other subjects that naturally suggest themselves. I only came across one volume of original poetry. It was presented to me by the authoress, a lady living on the beautiful shores of Lake Takapuna,

who has evidently studied the works of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Longfellow. The unpretending poems breathe a devout spirit and a quiet love of nature. But if the colonists have not yet produced much literature, they appreciate it. This is shown by their numerous free libraries and reading-rooms. All the English papers and periodicals find their way out. The books that lie on our drawing-room tables at home are to be found in the same position at Auckland, Wellington, and Christchurch; and the daily colonial newspapers contain telegrams of the most important European news. Public amusements are the same as in other parts of the world.

But it is only to be expected that colonial activity should be chiefly occupied in trade and commerce, in earning daily bread and in making fortunes. For fortunes, not necessarily very large ones, are certainly still to be made, and a countless number of little fortunes—the best evidence of prosperity—which are the most desirable, are continually made. It is well known that New Zealand has a public debt of more than thirty millions. But it was well pointed out at one of the meetings of the Royal Colonial Institute that this large sum is not lost, but invested; for it has been spent not on wars, not on maintaining large standing armies and navies, but on colonization, on railways, on harbours, on water-slues and other works of public utility. A country that possesses such enormous resources—hills rich in gold, from which forty-two million pounds' worth has already been dug; inexhaustible coal-

mines, of which there are a hundred in full work, with seams varying in depth from ten to forty feet ; millions of acres of arable land, producing more wheat per acre than any other land on the face of the globe ; rich pastures, where the sheep can be counted by millions and cattle and horses by tens or even hundreds of thousands ; vast forests—twenty million acres—rich in every variety of valuable timber, from the stately kauri, rimu, and totara, down to the ornamental rewa-rewa, the tree-fern, the nikau palm, and the fuchsia ; vast fisheries, which have never been seriously attempted, containing schnapper, mullet, flounder, and a hundred and ninety more varieties ; this country, which possesses a climate varying from that of Devonshire to that of Algiers or Madeira, where the olive, the cinchona, the orange, and the guava will ripen as well as the apple and the gooseberry ; where there are no criminal classes, no poor rate, no workhouse ; where there is almost absolute security of life and property ; where police are seldom seen and scarcely ever wanted ;—this country, American in its rapid movement, English in its pluck and steady common sense, which has done in fifty years the work of a hundred :—this is not the country likely to repudiate its national debt or to fail in meeting the demands of the future. New Zealanders have confidence—and the confidence is not a rash one, but fortified by reason and grounded in experience—a confidence in themselves and in their adopted country, and that is half the battle.

## CHAPTER II.

IN the great commercial activity of New Zealand, Auckland bears a leading part. It is "admirably fitted," as Bishop Selwyn says, "for the residence of a maritime nation." The shipping is double that of any other port, and no port, except Dunedin, collects such a large amount of customs. It is the natural port for trade with San Francisco ; and there is an increasing commerce with "The Islands," as they are called—with Raratonga, and Gilbert Island, and Tongatabu. The shop-windows, full of Polynesian curiosities, are an evidence. Honolulu supplies the sugar-works on the North Shore with sugar, and the fruit-shops are well stocked with large, tough-skinned, lemon-coloured oranges from Samoa and pine-apples from Fiji.

Owing partly to these growing commercial relations, partly to the Melanesian Mission, which is attached to the New Zealand ecclesiastical province, partly to the fact that some of the islands lie on the direct route to and from California, there is a kind of feeling that the islands are an appendage to New Zealand. In fact, there is a political gravitation towards the colony. During our short stay in Auckland this impulse brought

thither ambassadors from Samoa and a queen from Raratonga, as dusky as—

“That starr’d Ethiop queen that strove,  
To set her beauty’s praise above  
The sea-nymphs.”

The diocese of Honolulu has long been knocking for admission into the ecclesiastical heptarchy.

Queen Street is a busy place. The pavements, but not the road, are almost as crowded as the pavements of Cheapside. Amongst the passengers are generally to be seen a few Maoris—the men tattooed all over the face, the women only on the lower lip. The broad and deeply-furrowed lines and circles on these dark faces give them quite the appearance of rich, old oak. And round the offices of the *Herald* and the *Evening Star* may be seen a group of men looking out for advertisements of work. The working-men are certainly well off. We hear sometimes of their being out of employment. No doubt there are cases now and then of real distress. But these are single instances, and are readily dealt with by charitable associations and charitable individuals. But, as a rule, men are out of work from daintiness about wages, or because they do not fancy working away from the comforts and pleasures of the town. They are fond of the well-known little rhyme, which puts their ideal in a handy form :—

“Eight hours’ work,  
And eight hours’ play,  
Eight hours’ sleep,  
And eight bob a day.”

As a fact they get it.

The rate of wages varies in different provinces



and towns. It is not the same in Taranaki as it is in Marlborough, and it varies according to the nature and style of work. But men can easily obtain anything from six to twelve shillings a day. In some places they can obtain considerably more. It was recorded in the newspapers that some men engaged in constructing a bridge, had struck because their wages were to be reduced—if my memory serves me right—from fifteen to twelve shillings a day. There is in most districts a "Charitable Aid Society," which collects funds to assist the distressed, and all ministers of religion are *ex-officio* members of the committee. The Government doubles the amount collected. The society deals very liberally with cases of real want. For instance, a lame man whom I observed frequently in church at Hokitika was receiving twenty-five shillings a week.

Auckland has been compared to Corinth and to Naples. It is certainly *bimaris*. There is really no land to speak of between the ocean on the east and the ocean on the west. In these days, when men have dug or are digging a dyke through the hills of Panama and the sands of Suez, the trifling bit of earth which connects the Northern Peninsula with the main island would, probably, long ago have been dug through, if the Manukau harbour had been anything like so safe or so good as the harbour of the Waitemata. Corinth was proverbially difficult of approach. The same cannot be said of Auckland. The Hauraki Gulf, of which the harbour is an outlet, is sheltered from the north-east by the Great Barrier and Little Barrier Islands and the long, lofty

promontory of the Coromandel range. The immediate entrance of the harbour is protected by the islands of Rangitoto, Motutapu, Motuihi, and Waiheke, so that the waters inside are generally as calm as a lake, and large waves are quite unknown. But, while these islands defend the harbour from the violence of the wind and the swell of the ocean, they do not choke the entrance. The channel between Rangitoto and the North Head is two miles wide, and so deep that the largest vessels in the world could enter at the lowest spring tide.



And inside the harbour there is room for the whole of the British fleet.

There is a resemblance to Naples at first sight, but it is one that will not bear close investigation. The likeness is due in great measure to the form of the island of Rangitoto. It is a lofty volcano, with a triple peak eight hundred and fifty feet high. The sweeping outline of this mountain gives quite the feeling of Vesuvius, and the effect is increased by the lines of white houses on the North Shore and in Auckland.

But whether the scenery is like that of Naples or not, it is exquisitely beautiful. The bay itself is not unlike Plymouth. There is the same combination of rocks, and trees, and water, and town, and large ships, imprisoned in a magic circle of soft hills. But the intricacies of the shore are more surprising; there is greater variety and luxuriance of foliage, more villas with rare gardens, a brighter, clearer sea, and an infinitely greater combination of outlines of hill and shore. Rangitoto is always lovely and always changing. To right and left and behind it are lines upon lines of moor and mountain, and promontory and bay, and sloping headland fading into the dim blue haze of Kawau and Coromandel and the Barrier Islands fifty miles away. In the foreground there may be a ridge of *insignis* and maritime pines and the terraces of a garden bright with ixias, and gladiolus, and lilies; or a group of lofty eucalyptus, whose leaves hardly veil the view beyond, and the spire of a church, and houses, and a few formal Norfolk Island pines, their top branches in the form of a cross, and a road sloping down to a beach with boats; or a steep street bordered with planes and pines, avenues of lofty buildings, and a forest of tall masts; or a flat green shore, with a slow stream and beds of rushes and mangrove, and a bit of sand with sea birds and shells; or a busy little harbour under a rocky cliff, with a fishing smack drifting past the pier, and stacks of lumber and the steam of a saw-mill engine, and the white smoke of a passenger train puffing among the branches of dark overhanging pohutukawas; or a sheltered cove with huge kauri logs afloat, and boys

bathing between them in defiance of the sharks ; or a creek where a cemetery with flowers and long grass dips towards the hot north down to the edge of the tide ; and crosses and headstones, on which children are laying fresh garlands of camellias and orange-blossom, are grouped around a little historical chapel ; and, a few yards beyond, the smooth, shaven lawns and formal lines of a battery show that the colony does not intend to surrender to Russian rovers without a blow. And on every bit of waste ground by the roadside or on the shore, where in England docks and nettles would grow, are seen clumps of the broad, glossy leaves and spotless, white flowers of the arum—lilies, as they call them. The white narcissus in some places—for instance, in the orchards beside Pitt Street or the meadows in St. Hellier's Bay—grows almost in the same profusion. I have counted as many as five and twenty blossoms on a single stem.

The beautiful harbour has one great drawback : it is infested by sharks. All sorts of stories are told about them. As an old boatman said to me on the subject, "Without any romance, there's some of the dreadfullest sharks in this 'ere bay as ever you see." The same old salt, by the way, explained the effect produced upon the natives by the sight of Englishmen riding. "What licked the Maoris," said he, "was when fust they see a man o' horseback—they thought as how the man and the horse, it was all one fixture." The Maoris, of course, had never seen any quadruped except a pig, a rat, and a dog. This reminds one of the effect produced on some of the Polynesian Islanders, as recorded by Captain Cook. "They

were afraid," he says, "to come near the cows and horses, nor did they form the least conception of their nature. But the sheep and goats did not pass the limits of their understanding, for they gave us to understand that they knew them to be birds." As to these "dreadfullest sharks," a man, we were told, was diving, and, just as he lost his balance, in the moment of falling, he saw a big, wolfish monster just below him in the water. There was no possible escape. Down he came on top of the shark. But he came down with such a thump that the brute, who was probably basking asleep in the warm sun, was as terrified as the man, and darted like lightning into the deep. The man scrambled out of the water, and, for the future, he always looked before he leapt. But we were not left to mere fables. Our friends often caught the sharks. A little steamer takes out a fishing party once a week, and sometimes quite a little shoal of these ugly things is hooked. The natives are very fond of their flesh, but they prefer it when the delicacy of the flavour is heightened by lying on the shore for a few days in the sun. There is another fish, really valued by others than the Maoris, which is, I believe, never hooked nor netted, but must be picked up on the shore. It is called the "frost-fish," because it is only thrown up on the beach after a night's frost. While we were at Auckland a very large shark was exhibited for some days at Devonport. It was of the commonest kind, called the great blue shark, or *Carcharodon rondelettii*. It was thirty feet long and fourteen feet in girth; plenty of horrid facility for digesting a man at full length.

Fish of all kinds are very plentiful. The great explorer of New Zealand and the crew of the *Endeavour* were often grateful for a dish of fresh fish. "The sea," he says, "that washes these islands abounds with delicate and wholesome fish. Whenever the vessel came to anchor, enough were caught, with hook and line only, to supply the whole ship's company; and when they fished with nets, every man in the ship salted as much as supplied him for several weeks." And again he writes, "They caught great numbers of fish, which eagerly took the bait, and their first meal upon fish" (it is the second voyage in the *Resolution*) "seemed the most delightful meal they ever made." The fish that most eagerly take the bait are the kahawai and the schnapper. They are as greedy as the pike and the perch, which they resemble in shape. I remember seeing a fishing-smack unloading at the wharf. The boat was full of great schnappers, which the fishermen strung in bunches of five or six on flax leaves and piled upon a cart. There are also cod and turbot, sole and mackerel, mullet and smelt, and pilchard and sprat. The Maoris at Mercer crowd round the train at the station, offering bags full of whitebait, which they catch in quantities in the Waikato river. These different kinds of fish, although they bear English names, are not really English fish. They have been named thus by the fishermen, or perhaps they still bear the names given them by the sailors of *Te Kuki*, who named them "according to their fancies." A fish-curing industry has lately been started in the Manukau district.

Other fish have been introduced into New Zea-

land rivers by the Acclimatization Society, which has branches established in the principal towns, and deserves more support than it appears to get. It is uncertain whether there are really salmon anywhere except in Otago. But salmon trout and trout mostly abound, especially in the clearer and more gravelly streams of the South Island, and grow to a great size. They have been caught over eighteen pounds in weight. Three gentlemen, during our stay, caught sixty trout with a fly in two days in a Wellington river; two others in Canterbury obtained thirty-four pounds in a day. Golden carp—an inferior fish—swarm in the Waikato, and the fish-ponds of St. John's College are stocked with American cat-fish, a good fish with an ugly name.



### CHAPTER III.

A GREAT work of acclimatization has been going on in both islands for many years ; sometimes for good, and sometimes, as is well known, for evil. Pheasants are thoroughly naturalized all over the country. Australian quails are common. Californian quails swarm near Nelson. Many of the common English birds have been introduced. Sparrows are a plague, and so, cruel and unpoetical as it is to say so, are larks. The rollicking song of the blackbird is heard in every garden. Thrushes are as common in Dunedin. I once



counted forty-seven yellow-hammers on a small newly-sown lawn ; and I have seen starlings, bullfinches, wrens, and, I think, grey linnets. The Australian magpie (really a pied crow) is found in Canterbury Province, and the Indian mynah is as common in Taranaki as it is in Honolulu. I hope some day swallows may be brought from England, and humming-birds from California. The shooting season is from the 1st of May to the end of July. A thirty-shilling license is required for killing "imported game," amongst which is expressly included the American pintail grouse, which, however, I have never seen. Native game may be shot without a license, but it is protected by the same close season. Hares are also considered game. I do not remember to have seen one in the North Island, although there are some, and they are hunted in default of foxes. But I have seen them in the South Island. They grow to a great size, with big round noses and a profusion of long whiskers—regular "pussies." On large sheep runs a man or two are especially employed for the purpose of keeping them down.

I remember seeing a number lying at the Orari Station, and a man kicked at them, saying, "The curse of the country." And they are as much despised for food as salmon was in old days by the Winchester apprentices. One woman, who professed to be starving, was given a hare, and at once threw it away in disgust. It was an insult even to offer it.

The plague of rabbits is known to all. It is severely felt in Otago and in Wellington, but not much near Auckland. They are not obtrusive,

but a few may be seen on the slopes of Mount Eden. Not many years ago there was a fine of five pounds for killing a rabbit, now there is a fine of five pounds for keeping one. The rabbits occupy a great deal of attention. In fact, they belong to the Colonial Secretary's office, and have a State official to look after them. It is reckoned that five rabbits eat as much as a sheep; and they multiply at such a prodigious rate that, unless their production is checked, they will soon leave nothing for the sheep to eat. All kinds of devices are used to check or to exterminate them. It was proposed, just before we left the country, to fence off with wire netting the large stretch of the Amuri country, north of Christchurch, at the cost of several thousand pounds, in order to keep them out. Poison has been tried, with success; and the aid of M. Pasteur has been invoked to inoculate them with "hen-cholera." But the favourite expedient, alas! is to turn out cats, ferrets, stoats, and weasels. Thousands have been turned out, and more are crossing the ocean with this design. It is a sad policy. It remains to be seen whether these vermin will kill the rabbits when they get there.

The reason why we hear the rabbits squealing under their attack in English preserves, is because there is nothing else for them to catch; but, when they find themselves surrounded by a new fauna, they may change their diet. In fact, they have done so. They have taken a very natural fancy to young wild duck. They are even reported to have attacked children. And it is sadly easy to see that in a few years there will be none of those rare and delightful birds for which New Zealand

is famous, the various kinds of wingless kiwis, quaint, curious, long-legged, long-billed, large-footed creatures, covered rather with hair than feathers, and looking not unlike French gentlemen in polite



bathing costume ; the bold, inquisitive, and confiding wekas, or Maori wood-hens ; and the large kekapo, or ground-parrot, which has indeed got wings, but has forgotten how to use them, because hitherto it has never had an enemy to dread.

Even if the weasels do not change their diet, what appreciable good can they do? If each weasel were to kill one rabbit regularly every day—and it would certainly not be sufficiently hungry to kill more—it would make no sensible difference to their numbers. And, if the rabbits were exterminated from a district, or driven away, the weasels and stoats would not migrate after them.

A far better way would be for more men to make their little fortunes by trapping, snaring, and shooting them. I have been assured that there are men in Otago making £500 a year by it. The farmer will give them a penny a head, and the skins will sell for sixpence apiece. The Americans and Germans convert them into sables and other furs, and at the Manchester Exhibition they might be seen slowly turning into wide-awake hats. Ten million skins are annually exported. It may seem astonishing, but it is true, that, with the exception of wool and tallow and frozen meat, and gold and grain, and timber and kauri gum, rabbit-skins are the chief source of revenue to the colony.

A curious instance of creatures changing their habits to suit a changed environment is supplied by the kea parrot of New Zealand, the king of his tribe, not so large as the ground-parrot, but a bird of beautiful green and grey plumage, and of strong, soaring flight. Since the introduction of sheep into the colony, this bird has become a bird of prey. It has learned to acquire a taste for sheep's kidneys, and kills the animal, in order to obtain it, by lighting on its back and tearing through the wool and skin and flesh with its powerful bill. Humble-bees have quite recently been introduced

in order to fertilize the clover. They have multiplied very quickly. But whether, surrounded by new delights, they will remain faithful to the clover, may be doubted. I have seen them in the Christ-church gardens greedily sucking the honey from a white flowering shrub.

It is a curiosity of the country that there are no indigenous quadrupeds. When Captain Cook landed in Poverty Bay a hundred and eighteen years ago, the Maoris possessed dogs which they must have brought with them from their mysterious Hawaiki, "the great broad place of day." This was their only tame quadruped. The only wild one was a rat, which has now disappeared, supplanted, as our own English rat was supplanted in England, by the Norwegian or Hanoverian rat. There were also, and still are, a few lizards, of which the Maoris, having no experience at all of reptiles, are dreadfully afraid. They regard them as *atuas*, or divinities. The famous captain turned loose pigs, which soon multiplied in the bush and overran the country, and are now what we should call wild boar, and are very fierce, sometimes charging a horse and goring it.

The lack of four-footed beasts in the country added one to the many difficulties experienced by the translators of the Bible into the Maori language. In the first edition, by a bold and transparent manœuvre, the words "he-goat" and "she-goat," which so frequently occur in the Old Testament, were rendered "*Piri-gota*" and "*Nani-nani*."

Snails were another importation. They were introduced to feed the blackbirds, and the blackbirds, though they still crack them on stones as

they do in England, have a preference for apples, pears, and strawberries; and the snails are enemies, as at home, to the gardener. There is a grand native snail, not unlike the snail that is eaten on the Riviera, and it lays eggs as big as a wren's. It was eaten by the natives just as they eat oysters, and pipi shell-fish, and the fat white grubs that are found in decayed wood. In fact, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find anything which they would not eat. Before the beginning of this century their choice of nice things was very limited: no wonder they ate some that were nasty.

Hitherto the door has resolutely and successfully been kept shut against snakes. It is one of the great joys of New Zealand that there is absolutely nothing venomous or noxious, except one rare spider. It is perfectly safe to botanize through the longest grass and the most tangled bush, in places where it would be madness to go in Queensland or Madras. There are no snakes. St. Patrick has the credit of having banished them from Ireland. Some day, perhaps, a similar honour will be claimed for Mr. Marsden by the Church Missionary Society. If a snake is heard of quite a sensation is caused. A thrill of horror pervades society. "The snake" is the one topic of excited conversation.

During our stay, by some fearful oversight, a snake was imported in a bundle of fodder, and made its appearance on the grand stand of the race-course at Ellerslie. Its liberty was of short duration, for it was captured by an Auckland manufacturer. This gentleman tried to find the police to give it into custody, and the police tried

to find the gentleman in order to take him into custody for possessing it. The Government telegraphed from Wellington, anxiously inquiring where the snake was. An ambitious showman offered five pounds, and undertook all risks if he might only have it for the night ; and a professor begged for it in the interests of science. In the end the superintendent of police and the manufacturer met in the presence of the professor, and the snake expired in a glass jar under the influence of chloroform. Auckland society again breathed freely, and the snake now occupies an honoured position in the University Museum.

Fallow deer have been naturalized in the Oroua district, between Lake Taupo and Wellington ; and there is a proposal to introduce chamois into the Alps of the Southern Island.



## CHAPTER IV.

CAPTAIN COOK landed in Poverty Bay on the 15th of October, 1769, and took possession of New Zealand in the name of the king. Forty-five years later, the Rev. Samuel Marsden landed in the Bay of Islands, on the 22nd of December, 1814, and took possession of New Zealand in the name of Christ and the Church of England. This was on Thursday. The following Sunday was Christmas Day, and Mr. Marsden felt his "very soul melt within him"

as he sang the Old Hundredth, and, through an interpreter, preached to crowds of natives on the text, "I bring you glad tidings of great



joy." Mr. Marsden was the Government Chaplain at Sydney, but he was accompanied by three faithful laymen, Kendal, Hall, and King, who had been sent out, at his request, by the Church Missionary Society to teach the natives the Christian faith, the rudiments of education, and useful arts.

Here, when Mr. Marsden returned to Sydney, they remained living in the midst of savages and cannibals, who, after their victories, invited them to share in their fearful banquets, and played football with human heads. Within fifty years—before the Maori War—the whole race was converted, and New Zealand was—at least in name—a Christian country.

Only thirty years after Mr. Marsden's first sermon, Bishop Selwyn, who had himself traversed the country on foot with no companions but natives, was able to speak thus: "Any traveller may enter at any hour of the night into the most lonely hut in any part of New Zealand without the slightest reason for distrust. In general the warmest place, the cleanest mat, the best food will be freely supplied to him, without so much as a thought of payment being due."

We may—by leaving out the last word—reverse the famous taunt of Lucretius against religion—

"Tantum religio potuit suadere."

The Bay of Islands, then, was the cradle of the New Zealand Church, and the honour of undertaking the first mission to the natives belongs to the Church Missionary Society. Other Christians, Roman Catholics and Wesleyans, followed before long. In 1839 the Society for the Propagation of

the Gospel, whose speciality it is to look after colonists as well as heathen, joined in the work, and when, in 1841, George Augustus Selwyn was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand, it liberally supported him, and gave him that "confidential latitude" for which he was so grateful. The foundation of this see is a good example of the growth of the Church during the century, or, rather, of its extraordinary position before. Up to the year 1841 New Zealand was in the diocese of Australia. Before 1836 both New Zealand and Australia belonged to Calcutta, and before 1814 Calcutta, as well as the others, belonged to London. In three years' time the bishop moved his headquarters from Waimate, in the Bay of Islands, to Auckland, which lies one hundred and twenty miles to the south, and was then the capital of the colony of New Zealand. Here he had already, with great forethought, purchased sites for churches and parsonages, and twenty or thirty acres as a site for a cathedral and cathedral close, and obtained from the governor, Captain William Hobson, two cemeteries of eight acres each. He was also enabled to purchase an estate of eight hundred and fifty acres a few miles to the east of the town, where St. John's College still stands.

Bishop Selwyn was really the apostle of New Zealand. He did for the country what Augustine or Aidan did for England, or Boniface for Germany. He was Bishop of New Zealand for twenty-six years, and he left it a well-organized province, with a primate and six suffragans. To him is chiefly due not only the consolidation and extension and endowment of the Church, but also its constitution.

It is generally called in the colony "The Anglican Church," and it is a very good name; but its official title is "The Church of the Province of New Zealand, commonly called the Church of England." After ten years' preparation, a deed of constitution was drawn up in 1857, in the little chapel which stands in the beautiful cemetery near Resolution Point. The deed is alterable in all its parts except in the fundamental points of doctrine and constitution. The Church is bound to "hold and maintain the doctrine and sacraments of Christ as the Lord hath commanded in His Holy Word, and as the United Church of England and Ireland hath received and explained the same in the Book of Common Prayer, in the Form and Manner of Making, Ordaining, and Consecrating of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, and in the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion."

The Church is governed by Synods, composed of bishops, clergy, and laity. The affairs of the province are managed by a General Synod, and the affairs of each diocese by a Diocesan Synod. No law or canon can be passed in Synod without a majority of each of these orders.

The General Synod consists of the primate and his six suffragans, with three other clergymen and four lay communicants from each diocese. The clergymen are elected by the clergy, and the laymen by the laymen, triennially. A layman in New Zealand means a man (presumably a baptized man) who has signed a profession of attachment to the Church. The General Synod meets every three years.

The Diocesan Synod consists of the bishop, all *his licensed clergy*, and not less than one lay com-

municant elected from each parish or district. The Diocesan Synod meets yearly.

During the recess of the Synods, standing committees, appointed by them, exercise much of their powers.

Trustees are appointed by the Synods to represent the church of the province or the church of the diocese for the purpose of holding property.

The primate is not the bishop of a particular see. He may be bishop of any one of the seven dioceses, and is elected to fill the metropolitan office by the General Synod.

When a vacancy occurs in any bishopric, the Diocesan Synod elects a new chief pastor, and his election is confirmed by the General Synod.

The country is mapped out into parishes and parochial districts. These districts, often wide tracts of land, represent the less thickly populated and more uncivilized parts, and are served by clergymen appointed or recalled at the bishop's pleasure. Parishes are formed and their boundaries defined by the Diocesan Synod, and their affairs are managed by the parish priest in conjunction with a vestry composed of two churchwardens, and from three to ten communicants annually elected.

When a cure of souls falls vacant, a fresh parish priest is chosen by a board composed of two diocesan and three parochial nominators. The bishop can refuse to institute, but an appeal is permitted from his decision to the bishops of the province. It is not uncommon for the nominators to ask the bishop's commissary in England to send them an English priest, and they have also the

power to confer the right of the next presentation on a benefactor. Sometimes the residents in a parochial district, who desire to get rid of their pastor, do so by applying to the Synod to have their district formed into a parish. If their petition is granted, the cure becomes vacant, and the nomination of a new pastor falls into their own hands.

The ecclesiastical courts are very simple, and all offences, whether against doctrine, ritual, or morals, are subject to the same procedure. There are two courts—the diocesan, which is a court of first instance, and the provincial, which is the final court of appeal.

The chancellor of the diocese, appointed by the bishop, presides at every trial, and is assisted by two clergymen and two laymen as assessors. These assessors are chosen by lot out of a body of twelve appointed by the bishop, with the concurrence of the Synod. The assessors act as a jury, and, after the chancellor has summed up, give their verdict of “guilty” or “not guilty ;” but in cases of doctrine or ritual, they only give a “special verdict” as to the facts, without acquitting or condemning the accused. The bishop has the power to stop proceedings.

The court of appeal is composed of the bishops of the province, of whom there must be three at least present at the hearing of a case. They may associate with themselves two or more persons “learned in the law” to assist them, but the lawyers do not give or join in giving any decision. Any office-bearer or trustee, from a bishop down to a vestryman, may be tried by these courts.

Parent Churches may sometimes find lessons to be learned from their children.

## CHAPTER V.

BISHOPSCOURT crowns the summit of the ridge of the suburb of Parnell. It is built, like most other houses, of wood, and occupies three sides of a parallelogram. On the left side is the dwelling-house, and on the right is the library, also used as a Synod hall, containing a very fine and valuable collection of books. Bishop Selwyn began the collection at Keri-Keri, in the Bay of Islands, and found it "refreshing and inspiriting." The third side of the building is formed by a chapel and a study and a corridor connecting the house with the library. Round the house is a shrubbery and a garden with a lawn and a paddock. The garden is a wilderness, but it rejoices and blossoms like the rose. Spring is not supposed to commence till the 22nd of September, but in August the garden was already fragrant and beautiful with magnolias and lemons, azaleas and camellias, roses and violets, sparaxis and jonquils, and daffodils. For the first few days I was ill in bed, and my impressions of the country were received through the window. I shall always remember those first impressions. Opposite the window was a pink magnolia without any leaves, but covered with a

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profusion of cup-like blossoms, just showing their white satin lining. Flights of chattering sparrows made the branches their battlefield, and sometimes there was a pair of goldfinches or wrens. It would have made a beautiful subject for decorating a screen. There was usually a bright sun, and now and then a heavy, rushing shower of rain. Through the glass door I could see the large, beaded drops hanging on the bare boughs of a tree and glittering with long rays of prismatic colours, so that the least motion of my head was enough to vary the show, and make the deep orange change into red or violet. There was a delicious sense of joyous spring bursting into beauty in an unknown world and telling of a long, rare summer coming behind.

The day after our arrival was Sunday. There is a stunted wooden tower at the end of the library, with a peal of bells, which chime familiar tunes, and which, heard across the water of the harbour, have furnished a theme more than once to the poet of Takapuna. There is only one other peal of bells in the diocese, and that is at Cambridge. The services of the day were full of omens for our mission. The Epistle gave us "our sufficiency is of God," and the Gospel, "He maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak," and the second Lesson, "Stewards of the mysteries of God," and the Collect, "Wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The Bishop of Dunedin was preaching at St. Sepulchre's. He was on his way to "the Islands" to see what opening there was for Church work. That there is an opening is manifest. There are English Churchmen everywhere, and they have a right to demand and to

secure for themselves that grace and those spiritual gifts which are only conferred through the Apostolic Church. There is a very natural and honourable reluctance among the authorities at home to intrude upon any ground already occupied by some denomination of professing Christians, and, where Presbyterians or Wesleyans, or some other sect not dangerously heterodox, have planted a mission, the premature advent of the Church might, perhaps, do more harm than good. But all the islands are not equally fortunate. There are some where Holy Baptism is discarded as unnecessary, Holy Matrimony as impracticable, and the Holy Communion is celebrated with cocoa-nut milk for wine. In such cases there need be little hesitation. And if the English Church has scruples, the Roman Church has none. When the natives, taught to regard the Bible as the fountain of authority, have attained some slight intelligence, they will naturally throw overboard these shadowy forms of Christianity, which have so little sympathy with the original gospel, and will pass at once into the papal fold unless English Catholicism is offered them. At the next General Synod the oversight of these islands was entrusted to the Bishop of Nelson.

Our missions in the diocese of Auckland occupied rather more than five months, from September to February. They were all, except three, held in the city of Auckland or the suburbs. The three exceptions were three excursions—one to the Kaipara district in the northern peninsula, the second to the Waikato and the Thames, and the third to Taranaki. The five months were also

diversified by two Synods—the Diocesan Synod in October, and the Provincial Synod at the end of January—and by a holiday trip to the lakes.

The missions were preceded by two conferences of the clergy, and a Retreat at Bishopscourt, attended by some forty clergy. One result of this Retreat was the formation of a devotional society for the clergy, modelled closely on the "Pastoral Order" of the Diocese of Lichfield.

The first mission was held at St. Matthew's Church. Like all the rest, it is built of wood. It has no pretence to architecture, and, to English eyes, the interior fittings are wanting in dignity and beauty; but, on the other hand, the dark wood gives a warmer and more furnished look than the plain stone or white-wash common at home. There is a good organ, and a good choir of ladies and gentlemen. The mission began on Friday, August 28th, by a special service for workers. The Bishop of Auckland gave a short address of welcome to the missionaries, followed by a Benediction, and Canon Bodington preached on the words, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake" (2 Cor. iv. 5). The actual mission began the next day, and Mr. Bodington's evening sermon "produced" (to quote the Church paper) "a profound impression upon many deeply thinking persons, and it will be long before that impression is effaced, the effect of it, it is hoped and believed, never." The daily services may be mentioned once for all, as they were, with slight variations, the same in all our missions. The Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m. and

at 9 ; Morning Prayer was said at 10, followed by special intercessions ; an address to men was given at mid-day ; and an address to women at 3 p.m., followed by Evening Prayer. At 8 p.m. was the mission service, sermon, and instruction. Thus, the foundation of the whole course of missions was laid on the one only service appointed by our Lord. There were very few days, except during our travels, when we had not the privilege of receiving the Blessed Sacrament, although sometimes the accommodation was poor and mean, and in one place we had to celebrate with a china plate and a glass tumbler ; and before we left home it had been arranged that, in some church or religious house, a special Eucharist should be offered in perpetual daily succession from the day we set sail till the day of our return, to implore a blessing on our work. Often and often, as we were preparing for our evening mission service, we thought with joy that at that hour the sun just sinking from our sight was dawning on England, and the church bell of some quiet village, or busy town parish, or some ancient cathedral, or some private chapel, was calling devout souls to plead the merits of the everlasting Sacrifice on behalf of our far-off work on the other side of the world.

On Sunday afternoons there was always an address to children, and usually an address to men,\* by Canon Bodington, "a man" (to quote a secular Auckland paper) "whose tolerant and charitable spirit and broad views have earned him

\* The pith of some of these addresses has since been published by the S.P.C.K., under the title "Some Difficulties of Belief."

golden opinions from all denominations." One of the results of this first mission was the formation, after conferences with the Bishop of Auckland and his clergy, of a "Church Society" for the diocese, framed on the model of a similar society in the diocese of Truro.

For those who are interested in portents I may add that our first mission was signalized by a total eclipse, both of the sun and of the moon. At this time we were both staying at Challinor House, Pitt Street, under the hospitable roof of Dr. Purchas, who was ordained by Bishop Selwyn, and still helps his brother clergy, although he devotes the greater part of his time to the healing art of St. Luke. It would not be becoming to speak much of any private house where we were received, but there can be no harm in expressing our gratitude to those kind friends who so freely and so gracefully offered us a home, and always kept for each of us a prophet's chamber ready. Our host's intimate acquaintance with the native language, habits, and character, and his rich stores of scientific knowledge, gave us our first introduction to the wonders of New Zealand. He is also musical, and was entrusted by the first bishop with the task of compiling a diocesan hymn-book, for which he composed several tunes. And we were often refreshed at the end of a day's mission by an hour's music. And sometimes — for the household formed a considerable choir—we sang some of his own hymns, which he would lead on his flute. And one night after returning from a mission service, as he lay awake, unwell and unable to sleep, he wrote some beautiful lines on the Parable

of the Prodigal Son, adapting the first verse of a well-known hymn and adding others. I give the hymn at length in the shape which it finally took. It speedily found its way into one or two well-known English hymn-books, including the new appendix of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and remains as another touching little fruit of the New Zealand Mission, and a fresh little spiritual nerve between the English head and the colonial members, and to us a pathetic and grateful memory.

"Return, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy Father calls for thee ;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery :  
Return, return !

"Too long the loathsome fields of sin  
Thy fruitless toil have known :  
No wholesome bread ! no voice of kin !  
No home to call thine own !  
Return, return !

"The Father stands with outstretch'd hands,  
He gave His Son for thee :  
Poor soul, from sin's enthralling bands  
He longs to set thee free.  
Return, return !

"Arise, stand up and homeward turn,  
No longer dwell apart ;  
His mighty love will never spurn  
One humble contrite heart.  
Return, return !

"Our Father's house is full of bliss,  
And there is room for all ;  
He welcomes with forgiving kiss ;  
O, hear His loving call !  
Return, return !

"The feast of joy awaits thee there,  
The precious robe and ring ;  
O haste thy Father's gifts to share,  
O haste His praise to sing :  
Return, return !"

Challinor House commands a beautiful view of the town and harbour, and a garden is attached to it. In front of the dining-room window grows a standard peach, which was glorious with masses of pink blossom. The peaches in the colony, which at one time were so abundant that they were given in bucketfuls to feed the pigs, had from some unexplained cause ceased to be productive for some years, but, since then, this same peach tree has yielded, so I am told, in one season, no less than seventy-four dozen peaches.



## CHAPTER VI.

OUR first holiday was a day we shall always remember. Our kind host made a family picnic for us, and drove us to spend the day at a relation's house on the shore of St. Hellier's Bay. The sun



was bright, the sea blue and sparkling, and the air balmy and sweet with the moist, fresh scent of budding leaves and gorgeous gorse-blossom, flowering in such mass and large profusion of colour as can seldom be seen except on the canvas of Titian. Through these roadside prickly splendours, here and there, a delicate arum-lily or a rampant geranium crept to the light and burst into beauty; and the tall, bare quickset hedges were garlanded sometimes with the starry white blossoms of the native clematis. Later in the year some of these hedges are bright with double pink roses, more novel but, perhaps, not more sweet and lovely than the may. On our way we climbed Mount Hobson, an extinct volcano, from the top of which can be counted two and twenty more. Like most of the rest, it was an old Maori "*pahi*," trenched and terraced, and thick with white pipi shells, a favourite and abundant native food. The steep, grassy slopes were "with daisies pied," and with bugle and other common home flowers. In the neighbouring fields we saw sad crops of another importation—a fertile kind of small sour-dock, which the natives call by the simple and expressive name of "the devil."

Our road lay past the most interesting monument in New Zealand, St. John's College, on the Tamaki river, founded by Bishop Selwyn in November, 1844. It is screened from the road by a plantation of pines. The buildings, picturesque with gables and high-pitched roofs, form a kind of quadrangle, and are made partly of wood and partly of purple-grey volcanic stone, with patches of rich orange and scarlet lichen, and embowered in roses, jessa-

mine, and ivy. There are numerous small rooms, a large kitchen with wide chimney, over which is Selwyn's coat of arms, and a fine dining hall with oriel window and a raised dais, screened with an open carved screen from the rest of the room. The group of buildings bears the impress of Cambridge, and is a touching proof of the bishop's filial love for his old university. But the buildings were not erected for mere sentiment and beauty, but for hard work, as he understood the word, "guided" (the phrase is characteristic) "by Scripture, Church history, and practical observation,"—hard work, such as he did himself and expected—sometimes, perhaps, with too rigid and stern inflexibility—everybody else to do. Here was a farm, under the management of a deacon, a staff of clergy, four of whom the bishop "took from the labours and duties of the farm," and candidates for Holy Orders, who served the pretty wooden chapels in village hamlets far and near; day schools, taught by the ladies, and a school for Maori boarders and Melanesian Islanders; a hospital, a chapel, a printing office, and a carpenter's shop. The course of instruction for the students embraced divinity, Greek, Maori, Latin, and medicine, and there was (again to quote the founder's words) "an open and undisguised reality" about the work. An exquisite terraced garden, with smooth lawns and neat walks, leads down to the winding salt-water creek through the thickest of native bush, abounding in tree-ferns and dracænas, and overrun with luxuriant masses of white clematis, and here and there beds of the grand leaves and blossoms of self-sown arum-lilies.

The wooden chapel stands alone, surrounded by a churchyard that slopes towards the northern sun, a tangle of ferns and flowers, where side by side sleep brothers of different race and colour and language—different in everything except in faith. Inside the little Gothic cruciform church, built with dignity and simplicity, and richly furnished with dark wood and the sombre glow of coloured glass, the thought of the blessed dead is presented again and again. It was the design of the builder. It was "the union of two ideas—of the living who worship God within the church, and of the dead who sleep around it till the day of resurrection."

Here are tablets to benefactors, who founded scholarships—one a merchant, and his inscription, "A merchant man seeking goodly pearls;" another an architect, and his inscription, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." One stained glass window bears the figure of St. Timothy, and is in memory of "Joseph Atkin, a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Another presents Simon of Cyrene; it is to Stephen Taroaniara, and bears the legend, "On him they laid the cross that he might bear it after Jesus." Another is to Bishop Patteson; it is the Good Shepherd, and the writing runs, "It is I; be not afraid."

And what a world of sacred romance is opened by these simple records, which read best just as they stand: "In memory of the first-fruits of the Melanesian Mission, 'The Morian's land shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.'" "In *memory* of the Right Rev. J. C. Patteson, 1st

Bishop of Melanesia, killed at Nukapu, Sept. 20, 1871; also of the Rev. Joseph Atkin, of this College, who died Sept. 29, 1871; and Stephen Taroaniara, who died Sept. 28, 1871. These both died of wounds received at Nukapu. Also of Fisher Young, of Norfolk Island, who died Aug. 22, 1864, and Edwin Nobbs, of the same island, who died Sept. 5, 1864. These both died of wounds received at Santa Cruz. Fisher Young was buried at Port Patteson in Vanua Lava. The bodies of the bishop and his other companions were committed to the deep, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to Eternal life."

Again: "In memory of the Rev. W. Nihill, Fellow of this College and Melanesian tutor, who died in his Master's service, at Nengone, one of the Loyalty Isles, 28 April, 1855, aged 29 years. Also in memory of G. Siapo, Isaka Vatu, Waderuhu, of Nengone Island, G. Apale, John Thol, of Lita, Will. Unru, of Erromango, scholars of this College and first-fruits of the Melanesian Mission, A.D. 1851, 1852, 1853. The bodies of Siapo and Thol lie in this chapel-yard; Unru was committed to the deep; Waderuhu and Isaka Vatu were buried in their own island. The spirits of them all, the teacher and the taught, rest, as we trust, in the Presence of their common Lord."

When we passed out into the hot sunlight again we gathered a handful of scented violets off a little grave that bore the well-known name, and sent them as a souvenir to Lichfield.

At the time of our visit the college, however picturesque, looked slightly deserted. There was a flourishing grammar-school, but nothing more;

for the theological students had moved (it required an Act of Parliament) into a suburb of Auckland, in order to enable them to attend the university lectures. Since then, however, they have returned to their old home, and the place is flourishing. Owing to the wise forethought of the founder, this invaluable institution has an endowment of £1400 a year.

In the afternoon we walked along the edge of the deep broken cliff, where the yellow kawhai, not unlike a laburnum, but with leaves like an acacia, was already in thick blossom, and the huge pohutukawas—not unlike evergreen oaks—leaned their gnarled trunks and ponderous boughs over the precipices. Like nearly all the New Zealand trees (the fuchsia is the only exception I know), they are evergreen. They are really giant myrtles. And at Christmas these solemn trees, that seem incapable of anything but a frown and unsuitable to anything but a landscape by Salvator Rosa, are clothed in a radiant robe of crimson blossoms, which has won for them the name of "Christmas trees."

The next day the Bishop of Auckland showed me over the native school at Parnell. It was holiday time. A number of the boys, with bare feet, were thoroughly enjoying a game of football; others, more studiously inclined, were amusing themselves with drawing maps, and were doing it uncommonly well. This was one among several denominational schools which received partial endowment from the State, on condition that provision should be made for the instruction of the natives. The school is very popular among them. I met in the Lake District several who had been *educated there.*

On Sunday they all attended St. Mary's Church. It is an interesting sight to see these rows of dark intelligent faces, with their large, liquid eyes, all attentive and devout. I must be pardoned for recording again some words of Bishop Selwyn, which deserve to be remembered. He says, "There is no honest or useful work, which the boys are not willing to learn, or which the parents are not willing they should be taught. In forming an opinion of the possibility of civilizing the whole rising generation of New Zealanders, I have never perceived any practical impediment except the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of English instructors, who would devote themselves with all their heart to the work, and do for the native children what every Christian parent wishes to do for his own. . . . We often expect to find ready-made in a native people the qualities which we ourselves have learned with difficulty, and which our own countrymen rapidly lose in the unsettled and irresponsible slovenliness of colonial life. We want a large supply of Oberlins and Felix Neffs, who, having no sense of their own dignity, will think nothing below it. . . . They have received the gospel freely with an unquestioning faith; but the unfavourable tendency of native habits is every day dragging back many into the state of sin from which they seemed to have escaped. There is scarcely anything so small as not to affect the permanence of Christianity in this country. We require a man who will number every hair of a native's head as part of the work of Him who made and redeemed the world."

In the afternoon I visited Dr. Maunsell, formerly

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archdeacon, who has done a great work for the natives by giving them the Bible in their own language—no easy task, considering the wide gaps of thought, words, and historical associations that had to be bridged over. Bishop Selwyn called him "one of the best linguists in the mission." I found him in his study, busily engaged in preparing a revised translation. An accident befell his earliest translation. He had worked hard at it, as usual, up to Saturday. On Saturday he left his books and manuscript on the table and went away for distant Sunday duty. A fire broke out in the house, and everything was burned. I had heard of this, and I asked Dr. Maunsell how far he had got. "The last verse," he replied, "that I had translated was, 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me.'" The labour of years was destroyed. Next morning he sat down and began the work all over again.

In our next mission (as afterwards in so many) Canon Bodington and I worked apart. He took All Saints'; I took St. Thomas'. The former parish is large and actively worked, and the church is well and reverently appointed and served. Mr. Bodington gave a course of instructions on the Creed, and took for his mission sermons the events in the last week of our Lord's life. St. Thomas' parish is sliced from St. Matthew's. The church is small, but reverently furnished. It was at that time the only church in the diocese, and, I believe, in the whole of the North Island, which boasted a surpliced choir. In consequence of this they were marched out for all diocesan functions; and *on account* of its unique rarity persons of a

nervous temperament trembled at the surplice in the choir in the same way that some have trembled before now at the surplice in the pulpit. I had proposed to myself—in view of so many missions in the neighbourhood—in order to vary the manner of conveying the great message of faith and repentance, which must always be the same, to dwell in successive missions chiefly on One of the Persons in the Blessed Trinity. Thus in the St. Thomas' Mission I brought into chief prominence the Fatherhood of God, and took as the basis of it the parable of the Prodigal Son. In my next mission I took the Life and Passion of Christ, and practically I got no further. I rested there; at least, in all short missions. All that one wanted seemed to be there. The subject needs no introduction, and appeals to educated and uneducated, and to all shades of religious thought; and, besides, it gives at once the immense advantage of presenting and keeping before the minds of the people a graphic picture, as the fountain and inspiration of all the mission teaching. I can safely say that "Christ and Him Crucified" was the theme of my mission. It was so at Onehunga and Helensville, at Remuera, at Hamilton, at Northcote. At the after-meeting I gave dogmatic instructions on the Creed, or devotional instructions on the subjective side of religion.

At St. Thomas' there was a celebration of the Holy Communion every morning at seven. The little church stands near the shore of Freeman's Bay, an exquisite creek, where the tide runs up under a low cliff covered with pines and dracænas. In the early grey of a moist spring morning, when



the tide was full, and wreaths and veils of delicate mist were gently floating in the air, and the trees were reflected in the slumbering water, and the boats lay idly on the shore or resting on the tranquil water, there was a wonderful sense of beauty and of calm.

But there were two things that I inwardly resented, going and returning. The one was a blackbird in a cage, who was always shouting the first eight notes of the tune, "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife." It appears that this is the favourite and traditional tune to teach a blackbird. Perhaps it learns it with fatal facility, because it is not unlike—only a miserable caricature of—its "native wood notes wild." The other thing which vexed me was the backyard of a house where there was a pump and a great mass of flowering arums, and the women on washing-day insulted the arums by hanging out upon them their clothes to dry. When the mission was over I tried to sketch that backyard, and this sketch I have indignantly by me still.\*

After one clear day's rest and a large evening reception at Bishopscourt we began another mission—Canon Bodington at St. Luke's, Mount Albert, and St. Jude's, Avondale; and I at St. Peter's, Onehunga. These missions only lasted five nights. At Mount Albert my friend had his first experience of a real colonial Sunday—the ground around the church being occupied by carts, and buggies, and saddle-horses, driven or ridden by settlers from long distances. The horses are well accustomed to it, and remain standing quietly for hours, tied to a

\* See Frontispiece.

post or a tree with a rug thrown over them. In fact, a rope for this purpose is generally slung on the saddle, or (for appearances are not regarded much) wound round the animal's neck.

Onehunga is the seaport on the western side of the isthmus. It is on the Manukau harbour, which with its creeks stretches inland "like the fingers of a great hand, as if feeling for the neighbouring waters of the Tamaki, on the opposite side of the island." The church is one of the oldest in New Zealand. The register bears Selwyn's signature in 1867. The parsonage is surrounded by a lovely garden, where, between the showers or through the heavy pouring rain, the larks and blackbirds sang like angels. A deserted pigstye in the field was filled with masses of arum, and whole armfuls of gladiolus, ixia, narcissus, and lilies had been chucked out and lay in heaps round the stye, flowering prostrate and unplanted. Near the village stands the "*pah*," a fine house, magnificently furnished, surrounded by parks, gardens, and orchards, in which grow oranges, peaches, nectarines, and guavas. The guavas were ripe, and we ate them from the trees. Cock pheasants were crowing among the groves of *insignis* pines and sometimes ran across the lawns. The verbenas grew as large as fine auriculas.

That night I drove across the bridge to Mangerie, a few miles away on the other shore of the harbour, to hold service in a little room which was crowded. The Presbyterians very kindly made an offer of their little church, which, however, was not accepted. The church room is under the charge of a lay reader. For nine years he used to take

service in a little church two miles away, without any kind of remuneration. He even gave up cows, and took to sheep, to enable him to do it, until he found he was becoming ruined. This is only one instance out of many of the disinterested and devoted work which colonial laymen do for the Church. Since our visit this gentleman has been ordained deacon, but still pursues his agricultural labour.

From the wharf at Onehunga I talked through the telephone with Bishopscourt, a distance of six miles at least. This is the longest reach of voice I ever exercised ; but a few days later I was told by the officials that if I had only made the request in time, they would have let me converse through the sea at a distance of sixty.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE first of what I have called our "excursions" was to the Kaipara district, in the northern peninsula ; and we commenced at Helensville, thirty miles north of Auckland, a new settlement and the head-quarters of the timber trade. We went by train across dreary moors, where now and then might be seen a gum-digger probing the soft earth with his spear. It is well known that kauri gum is one of the chief exports of New Zealand. All qualities and quantities of it may be seen in those mercantile labyrinths that involve the neighbourhood of Mark Lane. In colour it is like amber, but it is too brittle to form a good subject for the jeweller's art. It is chiefly used for varnish. It is found nowhere else but in New Zealand, and in New Zealand only in the neighbourhood of Auckland ; and it is dug up on the site of ancient

forests which have long since disappeared. The diggers—of whom there are some two thousand, natives and colonists—pierce the ground until they feel the gum; they then dig it out. The price of it is from £40 to £50 per ton.

From this railway we caught our first sight of the *Phormium tenax*, the celebrated New Zealand flax. It is a superb plant. At first, never having seen it before, I took it for a kind of aloe. It is, however, a lily. The leaves are straight, smooth, and sword-shaped. They attain sometimes the height of fifteen feet. The flowers are small and crimson, in shape not unlike the gladiolus, and they grow in a scattered bunch on the top of a fine, thick stem, which rises above the bunch of leaves. The plant is called flax from the strong fibre of its leaves. The fibre is twice as strong as real flax, and only less strong than silk. It is used by the natives for everything. From it they make their clothes, mats, baskets, ropes, and fishing-lines. In building houses or canoes it serves them instead of nails.

Helensville is the terminus of the railway. We lodged at a little house on the border of a creek that runs into the Kaipara river. The house was noticeable only for the possession of a huge cat called Peter. Peter, whenever there was any sunshine, lay in the verandah; and a kingfisher with white breast, tawny throat, blue head and back, long beak, and short tail, kept playfully darting down at it from its perch on the telegraph wires. But sunshine was scarce during the week. Storms and pelting rain and drifting clouds possessed the earth and the sky. In the afternoon we taught a

few children in a corner of the public hall, and at night we had an unprecedented service in the same place. The end of the hall was, in fact, a theatre with a stage, scenery, footlights, and orchestra. The orchestra consisted of two violins, two trumpets, a flute, a clarionet, an American organ, and a pianoforte. It was the most incongruous scene I ever witnessed. I am sure no mission service was ever conducted with such surroundings. But my friend was equal to the occasion. Fully robed, he advanced to the footlights with perfect serenity, and preached as if he had been in Lichfield Cathedral. We soon forgot the odd situation, and even failed to notice much the pointers and setters that wandered listlessly about the hall and sniffed fraternally and scientifically at the audience, and no doubt discovered to their own satisfaction which among us were rogues and which were not. In the night the wind blew a hurricane, the house rocked, and storms of hail dashed upon the roof and walls. The weather was little better when, next day, my friend started on his tour to the north. As the little steam-tug puffed away between the mud banks of the Kaipara river a man on the wharf remarked, "They'll have a miserable time of it." And so they had. The river winds in wide, over-lapping loops through the flat, desolate, grey marsh, and pours its muddy, sluggish waters into a long, irregular harbour with a wide gap westward to the ocean. The passage across this gap is often dangerous to a little craft like the *Kina*. But the rough bit was passed in safety, and the toy ship steamed up the Wairoa river—which is navigable for about sixty miles—

and was moored at the wharf at Tekopuru at sunset. The service that night was in the public hall, and was attended chiefly by men.

Another stormy night ushered in another stormy and fatiguing day. Tide and storm were against navigation, and it was decided to reach Manga-whare and Dargaville on horseback. It was a memorable excursion. Canon Bodington and the clergyman of the district, clothed in waterproofs, started after lunch in a downpour of rain. My friend was mounted on a good little brown cob. His companion rode an aged, raw-boned beast, about twenty-five years old, which had been turned out some time ago to die, and had not yet expired. The first two or three miles were fairly good; of the rest it is only necessary to say that it was deep New Zealand mud. Cock pheasants crowed among the dull bush and burnt stumps that bordered the way, and wild duck paddled about in the pools. It was a slow, tedious march, and two miles before reaching Dargaville, another timber settlement on the river, further progress became impossible; the horses were abandoned and tied to a rail near a solitary house, and the remainder of the journey was performed on foot. Seven women assembled in a reading-room at Manga-whare, and twenty-two persons in Dargaville Church. Perhaps on a Saturday, and such a Saturday, more could not be expected. As the service ended, a violent storm of rain, wind, and thunder burst in fury on the building. The two travellers, blinded by the storm, groped through the pitchy darkness to a friendly house to borrow a lantern, and so picked their way over field and

ditch till they found their poor horses, more miserable than themselves, tied where they had left them more than six hours before. It was nearly midnight before the monotonous trudge through the slush was ended, and the tired travellers were sheltered from the pitiless rush of the rain. It was not an ideal preparation for a hard Sunday.

The services on Sunday were held at Tekopuru and at Aratapu. Aratapu is another timber settlement, two miles above Tekopuru. It is locally known as "Sawdust City," and it deserves the name. It is built on the edge of the swamp that lies between the river and the inland line of cliffs that mark the former course of the estuary. Loads of sawdust are carried from the mills and shot down on the top of the rushes, the peat, and the mud-holes; piles are driven in, and the houses built on the piles. Dykes are cut at intervals to carry off some of the surface water, and a few gardens are formed round the houses. But a more unwholesome site for a town could not be imagined. It resembles the celebrated "Eden" described in "Martin Chuzzlewit." The place would be absolutely deadly, if it were not for the vast quantity of sawdust from the kauri timber, which acts as a disinfectant. The very streets and roads are composed of sawdust. Nothing else is used in Aratapu. The church stands in the middle of the swamp, on piles. It is approached by a plank road through the bush, with the mud and sedge on either side, and forms quite an instructive parable of "the narrow way," reminding one of Sir Noel Paton's picture of Christian walking through "the Valley of the Shadow," taken from



Bunyan's description. "The pathway was here also exceedingly narrow, and, therefore, good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also, when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oftentimes, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next."

The Sunday schools in this district, and in many other parts of the colony, are what are called "undenominational," which practically comes to mean, "any denomination except the Church." All honour is due to those earnest and self-denying men—chiefly of the working-classes—who give their leisure time to the instruction of the children; but it is a great misfortune that the children of Churchmen should be brought up in ignorance of those definite and fundamental doctrines of the Church contained in the Catechism and Prayer-book, which we do not regard as being a kind of appendix to Christianity, but as being the very frame and fibre that gives to Christianity its consistence, vitality, and force. The endeavour to compose an unsectarian Christianity without definite teaching, is like trying to build a house of sawdust, instead of kauri logs. When Canon Bodington entered the sawdust school the poor children were beginning to sing an "*undenominational*" hymn, every verse of which ended with the

refrain "Jehovah Tsidkenu." For all the children knew of the meaning, it might have been in honour of Chemosh or Milcom, but it furnished a subject for an address. Scarcely a child knew the meaning of our Lord's name, and not one understood the meaning of the word "Christ."

Dargaville was visited again on Monday by boat; but the sail was of little use against the tide, and nearly all the afternoon congregation had disappeared by the time the town was reached. At night, my friend—very much knocked up by fatigue, stiffness, and exposure to the weather—in vain endeavoured to find a bed, and at last had to be content with a sleepless night on the sofa on board the *Kina*. Before sunrise the tug puffed away down the Wairoa, across the Kaipara harbour, and up the Kaipara river. Six miles from Helensville the steamer ran aground. The passengers scrambled into an open boat, which was so overcrowded that the men hardly made any way whatever against the stream. Fortunately the *Kina* was floated at last, and the passengers embarked. But once more the *Kina* stuck in the mud, and the last half-mile was accomplished in the boat, in time for the train for Auckland, which was impatiently steaming on the wharf.

This was the end of the little excursion north. From it may be guessed some of the hard work, the difficulties, and dangers, with which the colonial clergy in this district have to contend. One, who was for a long time in charge of this district, told me that he had sometimes to row fifty miles up stream in a day, and had to keep a careful watch upon the tides. Once, coming down stream,

he delayed too long, and met the tide half-way. He was compelled to stay six hours at midnight till the tide turned. He stuck an oar into the muddy bank, moored the boat, and "wished for the day." Under these conditions there is, no doubt, much to be said in favour of a pipe of tobacco. On another occasion he was summoned by night. A lady, rowed by a Maori, came to implore his help. Her husband was threatened by the natives, who had surrounded the house. He at once entered the boat. The Maori, stiff with rowing against the tide, begged him to take his place, which he did. When they were in the broadest reach of the river, perhaps a mile broad, the Maori said he was cold, and would resume his place. In moving to the bench, he fell across the side of the boat, which instantly filled with water. The clergyman had the presence of mind to throw himself on the other side, and righted the boat just in time. If it had upset, they must have perished in the dark, numbed by the cold.

But there is another side to the picture. If there are difficulties and dangers, there is also excitement and exercise, and freedom from conventionality; and, under the bright summer sun, even the mud banks appear to smile.

While my friend was up the Wairoa, I continued the mission in the little church at Helensville, which is the stronghold of Free-thought, and explored the neighbouring swamp and bush, which was full of splendid tree-ferns and nikau palms. This palm only grows in the northern part of the North Island. The fronds are of a bluish green; the white heart of the undeveloped leaves is eaten,

refrain "Jehovah Tsidkenu." For all the children knew of the meaning, it might have been in honour of Chemosh or Milcom, but it furnished a subject for an address. Scarcely a child knew the meaning of our Lord's name, and not one understood the meaning of the word "Christ."

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to get the best reading, and then to give the best and most exact translation. You would do so with Shakspeare, and I don't see why you shouldn't do so with the Bible." "There now," said he, "Shakspeare; that's a man I used to have a great respect for until I found he had taken it all out of Voltaire." By this time a little crowd had gathered round us, much interested in the controversy. "My dear friend," I said, "I don't want to make you uncomfortable in the presence of these gentlemen, but you really must be aware that the works of Shakspeare were all in print long before Voltaire was born." No; he would have it Shakspeare was an impostor, and had copied it all out of Voltaire. The audience began to smile. "Nay, John," said his companion, "you're wrong there." "Now," said I, "you see you're wrong about Shakspeare, don't you think, perhaps, you're making some mistake too about the Bible?" The little group dispersed in amusement, and I remained talking with the two, one of whom had been skipper under Bishop Patteson, and had a sincere love and reverence for him, and we parted the best of friends. I found out that the champion of Voltaire was the leader of Free-thought in the place.

In spite of the storms the mission was well attended. One young man, the son of an English vicar, rode three times from a place eight miles away. He would not get home till towards midnight. Since then he has returned to England and taken Holy Orders.

The superintendent of the Sunday school was very hospitable. I knew something of his friends *in England*, and on the walls of his house were

photographs of places and persons familiar to me. On my last day—a hot spring day—he gave me a mount, and I rode with his two daughters to Kau Kapakapa, some eight miles off, in the heart of the kauri forest. The road, which was in some places almost impassable, ran up a shallow valley, through which a slow creek wound its way, amidst dense, lofty thickets of manuka—another of the myrtles, a shrub with a white may-flower, called by the colonists “tea-tree,” because they used to make an infusion of the leaves in hot water—dracænas, flax, and tall grass. At the little hamlet we were invited to dine by the owner of the forest. Wild honey, of a dark colour like heather-honey, was served at table. It had a slightly bitter taste. Our kind host then rode with me into the bush to see the vegetation and to watch the men at their work. We tied our horses to a rail, and walked through the dense bush. The north of the North Island of New Zealand is the only part of the world where the kauri grows. It is a splendid pine. It runs up to more than 150 feet, and some are known to be over 20 feet in diameter. The trunk rises to a great height, smooth and straight like the columns of a lofty cathedral, without a branch. A single log contains sometimes 5000 feet of timber, and weighs five tons. I heard of one which contained 9558 feet. Some trees have 12,000, 16,000, and even 30,000 feet of timber. A single raft floated down from Tauhoa to Helensville contained 300,000 feet. The roads or “slipways” in the bush are formed of sawn logs placed side by side. They are greased with fat, and the great logs of kauri are attached by chains to a team of

sixteen oxen. The chains often break. The creek was full of these grand logs, and others were lying on the bank ready to be pushed in when the water should rise. Further on we saw the men engaged in cross-felling the giant trees. The annual output of kauri is reckoned to be 112,000,000 feet, and there are 43 saw-mills, employing 8000 men. It is sad to reflect that, unless speedy precautions are taken, this magnificent pine will be exterminated, and, as it is a very slow grower, its place will be taken by another. Some say that in fifteen years, some that in twenty-five, the kauri will be no more. Next in importance to the kauri is the rimu, or red pine, which is found everywhere in both islands. It is a striking tree, both from its height and also from the form and colour of the foliage, which hangs straight and square from the boughs like wet seaweed. The totara is another pine which I first saw in this bush. It is largely used for piles in the construction of piers, because it is impenetrable by the sea-worm. Here too was the white pine, or kahikatea, which is more common than any of the others, and not so valuable for timber. But the most extraordinary tree of all is the rata, or, as it is called, the rata vine. New Zealand is the land of myrtles, and the rata is one of them. The seed is lodged first of all in the fork of a forest tree, perhaps a rimu. The innocent-looking plant drops a root, which hangs down swinging like a rope till it touches the ground. Then it takes root, and clings to the trunk of the fated foster-parent. As it thickens it throws out lateral roots on either side, which, like arms, clasp and hug the tree in its embrace, and meet and join

and thicken, till the rata looks like some awful lizard or "dragon of the prime," and in a few years more the great rimu is stifled and killed and altogether disappears. The rata actually swallows it and eats it up. It fills out and unites together, and then soars up aloft, and becomes a giant forest-tree, crowned, in the summer, with a blaze of scarlet blossom.

There is one more prodigy connected with the rata. At its foot, and only there, is found the "vegetable caterpillar." This is sometimes called "a caterpillar with a tree growing out of it." This is not quite correct. It is not a tree, but, it would seem, a kind of fungus. I have two specimens. The caterpillar is about three inches long, and the vegetable growing out of it forms a kind of elongation of the caterpillar, as long again, or rather longer than the caterpillar itself. Whether the fungus, if it be a fungus, kills the caterpillar, or grows out of it after death, is, I believe, not known; nor why it should be found only at the foot of the lovely but fatal rata.

In this bush were also groves and groups of tree-ferns, of all heights from one foot to thirty feet and more, growing in picturesque clusters, with graceful, sweeping fronds and rich brown stems, and in the centre great, unfolding fronds curled proudly like the crook of a bishop's pastoral staff, and underneath them the ground and the fallen stems were carpeted and clothed with kidney-fern, several varieties of *hymenophyllum* and *polypodium*, and other lustrous and delicate ferns. Among them, now and then, as if to assert the British rule, a vulgar dandelion thrust up its head.



I must mention one more curiosity—the kiakia. This is an epiphyte. It hangs from the forks of the trunks and branches in tufted bunches of long, thin, curled leaves. In the centre is a thick, white flower like a lily, with three conjoined stamens something like elongated cones. The fleshy white petals of the flower, which goes by the name of tawera, are eaten as a delicacy. They are sweet and juicy, but the outer portions have a bitter taste. Rats and birds are fond of it, and so, as we walked through the bush, we observed that the woodcutters had in many places tied up the leaves of the kiakia in order to preserve the flower for their own dessert. Cock pheasants were crowing all round. We visited the *whare*, or wooden hut, where the woodcutters lived. It was simply a small oblong hut, with a table and benches and sleeping bunks all round. An old man was cooking meat, and also a pie, in a camp-oven, a sort of caldron with an iron cover. The food was cooked by piling ashes all over it.



## CHAPTER VIII.

OUR next mission was on the North Shore, and included Devonport, O'Neill's Point, Takapuna, Northcote, and the sugar-works. The North Shore is a tongue of land that runs out towards Rangitoto and forms a breakwater to the harbour. The end is strongly fortified to protect the entrance. The crown of this point, surmounted by a flag-staff, is the most vivid green in the spring, which, as the summer advances, changes to yellow. The lawns intersected by fortification, the few trees, the gleaming houses on the shore, the dark broken cliffs, and the white sails of the fishing-boats, form a little jewel of colour set in the blue sea, a pleasant centre to the picture, with the grey or purple peak of Rangitoto rising in the background. The north shore is deeply indented by creeks and bays filled with mangrove and reeds, and overhung by rocks and trees, and backed with cultivated fields, gardens, and villas. It would lend itself perfectly to landscape gardening. At Takapuna there is a lovely fresh-water lake bor-

dered with meadows, embosomed in pohutukawas and eucalyptus and fringed with rushes. The little stream that feeds it is bordered with maiden-hair fern. The lake is only half a mile from the sea. The view from the same window of the charming villa built on the dividing ridge embraces both lake and ocean.\*

We returned to Auckland for the Diocesan Synod, which lasted nine days. The sittings were held in the library at Bishops court. The proceedings opened by an address from the bishop; and in the evening there was a choral festival at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which fourteen choirs joined. The church, which is large and reverently furnished, was crowded in every part. It was an inspiring service.

Two days later, the annual Church meeting was held in the Choral Hall. It is an informal gathering held during the session of the Synod, where Church-people have an opportunity of meeting and hearing addresses on subjects of general interest. The Archdeacon of Waimate read a very interesting paper on the Maoris of the north. In his archdeaconry, he said, there were eight Maori clergy, a hundred and twenty lay readers, and more than a thousand communicants. Two new churches had been built during the year, and more than £1000 collected. The native clergy have to grow much of their own food, as the stipend of a priest is only £60, that of a deacon only £50. Canon Bodington read a paper on lay preachers, and, at the bishop's request, I read a paper on Christianity and Social Life. The large hall was full of people, *and there was some very good singing.*

\* See page 59.

During the session of the Synod the Bishop of Brisbane, brother-in-law to the Bishop of Auckland, arrived on his way to his tropical Australian diocese. I began work in London under him at St. John's Mission in Red Lion Square. What a wild dream it would have seemed in those days that we should both be preaching in the same church, on the same day, on the opposite side of the world! It was very delightful to meet him there, and, during my next mission, at St. Mark's, Remuera, he helped me by reading the prayers and lessons almost every night.

Remuera is a fashionable suburb of the city. The district extends for many miles. It would be difficult to find anything more lovely than these park-like slopes, with their succession of villas and gardens, thick set with pines, and cypress, and gum trees. During the mission I stayed in one of these villas, called Woodcroft, with Dr. and Mrs. Kinder. And here again I found another home. Dr. Kinder was for many years in charge of St. John's College, Tamaki. He is a scholar, an artist, and a botanist. His excellent library is one of the best in the country. His faithful and highly-finished sketches, especially of the Hot Lake district, are beautiful and valuable, and of all the lovely gardens in Auckland his own, although not very large, is perhaps the richest and most brilliant. The remembrance of it is like a happy dream. It was a great privilege to be allowed to look upon this paradise as a home; and, to make it really a home to me, everything was done that kindness could suggest. My room opened on to the verandah. A magnificent datura, laden with richly-

scented, snow-white trumpet flowers, filled up the angle of the house and thrust its loveliness over and through the parapet of the verandah. Lilies and gladiolus lifted their glorious heads and looked into the room. Below the terrace lawn could be seen a white fountain splashing, and a tree-fern, and masses of banished arums in the field beyond,



growing six feet high. The ixias were specially beautiful, white, pink, blue, and scarlet. Through the boughs of the maritime pines and gum-trees could be seen the wooded shores and clear shallows of the harbour, and, beyond, the sails of flying boats, the North Head, and the island of *Rangitoto*. As the church was a mile away and

I had to go three times a day, I had plenty of exercise.

It was to me—for many reasons—a very happy mission. The people were very sympathetic and kind, and towards the end of the fourteen days, when I had to spend a considerable part of the day in the vestry, they brought me little meals to the vestry door. But the feature of the mission which afforded me the chief interest and pleasure was a daily address to men in the railway works at Newmarket, not far from the church. The time was limited to a quarter of an hour. The first day was like fighting a battle. The men had to be won. They were not inclined to attend, and they lounged about with their pipes and their dinners in supercilious and good-humoured non-chalance. The machinery whirled, engines shunted about, a violent bell rang, hail raged and battered on the zinc roof, and a blower screamed when the time was up. But in a day or two all unnecessary noises were stopped and the men crowded round with interest; the last day or two they clapped me as I came in; and, at the end, they passed a vote of thanks. What chiefly interested them was the asking and answering of questions. They themselves proposed it. They asked if I would devote one day to answering their questions. I at once—but with inward misgivings—assented. I had never done anything of the kind before, and I knew that I did not possess either the Parliamentary gift of debate or a mental encyclopædia. I made one condition—that the questions should be in writing. But I had no great occasion of fear. If I was not a Solomon, my friends were

more easily satisfied than the Queen of Sheba. The scope of their questions may be judged by these three: 1. "Do you not think that a working man who takes pleasure in his glass of beer is treading on dangerous ground?" 2. "To be consistent and follow the teachings of Jesus Christ, how can you claim General Gordon and Fred Burnaby as Christians, since they wilfully broke the sixth Commandment, 'Thou shalt do no murder'?" 3. "Does not the State find the bishops to be useful tools in promoting its policy? Therefore the State promotes them on the principle, You fiddle to me, and I'll dance to you."

But the interest deepened around the question of the immortality of the soul. There was a very big man among the audience, who was, I believe, a Christadelphian. He was a great theologian in his way and could talk freely about *nephesh* and *psyche*. Confident in his mental and physical powers, he came upon me with open mouth as if he would eat me up. He was evidently regarded by his mates as a Goliath, and I had to play to him the part of David. He had, one could see, overborne the rest with his weighty presence and ponderous learning, and they looked upon me, though with a crushed confidence, as a possible deliverer. I obtained a key to the position from one or two Christadelphian papers, which had been disseminated in the sheds, and with a good library, a Bible, and a little common sense, it was not difficult to give the oppressed minds of his companions some sense of relief. The particular doctrine he advanced was that there was no such *thing possible* as a life of the soul or spirit apart

from the body, but that at death the human being not merely slept, but perished, until the Resurrection. I devoted two of our short middays—if not more—to the task of refuting this particular heresy, which my friend little thought to be as old as the days of Origen and Beryllus of Bostra. The first day I attacked it on general grounds. But the giant was very impatient with Plato and Shakspeare. The next day I argued from Scripture. My big opponent was not convinced, but he was friendly, and the others were delivered from “the oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely.” At the request of the men I continued the midday addresses for two days beyond the time.

The teaching of the mission at St. Mark’s was emphasized by the death of Archdeacon Pritt, who had been intimately associated with Bishop Patteson and had only recently resigned the charge of the parish. He had himself prepared the minds of the people for the mission. In one of his last sermons he spoke of it. “Will any,” he said, “be inclined to feel that this is needless; that we are already too zealous, too devoted, too believing, too practically religious, to need this spiritual stirring up? Surely one and all of us should desire with our whole soul to join in this general intercession, that all men may be brought nearer and nearer still to Christ.” He died during the mission at the vicarage, where his health had gradually given way, and was buried in St. Mark’s churchyard on All Saints’ Day. The bishop, assisted by the Archdeacon of Auckland and Dr. Maunsell, conducted the service, and celebrated the Holy Communion immediately after the reading of the



lesson. The church was crowded from end to end. All remained during the service, and a large number of persons, chiefly men, communicated.

The day after the nominal close of the mission, I rode with one of the bishop's sons across the lovely Oaraki downs to call on Mr. Atkin, the father of the Mr. Atkin who was with Bishop Patteson at Nukapu, and died wounded with poisoned arrows. In one room is a very valuable collection of island curiosities. From there we rode down to the beach at Kohimarama, which is a mass of shells—cockles, telinas, and pectens. It seemed a shame to crush them under the horses' feet. But few of the shells are double. Not long after I walked there in the interests of conchology, and, another day, dredged off the shore, but with little success. Kohimarama was for some years the head-quarters of the Melanesian Mission. The long line of buildings was erected on the shore in 1860, and dedicated to St. Andrew, to be the home of the Melanesian scholars brought from the islands in the *Southern Cross*. And here, three years later, seven of the boys died. But New Zealand was found too cold and too far away; so in 1866 the mission was transferred to Norfolk Island, where it still is. The college at Kohimarama is now an industrial school. Close to the buildings were some Norfolk Island pines. One was planted by Bishop Patteson, but it died—so they say—the year that he fell at Nukapu.

I remember, on the side of the down behind the college, coming across a little rivulet overhung *with drooping ferns*, and, amongst the ferns, a

young peach tree that appeared to have seeded itself, and on the succulent branches several large but unripe peaches.

On the Saturday after the mission I waded with Dr. Purchas across the mud-flats past Oaraki to a distant promontory. We picked up a number of common shells and some exquisite lace-like serpentine worked by insects on stones. The shore abounds also in oysters. The shells are not flat, but prettily crumpled. Near the promontory, not very far from the shore, was a target. The volunteer artillery at Resolution Point were making very good practice at it. I thought the shots were uncommonly close. And so it proved. For it appeared that in their patriotic zeal they were actually bombarding Kohimarama, where one or two shells were dug up a few days later.

Oaraki is a small native settlement, and the only one in the neighbourhood of Auckland. Among the buildings are a little chapel and a school. In the grass on the shore lies an old war canoe, ninety feet long, broken and spoiled by the weather, but beautifully carved. Not far off was another canoe with a lofty carved stem in process of building. This was finished by New Year's Day, a great Maori festival, and the crew—partly composed of women—paddled a race against four boats' crews from the *Nelson*, Admiral Tryon, which happened to be in harbour. The Maoris droned a chant as they paddled, and the chief, Paul, stood up in the centre to urge them on. They came in second to the captain's gig, and only lost the race by three seconds.

On the Sunday after the mission, which was

supposed to be a holiday, I preached five times, at St. Mark's, at Panmure (three times), and at Ellerslie. But the day was lovely and the country was new to me.

While the mission at St. Mark's was going on, Canon Bodington conducted a mission at St. Mary's, Parnell. This is a fashionable and delightful suburb, separated from the city by the Domain, the cemetery, and a deep gully. The church is very near to Bishops court, and is now used as the Pro-cathedral. The two spires rising up among the dark pines and crowning the summit of the hill form a picturesque landmark. The mission was remarkably well attended and aroused a great deal of inquiry. There were more than a hundred intercessions offered in the afternoon. Mr. Bodington spent Saturday at Ellerslie, and Sunday at Otahuhu, a pleasant little village on the narrow neck of land between the waters of the Manukau and Waitemata harbours.

We had often heard of the loyalty of the colonies. On Monday we had an opportunity of judging of it for ourselves. It was the 9th of November, the Prince of Wales' birthday. It was observed as a public holiday. There was a naval and land fight, a cattle show, and, on the following day, races. The military display was impressive. The Russian fleet was to force an entrance into the harbour and a landing was to be effected in St. Hellier's Bay. On the other hand, the Auckland batteries were to blow up the fleet, and the volunteers were to prevent the Russians landing or to cut them to pieces if they did. We watched the manœuvres from the top of the house at Wood-

croft. The guns on the North Shore and Resolution Point banged unceasingly, and a torpedo blew up in the middle of the channel. The Russians landed, and a desperate fight took place, and plenty of loyal powder was burnt.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE second of our excursions was to the Waikato district. The Waikato is a grand river, the largest in the colony. It rises in the volcanoes of Tongariro and Ruapehu, and flows through Lake Taupo, the principal lake of the North Island. The natives of this district are far the finest in the country. They were really the masters of the land, which they had conquered as far south even as Taranaki. This district gave its name to the celebrated and unfortunate war.

Canon Bodington stayed with the Archdeacon of the Waikato at Cambridge, and conducted a mission in his church. My work lay at Hamilton, eleven miles lower down. The parsonage, where I stayed, is a long, single-storied, wooden house, with a verandah running the whole length of it. It stands on the bank of the Waikato, in a garden that slopes steeply down a hundred feet to the river. The garden was a happy wilderness of fruits, trees, ferns, and flowers,—gladiolus, roses, carnations, and white lilies.

Here I spent six busy and delightful days, upon which I shall always look back with joy. Beside the services in church, I preached every day in surplice and stole on the green, a square bit of grass, shaded by two weeping willows, close to the

principal inn. I had a bell, which I rang loud to call the men, and, as they assembled, we sang a verse or two of the well-known mission hymn, "Lord, I hear of showers of blessing." The men were very fond of this hymn. It was, they remarked, a creed in itself. My address lasted about ten minutes. Once or twice I had to reply to questions proposed to me by one or two advocates of what is known as "conditional immortality." After a few months of New Zealand, I became quite brazen about open-air preaching. It is something like sea-bathing. There is always a nervous flutter about it at first. But when you have taken the first dip, you breathe again freely. Perhaps I enjoyed it more than anything else. There is a reality about it which is not always so evident in a church. The audience is just the class you want to reach, and just the class that would not be reached in church. The gospel was born in the open air, and in the open air it seems to renew its youth.

As I was giving my last address, Canon Bodington, driven by the archdeacon, arrived from Cambridge. Although not well, and beginning to feel the fatigue of continued work, he had—to quote the words of the *Church Gazette*—during six days, given "no less than twenty addresses (besides instructions and meditations), ranging in length from twenty minutes to upwards of an hour," and there had been a great movement among the people. The distance they came to church was astonishing. The churchyard was crowded with saddle-horses and buggies. Some drove from a distance of twelve miles. One

brought with him his five little children. Let us hope they were none the worse for their long and late excursion. One lady, who attended nearly every service, had to ride seven miles and milk her cows—a late milking—after she got home. No doubt she also saddled her own horse. Nothing of this kind comes amiss to ladies in New Zealand. Servants—good ones especially—are scarce and dear. The consequence is that ladies do a great deal of work themselves. They milk the cows, and harness the horses, and cook the dinner, and sweep the rooms, and wash the linen. And all that they attempt they do uncommonly well, and they are neither ashamed nor proud of it. It improves their health, and does not rob them of their refinement.

After the address to men on Sunday afternoon, I was greeted by an old acquaintance, who had come twenty miles to see me. He used to work at a coal-mine in my Derbyshire parish a few years ago. Being a steady, hard-working man, he had done very well in a short time. As an example of what openings may be found, I will mention what he told me of himself. The first year he came out he obtained a place as foreman to a farmer, and received £70 per annum and all found. I suppose that his wife's services were included. He has now sixteen acres of his own, and cows and horses, and is building a house. He also works on the railway, and—we may conclude—is making his little fortune. "My children," he said, "leave more on their plates now than they ever had to eat in England." It was his hyperbolic *expression* for plenty.

At a private house in Cambridge, Canon Bodington was shown a great curiosity, an ancient relic of the Maoris. It is the rudely carved figure of a bird, which is said to have been brought by the first wandering canoe of Maoris that touched these shores some five hundred years ago. It was dug up by a native under a tree and sold for a bottle of rum. It is now priceless; and the Maoris are very envious of the possessor, who paid a high price for it, and they consider that he is in great danger of being bewitched by native enchantments.

From the Waikato valley we crossed to the Thames valley. There is a railway as far as Morrinsville. At the terminus a coach and four horses was waiting for passengers, and took us across the prodigious plain, with its swamps of flax and (to us) new forms of fern, noticeably the graceful glychenia, called, from the shape of its growth, the umbrella fern. Some miles up the valley were discernible the works of the Waiorongomai gold-mine. Te Aroha is not only a gold-field, but also a health resort. Hot mineral springs burst in several places from the mountain side. They are highly charged with soda, sodium, potash, silica, lithia, and other minerals, and they vary in heat from 105° Fahrenheit to 119°. The waters are said to be very like those of Vichy and Ems.

At night we held a service in the public hall (a church has since been built). The next day we left for the Thames, which is the name of the town as well as the river and the country. It is situated thirty miles to the north, on the Firth of Thames, a broad inlet of the Hauraki Gulf. We drove in



an open, ramshackle buggy, drawn by two horses. The first part of the way was over a plain of low undulating mounds with morasses between. We proceeded by a series of rushes, going full speed downhill, across the makeshift bridges, and up the opposite side as far as the impetus could carry us, and then painfully crawling till the moment came for another rush. In swampy places the road was mended by faggots of manuka-scrub. The word "jolting" very feebly expresses our lively progress. All the way on our right was a range of wooded hills; but there was only one part of the road which was remarkable for beauty. This was a mile or so of way winding up a wooded gorge and over a rocky pass full of tree-ferns and vocal with tuis. The tui is a comical bird. I am sorry to use such an expression, for it seems to be speaking against my own cloth. For the tui is called in colonial language "the parson bird." The name is due to the feathers, which are black, or a mixture of undecided glossy blues and greens like the starling's coat, and on the throat is a pair of prominent curling white feathers, corresponding to the clerical bands, the relic of an ancient collar, which has all but disappeared from the priest, but still hangs about the lawyer and the university proctor. The flight of the tui is short and jerky, and its note corresponds to its flight. It is wild, irregular, and flute-like, and always ends with a "Killuck, killuck, chuck." The last note is always low down in the scale. The termination is so unmusical and abrupt that it gives the impression that the "parson bird" is laughing at himself, as *though, just when he was beginning to sing like a*

nightingale, he suddenly shut up, saying, "Absurd ! It's no good my trying to sing. Chuck."

The church at the Thames is one of the largest in the diocese, and is patriotically dedicated to St. George, probably in reference to the first bishop's name. There is also another little church, under the charge of a lay reader, on the shore at Tararu. On the Sunday afternoon I took a service there. The weather was very hot, and, at this season, there are quantities of noisy flies, which make a shrill chirp like Italian cicalas. At the beginning of the service the instrumentalist played on the harmonium, no doubt in reference to the mission, the well-known air, "How lovely are the messengers that bring us the gospel of peace." The triple time is very marked; and, as the music began, a cicala in the roof struck in with his shrill, emphatic note, and beat a ludicrously correct and accentuated time, distinctly heard above the music of the harmonium.

The Thames is the centre of the gold-mining industry of the North Island, and the richest gold-field in New Zealand. It was opened in 1867. The town, which contains a population of five thousand souls, is long and irregular, and lies on the narrow strip of flat ground between the mountains and the east side of the Firth of Thames. The water inshore is very shallow, owing to the vast deposit made by the river, and, when the tide is out, wide stretches of mud-flats appear. The mountains rise very steeply from the shore, and leave little room for the town below. The streets are shaded by avenues of trees, and refreshed by runnels of water. The deep gullies

or creeks between the spurs of the mountains are occupied by the shafts and buildings connected with the gold-mines. Gold-mines sound poetical, and call up visions of the "Arabian Nights;" but, as a matter of fact, they are distinctly dirty and, except that they are not black, look like coal-mines. We went one day down the Cambria gold-mine in the Waiotahi creek, dressed in suits of clothes picturesque if not priestly, which made us feel like David in Saul's armour. The gold is found in quartz reefs, and the mines are of an unusual depth. Some are more than six hundred feet deep. The Cambria is three hundred feet, and the shaft very narrow and lined with wood. We went down, a party of four, in a skip. It was like descending a chimney, and our clothes brushed the sides. In the roof and sides of the galleries we could see the gold glistening. But an unpractised eye is easily deceived. For "all is not gold that glitters." The stones with which the roads are mended all glitter with minerals of little value.

The gold-reefs are cracks and fissures in the rock, caused by shrinkage, pressure, cleavage, or volcanic upheaval, filled by the action of water with quartz containing gold. Professor Black, of Otago, whose acquaintance we made at the Thames, was lecturing daily during our mission. He said in one of his lectures that he had seen at the Thames a quartz crystal containing a globule of water, a conclusive evidence that the quartz reefs had not been the result of upheavals of molten rock. The gold came by water, and not by fire.

*The miners* are a fine set of men, very civil and

intelligent. The blasting in the mine is done by cylinders of gunpowder. The men object to the use of dynamite on account of the fumes. In strong iron coffers in the office we saw picked lumps of quartz richly loaded with gold, and worth several thousand pounds. The special treasures are selected from the mass on account of their great value. Some of the picked stone has been known to contain half its weight in gold. At the lower end of the creek, where it opens out into the flat, we watched the process of stamping the ore. This word expresses with felicitous accuracy the manner in which the quartz is crushed in the battery. The battery consists of a row of heavy beams shod with steel. These are raised by a toothed wheel, and allowed to fall by their own weight. The crushed ore is received first into a trough of water mixed with mercury, and the gold amalgamates with the mercury, from which it is afterwards separated in the crucible. The remainder flows over blankets on an inclined plane. The blankets, which catch the particles of precious metal, are wrung out every half-hour into swiftly-revolving iron vessels, into which mercury is introduced. The "tailings," or refuse, which once were thrown away on the beach, are now carefully preserved and the gold extracted. This wonderful mercury, which, almost like a trained living thing, or one of the fabled Eastern genii, rushes at the gold and imprisons it until in the crucible it is forced to unlock its embrace and surrender its captive riches, is used over and over again.

Some of the mines at the Thames have enjoyed a fabulous fortune, and have "far outshone the

wealth of Ormus and of Ind." The "Golden Crown" yielded £200,000 dividend in one year. In one year from the "Caledonian" quartz ten tons of gold were extracted, and the vast sum of £600,000 was distributed to the shareholders. There are plenty of stories afloat recounting the adventures of men and companies. They form the romance of luck. One company, so runs the tale from mouth to mouth, had exhausted its capital in a ruinous endeavour to win gold from an unprofitable mine. The mine was abandoned in despair, and lay fallow. Another company took the mine and "salted" it well with auriferous treasures, advertised the prosperity of the mine, ran the shares up to a good price, multiplied shareholders, and then sold out and left the happy possessors of scrip to their fate. Amongst them were some energetic and speculative men, who resolved to make the best of their misery and try their luck. They were rewarded by striking a rich lode, and making large fortunes. One man, who held many shares, returning to the Thames after a long absence, found £20,000 lying to his credit at the bank, and made £60,000 more by selling out. Another miner, who had spent all his money on mining and obtained no return for his labour and expense, entered a boat to cross the firth, and sorrowfully rowed away from the scene of his disappointment. The western sun was shining on the steep hills, furrowed with deep watercourses, through which the moisture slipped to the sea. As the miner rowed away he looked up, and a flash of light, as if reflected from a mirror, caught his *eye like a signal to return*. He accordingly

took the bearings of the spot, put back to shore, climbed the hill, and found the water dripping in a thin sheet over the bright surface of a golden nugget.

To these stalwart miners, lucky or unlucky, but all hard-working, and to the stockbrokers who pursued their trade in a side street, I preached at four in the afternoon as they returned in little companies from their work. They gathered round a corner at the sound of the bell, and joined heartily in the hymn, and listened with attention. Unfortunately for the mission, it coincided with Professor Black's lectures. It was hardly to be expected that many of the men would sacrifice the benefit of those important instructions in order to come to church at night. But they crowded to Mr. Bodington's Sunday address, and the church was often full. We felt that the mission ought to have lasted twelve days, and that there was a great opening for work. After the last service we found in the box at the door a coin wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which was scribbled a pathetic little appeal, "Come back and help us."

One of the sights of the neighbourhood is a magnificent kauri, growing in a cleared space over the hills on their eastern slope. It rises smooth and columnar for sixty feet without a break, and then towers aloft for eighty feet more. At six feet from the ground it girths six and forty feet. We rode to visit it up the steep winding track, that reminds one of the Forclaz, at the head of the Chamounix valley. A rough and broken "slip-way," which deserved its name and tested the foot-sureness of our horses, guided us to the spot.

On the summit of the pass stands a long, wooden shanty that used to be a store. It is now used as a cottage. I found the inhabitants kind, but practically heathen. The children had never heard



our Lord's name, and never said a prayer. I taught them a short prayer while I sat sketching and they "tented" their goats.

*The view from the summit of these hills is superb.*

Deep gullies and sombre ravines split the hills into steep, serrated ridges. The outlines of the hills are softened by yellow grasses and flowers; and their sides and hollows are clothed with evergreen forest trees and shrubs, that fill the landscape with round, rolling waves of dark foliage, and brilliant flowers, and tufted parasites. Through the parted hills are seen soft glimpses of the immense plain and the white zigzag lines of the river, or the steaming flats and blue waters of the firth; and far away, beyond the smoke of bush fires and the mists of the marsh, half wrapped in the warm blue haze of wandering summer clouds, arise the noble peaks of Te Aroha. Tree-ferns grow here to the height of thirty or forty feet. Here flowers the rare white rata. Here the beautiful mungi-mungi creeps round the roots of the trees, and drooping ferns decorate the stems. Quaint green orchises, with a single flower, grow in the moist banks, and where the forest gives place to glades of grass and brushwood, the English foxglove luxuriates like a true colonist in its adopted soil.

We steamed back to Auckland in the *Rotomahana*, a lovely trip of fifty miles, enjoying changing views of the Coromandel range and the islands of Ponui, Waiheke, Motutapu, and Rangitoto, and, three days later, began a mission at the archdeacon's church of St. Sepulchre and at the churches of the Epiphany and of St. Barnabas.

We were both received together by the Bishop of Auckland in the large mother-church of St. Sepulchre, and then we had to part again, except that I repaired to the mother-church every day at a quarter past five, to give an instruction on some of



the mysteries of the faith. This course was addressed to men, and was given in answer to a written petition signed by a considerable number, who pledged themselves to attend and to bring others with them. The evening hour was chosen in order to suit gentlemen returning from their offices. We were now in Advent, and Mr. Bodington took for his evening mission-sermons the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. Advent in Auckland does not bring fogs, and "the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves," and the mellow song of the robin, and "calm decay." It is the season of exuberant and gorgeous bloom. And from Advent to the New Year children's flower-services are often held. We had several during our missions, and very pretty it was to see the long lines of boys and girls filing reverently past the sanctuary to deposit their flowers, and dear little mites, half hidden in their deep white summer hoods, toddling up to the altar with large bunches of lilies, more regal in their array "than even Solomon in all his glory."

The church of St. Barnabas is one of the oldest in the diocese. It stands now at the foot of Mount Eden, and commands a lovely view over the plain bounded by the Waitakarei Hills. But at the Antipodes houses and churches are like tents and tabernacles. They are pitched rather than built. And they move. I remember seeing a large building at the Thames slowly creeping to a new site with the aid of powerful jacks, and at Dunedin a small house that appeared to be tipping over, but was in reality only walking downhill like a tortoise. *The church of St. Barnabas has done the same.*

It used to stand on the brow of the low cliff that fronts Mechanics' Bay, and was often filled with crowds of dusky and devoted Maoris, who left their long canoes at the beach below, and climbed the rocky path to worship before they carried their peaches and potatoes to the Auckland market. Bishop Selwyn used to contrast these assemblies of natives, who joined in the services so reverently and heartily, with the "silent and unknéeing" colonial congregations.

During the mission the foundation-stone was laid of another church in the wide parish of St. Sepulchre's. The place was called Mount Roskill, and the church was to be dedicated to St. Alban. The church was, of course, of wood, and the frame was erected already, and set on low walls of volcanic stone built together without mortar. The corner-stone was the only one that was set with mortar. Perhaps this was done merely in order to give the lady who laid it something to do. The archdeacon and Canon Bodington read the prayers, and I gave an address, while the people sat in picturesque groups on the grassy slopes. The sum of £25 was collected. In the course of my address, I naturally touched in passing upon the story of the soldier-saint whose name their future church was destined to bear, and I quoted in reference to it a few lines from Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior." I mention this incident because it gave rise to the first note of opposition to our teaching. On the following day a Wesleyan preacher, at a chapel anniversary, made fun of the ceremony at Mount Roskill, and said that "the missionaries could come here sixteen

thousand miles to tell us who St. Alban was, but not who Jesus Christ was." This we learned from a letter written by a Churchman to one of the newspapers, complaining of the injustice and untruth of the remark, and saying how "completely (we) made Christ the burden of (our) theme." The preacher probably did not reflect what an evident *tu quoque* was offered by his own sermon. He accused us of preaching about the "English protomartyr;" but he laid himself open to the accusation of preaching about *us*. The missionaries preached about St. Alban; the Wesleyans preached about the missionaries. In any case our teaching was more worthy than theirs. *We* preached about saints, and *they* preached about sinners.

## CHAPTER X.

BUT it was during our next mission together at St. Paul's (our last mission in the diocese with the exception of the Taranaki district) that the storm—if this is not too big a word—burst upon us. The immediate origin of it was this. Two days before the affair at Mount Roskill, I had written a letter to a gentleman at Hamilton, in reply to one received from him, explaining concisely (for in a mission one has not much time to spare) my teaching at Hamilton on the subject of "the Holy Catholic Church."\* The letter was not addressed to the newspapers. It was a private letter, but, as I wished it to be shown to other persons at Hamilton who had attended the mission, I told my correspondent that he was at liberty to make what use he pleased of it. And I dare say I may have contemplated without any peculiar dread the risk of its appearing in the *Waikato Times*. In fact, it did appear there, and from thence it was copied into the Auckland newspapers on the very day that our mission began at St. Paul's. At the same time we published a manual of repentance and reconciliation, under the title of "The Marriage Garment." This little book, which in a

\* See Appendix.

revised form has since been adopted by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, is almost word for word taken from the Book of Common Prayer. In it we endeavoured to explain how a baptized soul might obtain peace with God without any private intervention of the priest, confession being made and forgiveness realized in the solitude of home, and absolution being sought in the public absolution pronounced by the priest during the service of Holy Communion. But, however mild, simple, pacific and candid our intention and our words, the letter and the book together touched Auckland to the quick. "Nothing"—I quote from a hostile newspaper—"nothing, which this week professed to take cognizance of the topics of common conversation, could be complete without a reference to the missionaries. They and their doings have been the almost exclusive subjects of discussion. The war in Bulgaria, the fighting in Egypt, the English elections, Sir Julius Vogel's manifesto, all have paled before Mr. Bodington and Mr. Mason. We have had them in the streets, the market-places, the clubs, the hotels, the drawing-rooms, ay, and the kitchens." It must not be supposed that all that was written or said was against us. On the contrary, there were not a few who stemmed the storm. But, naturally, opponents made the most noise, and for a time newspapers and chapels pattered and pelted like a New Zealand September shower. Abuse reached a climax in a Dissenting newspaper, which showed a versatile and inventive ingenuity in the fertility of vituperation. In the midst of it all it was deeply touching to receive such letters as this from

every class, but chiefly from the poor: "Oh, sir, if you only knew the peace and comfort your words has brought to one weary soul. Never before has such a holy calm reigned within my soul. It is not an excitement, but a true peace, which only Christ can give."

If we had been conscious of unfaithfulness to the teaching of the Church, or if we had forfeited the confidence of those who had sent us out or those who had invited us, or if we had cherished any concealed motives, or if we had failed in love toward the Dissneters, we might have been made very unhappy, but, as things were, for my part I must confess I enjoyed the storm. The weather was overpoweringly hot, and the storm had quite a bracing and invigorating effect. We had very good reason for knowing that our teaching on "repentance toward God," repeated in every church and expressed in the "Marriage Garment," had brought blessing and help to many persons. And I had the best evidence to show me that my letter, which was supposed to be Roman in its tendency, acted precisely and strongly in the opposite direction. Our opponents admitted our candour. We "evidently" (to quote again from the newspapers) "did not mean to make language conceal (our) thoughts, but to put our theology into such a form as both to evangelize and to catholicize the Church of New Zealand." The Church of New Zealand was both Evangelical and Catholic before we came, though perhaps some members of the Church were not. For the Church is not to be judged by the current opinion of even a majority of her members, but by the formularies

contained in her Prayer-book, and by the standards to which she refers. If we helped in any degree to make the Churchmen of Auckland better Evangelicals or better Catholics than they were before the mission—in other words, to lift them up more on to a level with the words they repeat in their churches, the prayers they say, and the sacraments they receive—we ought heartily to thank God for answering the many prayers, both at home and in the colony, which were offered with this intention, and for this end ; and, no doubt, if anything could more than any other conduce to that end, it would be the unexpected and un hoped-for diffusion of our teaching by means of this excitement in the city of Auckland.

But, beside the serious aspect of the question, there was another, which, as I said, I really enjoyed. There was much about it that was not only amusing but heartily and joyfully comical. It was a novelty to be epigrammatically attacked in the form of advertisement. Here are two which appeared side by side :—

**C**HRISTIANS—Read the **UTTER RUBBISH** contained in Rev. G. E. Mason's Letter in to-day's *Herald*.

**C**HURCHMEN—"Prove all things." Compare Rev. G. E. Mason's Letter with the teachings of the **WORD**.

And here is another which sounds very well, read aloud :—

**N**OT preachers to men, women, and children of the Glorious Gospel, Believe on Him, and Live. But instead thereof, Anglicanism, High-Churchism, and Absolution. Missioner priests. Wretched failure. (1 Corinthians ii. 2.)

And here is another, which took its place between

an advertisement of Fernandez' ladies' hats, and a notice of Metcalfe's crinolines :—

**D**ISSENTERS—"Rejoice evermore" that you are not *fettered*, but gloriously *free* from Priest-craft. Vide Rev. G. E. Mason's Letter.

These sharp letter advertisements might be compared to pistol-shots. But there were leading articles, and letters, and pamphlets that pounded away like big guns. "Mr. Mason," they said, "is a regular *rara avis in terra*, and is regarded with that sort of curious awe with which a moa would be if it suddenly appeared some fine afternoon in Queen Street." But I was not only called a fossil and a moa—an extinct and giant ostrich. More refined punishments still were in store for me. The postman, whose pronunciation of the first letter of the alphabet betrayed the fact that the home of his ancestors lay north of the Tweed, when by a stretch of a Scotch conscience in favour of the virtue of charity he had brought letters to St. Paul's Vicarage on the Sabbath, told the servant that I should have had my English letters too, "if it hadna bin for the Sivin Sacraments."

During the St. Paul's Mission, I gave a daily mid-day address in an empty room that opened on the Queen Street pavement. The subjects I chose were Love, Life, Liberty, Purity, Duty, the Cross of Christ, Grace, and Forgiveness. As a crowning criticism on our teaching, one gentleman remained behind after one of these addresses, to remonstrate seriously with me, because I was "too much like the Wesleyans."

Landsmen on their first voyage encountering for the first time a gale at sea, no doubt, at night,



when the ship lurches, and then heels over a few inches more, and they have to clutch the side of the berth to prevent themselves rolling on to the floor, feel convinced that the ship must go down, and experience a sense of relief when a corresponding big wave bangs the ship on the other side, and, although it makes the timbers creak and the vessel shudder, yet appears to knock her upright into equilibrium and safety ; so a poor missionary navigating the untried colonial deep, sailing near the wind with closely reefed topsails, and bending under the repeated blows of billows that leap upon him all on the port side, is really grateful now and then to be banged on the starboard.

But what lies at the bottom of these agitations ? It is this. The Church of England alone is not permitted to have distinctive doctrines—still less to explain them. If she does, poor Mother Church ! at once she is accused of bigotry and intolerance. In a free country all are equal. There is no established religion, and therefore the Church of England, who in England may be excused now and then for waking up and saying to the divergent sects, "You are all of you wrong," in England's colonies must lie still and murmur, "You are all of you right." Bishop Selwyn, in his New Zealand episcopate, fully realized and felt the position. "It is not true," he writes, "that we persecute them (the Dissenters), but that they will not tolerate the Church." It is easy to see why we may not teach all our own doctrines. It is because the Church of England is the happy hunting-ground of all the sects. The gamekeeper must not spoil—it is intolerant and mediæval—the poacher's sport. The

pickpocket says to the wealthy passenger, "Dear and honoured sir, I am going to pick your pocket ; kindly turn your head the other way, because if you were by chance to look this way, there might be a row, and that, you know, would be a pity."

We furnish the Dissenters with an unfailing supply of recruits. People are mistaken if they suppose that, because the surface of things is smooth, the Church is not attacked. Let me again say what Bishop Selwyn experienced in the South Island, where white teachers had never penetrated yet. "Native teachers," he says, "from other places had carefully informed them (the natives) of the difference between Hahi and Weteri"—the Church and Wesley. The truth is, that there is not a single point of the Church's doctrine, discipline, practice, and worship, even down to the use of a form of prayer, which does not furnish innumerable and congenial subjects to the Dissenting pulpit, "to point a moral, or adorn a tale," or animate a prayer. They sorrowfully expose, one by one, for the purposes of pity and self-congratulation, the sins, negligences, and ignorances of that Church to which they owe their colony and their Bible.

They are quite right to do it. I find no shadow of fault with them at all. For, if there is no difference of doctrine, they condemn themselves for leaving us. If there are no points at issue between us, why do they continue separate ?

But the complexion of affairs entirely changes when the position is reversed. They think it quite natural and justifiable carefully to explain all our lamentable superstitions and errors, our want of

spiritual religion, our bondage to forms, our bondage to the State, our unmeaning ceremonies, and the sad relics of Popery that still disfigure our Prayer-book ; but the moment the Church begins to defend her own position and to emphasize her teachings, to explain the charter of her existence and the reason of her claims to her children's allegiance, to point out why her sheep should not renounce their true pastors and wander from her ancient fold, to distinguish between the Church of God and a sect of human origin, to explain, in fine, that *Weteri* is not *Hahi*—all at once there is an uproar ; we are "unchurching" "the Churches." But it seems to me that you cannot unmake what never was made, nor unchurch a company of men which never was a Church.

But what is this nineteenth-century theory of "Churches" ? Was it really the ideal intention of Christ, of St. John, and of St. Paul, that there should be in every little village three or four "Churches" disrupt and dissociate, as though Christ were divided, or Wesley or Paul were crucified for us ?

Before we can justly be accused of unchurching the "Churches," the "Churches" must tell us when they became Churches, and who made them to be so. Is it lawful and justifiable for two or three, at any time and place, to form themselves into a Church ? If, in our New Zealand Mission, my friend and I had invited some men and women to leave the Church of New Zealand and, along with us, to establish a separate community, would it have been intolerant and ungenerous on the part of the Bishop of Auckland to deny our right to be

called a Church, and to prohibit his people from forsaking himself?

On this modern hypothesis of the "Churches," many in one place, and all divided from each other by middle walls of partition, what fault can be found with the New Zealand Hau-Haus? Why is it not illiberal to deny to them the title of the Hau-Hau Church? If infinitesimal subdivision is no sin, and to shave off doctrine after doctrine is no bar to a community being reckoned not only as a Christian community, but as "a Church," on what principle of justice shall we, in a free country, deny to our fellow-citizens and brothers in the King Country the titles of Christian honour we so jealously grasp for ourselves?

The Wesleyans repudiate Confirmation and Holy Orders, the Baptists Infant Baptism, and the Quakers all Sacraments. The Unitarians deny the Divinity of Christ, the Christadelphians the immortality of the soul, and—it is, no doubt, a considerable interval, but the interval might be lessened by a multiplied and graduated list of sects—the Hau-Haus deny many more doctrines. But, if separations and doctrinal subtractions *ad libitum* are allowable, what right have we to draw arbitrary lines?

You may speak of the Church of England, or the Church of France, or the Church of Russia, or the Church of Rome, or the Church of New Zealand, or the Church of Greece; for, though some of them are on speaking terms and others are not, yet, fundamentally and historically, they all are one. But you cannot speak of the Wesleyan Church, or the Baptist Church, or the Quaker

Church, or the Unitarian Church, or the Christadelphian Church, or—if you do—you must add the Hau-Hau Church to the list. The Hau-Haus have thrown away a great deal, but they have not thrown away quite all.

Some of our critics in the public newspapers were only following the line of disintegrating modern thought to its ultimate and legitimate conclusion when they said—I am quoting their words—"Christ avoided forming any Church during His lifetime, and simply desired His religion to grow by personal precept and practice;" and, again, it does not "seem prudent to dogmatize on such incomprehensible mysteries as the Trinity and the Incarnation."

But a clear conception of the Church, as historically one and indivisible, does not imply animosity towards those who have not grasped this conception. We never quarrelled with Dissenters, nor ceased to love them. And we were never tempted to deny their good works, or their good lives, or their Christian love and zeal. On the contrary, we were always on the most cordial terms with them, and always found them among our warmest friends and adherents and our most assiduous hearers. We rejoice to think that in so many points they are at one with the Church, and we only wish they were in all.

St. Paul's is the mother-church of Auckland. It was opened on the 7th of May, 1843, and consecrated by Bishop Selwyn in the March of the following year. The original building was of brick, and it was the first sight that greeted the voyager as he sailed up the harbour. But the

church was pulled down in the beginning of 1885, because the site was wanted for public purposes, and meantime the services were conducted in a temporary wooden building. The course of the mission was diversified by an ordination, in which we took part, and Canon Bodington preached the sermon. Two deacons were admitted to the priesthood. The mission was attended by a gentleman who had recently returned from official duties in Fiji. He described, in an amusing manner, the idleness and apathy of the natives. They are like the lotus-eaters. Their chief occupation is to lie on mats on the ground; their favourite expression when asked to do anything is a word which means "by-and-by," and their soothing farewell is, "Go and sleep." Once, observing a shapeless bundle on the ground, this gentleman inquired what it was. "Oh," said they, "it's only a bulu;" that is, a corpse. He observed it move. He went up to it, and asked the bulu if it wished to live. The bulu was a woman fifty years of age. She replied "Yes," and the Englishman saved her life. But their views of life and death are curious, as the following story will show. An old man, feeling very weary of life, expressed a wish to be buried, and begged his friends to do it. So they dug a nice and suitable grave for him on the hillside. The old man climbed the hill and sat beside the grave and looked in, and then remarked to his amiable friends, who had been summoned to his funeral and were patiently waiting the signal to bury him, that he didn't feel any desire to be buried that day, and descended the hill and went home. He repeated this interesting manoeuvre three times,

but it was once too often; for the third time his friends showed they were not to be trifled with any longer, and would stand no more nonsense. They bundled him in and buried him. After he was buried, the old bulu was heard to sneeze.

In St. Paul's Vicarage there was one creature who objected strongly to the mission. This was a little Skye-terrier, called "Muggins." He objected to the sound of church bells as strongly as Mr. Irving in the character of Mephistopheles, though in a different way. He always howled when the bell rang. And, during the mission, the bell rang so surprisingly often; there appeared to be such an endless and unaccountable succession of Sundays, that poor Muggins was always agitated and howled time after time. Before the fatal week was over he became pitifully hoarse. He had an attack of "clergyman's sore throat."

Christmas Day came at length, a welcome Christmas that brought a welcome holiday. In many churches there were delightful carol-services. On Christmas Eve, at St. Mary's, a service with prayers, lessons, and benedictions, arranged by the Archbishop of Canterbury, was used. The Bishop of Auckland took part in it. On Christmas Day Canon Bodington, in answer to a petition from the congregation, celebrated at All Saints', and afterwards preached a farewell sermon at St. Sepulchre's, and planted a memorial Norfolk pine in the vicarage garden, and at night preached another farewell sermon at Devonport. I celebrated and preached twice at St. Mark's. There were a hundred communicants. The whole of the east end *was covered* with a lattice-work of moss and

arums. At night I preached three little sermons between the carols at All Saints'. Rain had fallen the night before, and the ground was wet as we walked to church on Christmas morning to sing our "Adeste, fideles," before the altar. The air was languid and heavy and moist with a damp and intense heat. At night, as I walked home, the sky was serene, and the cooler air was lit by the glowing splendour of a slowly sinking moon that overhung the dark, wooded promontories, and shone reflected in the full tide that flowed lapping quietly among the mangroves on the shores of Hobson's Bay. It was a night to think of home, and of peace, and of angels, and of Him who had not where to lay His head, and yet in answer to His petition had obtained the heathen for His inheritance, and the utmost part of the earth for His possession.





TAURANGA.

## CHAPTER XI.

ON Monday, the Innocents' Day, our Christmas summer holiday began. With the Archdeacon of Auckland and Dr. Purchas for our companions we embarked at sunset on board the *Clansman*, and steamed away past the black *Nelson* and the white *Southern Cross*, the ships of peace and of war, and out of the harbour and away northward between the Great Barrier Island and Cape Colville, and then, as night deepened, doubled south again towards Tauranga, the nearest point of approach to the famous Hot Lakes, with their fairy terraces and spouting geysers. We were awakened long before the dawn by the steamer stopping for the mails in Mercury Bay.

The entrance to Tauranga Harbour is guarded by a high cone of rock called Monganui, or "Big Shark." The channel winds round inside it. We landed at ten, and left half an hour afterwards in

a coach and four. There is a long bridge across the creek, and here we observed cormorants and a heron. On the left of the creek and not far from the road can be seen, on the summit of a low hill, the "Gate Pah," in attacking which the English were defeated with great loss in 1864.

The distance from Tauranga to Ohinemutu is fifty-seven miles, a dusty and bumpy journey of eleven hours. The first part of the way is very flat, skirting the base of the hills, with large flax-swamps here and there. We changed horses at Tepuke, which means "the hill," and soon began to mount the hills, gradually rising till we reached two thousand feet. The country was weird and strange, ribbed with steep ridges one behind the other, and deep gullies between. The bush was on fire, and a large part was burnt. Soon we came to Lake Rotoiti, which pours out its waters in a delicious, rushing, green river, and stopped for the mails at a house, where there was a large and talkative group of Maoris. On the opposite side of the lake, on the summit of a hill, is a little white house ; it is the grave of a chief. We skirted the sheet of water, and after mounting a ridge, from which there is a fine view over Rotoiti, descended into a long plain, and drove mile after mile round the great lake of Rotorua. Four or five miles off, we saw the white geysers of Whaka-rewa-rewa gleaming through the dark. At first we took them for houses. It was late when the coach pulled up at the door of the Lake House, Ohinemutu.

Ohinemutu is a regular Maori village, on the edge of the lake, and it is the head-quarters of the

Lake district. The whole country steams and the lake bubbles with hundreds of boiling springs. The natives never light a fire or need a kitchen range. They carry their potatoes, crayfish, shells, or vegetables down to the springs in a "kit"—that is, a flax basket—on the end of a stick, and pop them into the pool till they are done. Besides these natural kitchens, there are also baths, which are square or oblong holes dug in the ground and boarded to prevent the sides breaking and falling in. The morning after our arrival I went down to the lake before six, and found the village full of people either cooking or bathing. It was like the *Inferno*, illustrated by Gustave Doré, or, to vary the simile, like the nursery rhyme about "three men in a tub;" no doubt the three trades were fully represented. Nor are the bathers in the least disconcerted when you nearly tread upon them without seeing them, but only show their white teeth as they smile up at the intruder with their croaking chorus of "Tena-koe," which means literally, "Here you are." It is a veritable frog-land. There is one square pond between the church and the "Whare-puni," or Parliament House, and which may be called the public square, or village green, which is nearly always full of fat babies, looking, as General Gordon expresses it, like black slugs. Early as it was, one bell, if not two, was ringing for service, and I followed a few natives into their splendidly carved "Runanga" or Parliament House. The house is all richly carved and ornamented within, the broad uprights representing monstrous men. There were two tables, and on one of them was a large, ugly bust of Queen Victoria. The house is

used by the Roman Catholics as a church. There were twelve or fifteen persons inside, and an old fellow was volubly reading in a rapid sing-song, the others occasionally chiming in and crossing themselves. Perhaps the old fellow was saying the office of Prime. An English native lay reader was also reading prayers in the English church, which is far the most unsightly building in the district. It is impossible to guess why, when the natives have such a talent for rich carving and ornament, they should not have been encouraged to build a church after their own manner, instead of the hideous structures that would be disfiguring even for a Board school.

Their houses are charming. Of course, they are not big enough; they are mere toy houses. But that is done of set purpose, for the Maoris prefer to spend the night in an oven. But they are extremely pretty. You can stand upright in them, and they are as long as a small room. The black, horizontal laths are tied by bows of flax to the upright reeds, and with the carving and painting these little houses look like delicate Japanese workboxes. On the floor are exquisite flax mats woven by the women. The huts are oblong and have long high-pitched roofs, and the roofs and sides are thatched with reeds. In front there is a door and a window. The door-posts, and lintels, and the uprights and sloping boards that frame the front of the house are sometimes beautifully carved. Over the centre, in front of the ridge-pole, is a carved head, or sometimes a cross. Each house is surrounded by a little palisade of bean-sticks taller than the house, and inside the enclosure grow a

few plants, chiefly tobacco ; and sometimes there is a private tank of hot water. And the principal occupation of these landed gentry is to sit in their hot water, smoking a pipe, and to watch the tobacco grow. Those who were not thus engaged were lying in the shadow of the Runanga, a wonderfully picturesque group with their dark skins and profuse, curly hair, and bright dresses. But for dress



men often prefer a blanket and nothing more, and the children often wear only a shirt.

The end of the long, low promontory on which the church and Runanga stand is used as a native cemetery. The dead are sometimes buried underground, very near the surface, but this is an innovation. The bodies are usually left above ground, under little huts, which appear like small dwelling-houses. Through the wide chinks can be seen the coffins, and a collection of old cloths and

blankets hanging up. After some years the bones are taken up and scraped, and hidden in a cave. I know a garden at the foot of Mount Eden where, in a crack of the rocks, there is a large collection of old bones. One of the graves belongs, as the inscription shows, to a little girl of three years old, called Ellen Hinemoa Wilson, or, in Maori, Erina Hinemoa Wirihana, who was accidentally scalded to death in a boiling spring nine years before. Standing just out of the water are some carved posts of an old pah, which was destroyed by the rising of the lake.

In the afternoon we drove, in the same coach as before, to Wairoa, which lies beyond the ridge of eastern hills that bounds the plain of Rotorua. At the foot of these hills we stopped to visit the Whaka-rewa-rewa geysers, which we had seen steaming white through the darkness of the previous night. There is a little Maori village picturesquely grouped on the hillside, and approached by a bridge over a clear green stream, which gushes and rushes among the ferns in a deep gully. Below the bridge is a little lake, boiling and steaming. It was well worth while to pay the toll exacted by the natives at the bridge in order to see the strange beauties of water and fire on the other side. There are awful, deep-blue, boiling pools, perfectly clear and seemingly unfathomable. The ground is covered with a white crust and with sulphur; but ferns and evergreens relieve the eye with pleasant, sombre colour, and form a rich setting to the terraced mounds of the geysers and the mysterious, smoking caldrons of ultramarine water. The most formidable of the

geysers had for some time past emitted nothing but steam. It is a white cone, broadening down to the stream, where it ends in a little cliff wrapped in steam and spitting jets of boiling spray from numerous spout-holes. The most active of the geysers at that time only threw water ten or twelve feet high. At other times it has burst up to a far greater height.

The road winds over the dusty hills, covered with the golden shoots of the young bracken, and tufted with trailing bushes of tutu, whose long tassels of small purple berries are sweet and harmless, but contain poisonous seeds; over the hills and then down through the Tiki-tapu bush, with its splendid rata trees tufted and bushed with *kia-kia* and splendid fronds of *lomaria* and *polypodium*, and on the ground the lace-like intricacies of the *Pteris scaberula* and the majestic tufts of "Prince of Wales' feathers" (*Todea superba*) as thick as velvet, and hundreds of other ferns which one learns to love and long for, until between the trunks of the trees the little blue lake is seen, bordered with smooth white sand and guarded all round by steep, wooded hills. The Tiki-tapu lake is so sequestered from the wind in its deep sheltered basin, that it lies smooth as a mirror, reflecting in the clear, cool depth of its blue waters every light and shadow, every touch of bright colour from the scarlet myrtles, or hazy grey or solemn green from the mountain or the forest.

A short neck of hill divides the Blue Lake from Rotokakahi, or the Green Lake. It is larger, and the shore on one side is rather bare, though the golden fern and the dark rock is always interesting,

and the evergreens here and there dip their boughs into the water. The Wairoa stream rushes noisily down a sloping valley through wildernesses of the white, heath-like manuka myrtle, where the cock pheasants crow morning and night, and past the *wharès* and gardens of the natives, and there tumbles over a precipice of rock and moss



and fern a hundred feet, and winds full and dreamy through a flat meadow into Lake Tarawera.

I shall never forget that first view of Tarawera. The coach stopped in front of the verandah of the wooden roadside inn, and we walked half a mile beyond until the lake burst all at once upon our sight. The hot December sun was sinking behind



the hills at the head of the peaceful Wairoa valley, and threw a golden blush on the steep mountain-sides and barren downs yellow with summer fern, on the crags and evergreens and sloping promontories reflecting themselves in the still water of the winding lake, and tinged the mountains on the far shore and the bald, square summit of the Tarawera mountain with a rose-coloured haze. The pale-blue expanse of the lake was broken by gentle headlands clothed with shrubs and bosky trees and crimson myrtle blossoms. The narrow, bent arm of the lake crept up almost to our feet, but far beneath, between wooded rocks on one side and beds of green rushes on the other; one or two canoes, laden with nets and baskets of crayfish, might be seen paddling silently to the shore; and the road dipped down from where we stood in sudden zigzags through beds of bright bracken and varied shrubberies of unrivalled beauty to the clear stream moving through the meadow below.

A little bell summoned the Maoris to their evening prayer—a selection from the Prayer-book and lessons for the day read by a native reader. In the little room was a harmonium; and, when my friends came in, they were singing in their own soft language, as musical as the note of the bell-bird that haunts the thickets, their own version of the hymn—

“A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.”

Poor simple children of the sunshine, they little thought that before midsummer had given place to midwinter, in one fearful, fiery night many of them, mothers and children, old, feeble men and bright, merry boys, would be buried in the unnatural grave of boiling mud rained upon them by the explosion of their treacherous mountain !

A little Maori boy guided me to the service. It was odd to hear him say, in answer to my question, that he had passed the first standard ; just as if he had been a Derbyshire boy. And it is curious, too, to reflect that seventy years ago this country, savage and cannibal, was so much dreaded by Europeans that not a captain could be found to carry thither Samuel Marsden, the devoted pioneer priest.

At this evensong there were twenty or thirty natives of all ages, chiefly men. Some of them sat on the floor, and not a few of them carried babies. I noticed an old man with white hair, who came in while the service was going on and knelt reverently on the ground for a few moments. He was acting the part of nurse and carried a baby on his back, wrapped up in a counterpane, which also served as his only article of dress. At the request of the congregation, who seldom are visited by a priest, Dr. Purchas gave them an instruction in their own language on the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. Every morning and every evening all through the country the Maori reader rings his bell, and, in the words of our rubric, "the people come to hear the Word of God and to pray with him." These reclaimed savages, or children of savages, would shrug their shoulders with surprise,

or, more likely, make one of their clever, witty sarcasms, if they came to some highly Christian civilized villages or towns in England and heard no bell except on Sunday, and found the church open on sixty days in the year and locked on three hundred. We might well, even in respect of the despised Maoris, remind ourselves of the closing lines of Keble's poem on the snowdrop—

"Of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore."

It is very easy to condemn the natives, and to say that they are idle and superstitious and fond of drink. No doubt their bane is, as Bishop Selwyn said, "desultory work interrupted by total idleness." Their faults are on the surface; they are evident. The land belongs to them, and the Government and the colonists pay them rent. They do not work because they can afford to live at ease. But they are not the only people in the world who profit by the "unearned increment," and live upon their rents, and substitute recreation for labour and pastime for manual toil. If they prefer to live on potatoes, and dress in a blanket, and lie in a hot spring, no doubt it is not an ideal existence for a man, and leaves his "capability and Godlike reason to fust" in him "unused"; but, on the other hand, that grinding, excessive toil by which every hour must "sweat her sixty minutes to the death," in order, not that men may earn their bread or benefit the world, but that they may scrape together and hoard up a selfish fortune, is not an ideal existence either. And, besides, the Maoris are not the only people who lounge through life like lotus-eaters. Their idea of life is followed in

Paris, in London, in Brussels, in New York. You have only to substitute for the potatoes truffles and turtle, for the blanket a suit of clothes made in Savile Row, and for the hot spring an armchair in a club in Pall Mall, and you find the same character repeated under the irreproachable fashion of the inheritors of a Christian civilization of a thousand years. But it is not necessary to go to Europe to find it; it is to be found naturalized, like the thistle and the dandelion, in colonial soil. Selwyn describes it in its least enviable and most palpably vulgar species, "a shabby, mean, and worthless race of upstart gentlemen, who are ashamed to dig but not to beg." And the Maoris themselves are quick-eyed to perceive it. Their first idea of a Christian gentleman was derived from Bishop Selwyn, who loved them, and cultivated with them a "growing friendship," and found their "disinterested kindness" "most striking." They were puzzled by hearing very different persons described as gentlemen. They considered the problem in silent astonishment. At last they hit upon a satisfactory solution. They said, "Ah! we see; there are two kinds of gentlemen. There is the *gentleman* gentleman and the *pig* gentleman. The *gentleman* gentleman can do anything; the *pig* gentleman can do nothing."

But it is not fair to judge the natives by the same standard as European nations. They have only been within the reach of civilization for half a century, and the lessons they have learned from us and the examples we have set them have not always been unmingledly good. Not only have we taught them new vices, but there can be little

doubt that they have suffered by the action and example both of civilians and soldiers. Land has sometimes been taken from them or purchased from them unjustly, or compensation has been delayed or inadequately made. Because the natives were Christian and strictly observed Sunday as a day of rest, it was chosen by the troops as the customary day for attacking and harassing them ; and the Bibles and Prayer-books in the Maori language, which the natives had been taught to regard as holy, were torn up to serve as cartridge papers.

It is surprising that, with all they have undergone, there should still be some thirty thousand Christians. And then, these have a wonderful power of recovery. There has been lately an extraordinary movement in favour of temperance. Thousands of them have taken the pledge. The English clergy, who are in charge of the natives, give hopeful account of the prospects of reconverting the Hau-Haus, who abandoned the Church at the time of the war. The name is taken from the cry which they adopted—a kind of imitation of a dog's bark. Their religion is a mixture of the Bible—chiefly the Old Testament—and their native superstitions. Hau-Hauism was simply another aspect of their rebellion against the English. Rightly or wrongly, they were burning under a sense of injury, and when they threw off the yoke of England, they threw off along with it their obedience to the Church of England.

But with all their faults, they are, as Samuel Marsden said, "a noble race, vastly superior in understanding to anything you can imagine of a

savage nation." Their generous and chivalrous nobility, their fine sense of honour, their splendid bravery, their Christian sensibility, they showed over and over again in their wars with us. They allowed waggons of ammunition and provision to pass untouched on Sunday. These men, who once were cannibals, neither robbed nor mutilated the dead, but granted permission for their burial, and they tended the wounded. In the defence of the Gate Pah, to which I have referred, a little band of three hundred Maoris repulsed with fearful loss more than sixteen hundred English troops, who advanced upon them with the best rifles and four batteries of artillery. And it was in the night after this fearful battle, in which the 43rd Regiment lost, so they say, more officers than any regiment did at Waterloo, that Henare Taratoa, who had written on the orders for the day the text, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink," in heroic obedience to his orders, crept through the English lines at the imminent risk of his own life, to fetch a cup of water for a wounded enemy who lay dying within the pah. And no race of men can be more courteous and bright and hospitable.

There is one thing more to be remembered, and it is this—that visitors to New Zealand generally come across the worst specimens of the Maoris and judge them by the few they see. But the influx of tourists who squander their money never raises the moral tone of the districts they visit. And there is a class of tourists who make it their pleasure to debase the natives. They encourage them in immoral dances, they teach them oaths

and foul words, of which the natives do not understand the meaning, and they are ready to ply them with intoxicating drink. These abominable creatures have reached even the lovely glens of Wairoa. But who are the more to blame—the poor Maoris, or the strangers who corrupt them? When their great catastrophe befell them, they confessed in their sorrow and bereavement that it was a just punishment for their sins; but the punishment, after all, did not fall upon the most guilty.

## CHAPTER XII.

ON the last day of the old year we went—a party of fifteen—from Wairoa by Lake Tarawera to the famous Terraces at Lake Rotomahana. The half-mile walk in the early morning was not the least charming part of the excursion. It was most lovely. A steep path leads down through beautiful rewa-rewa and other trees to the flat green meadow, and the narrow arm of the lake—a creek between wooded banks—and the boat-house. The little stream meanders through the level lawn till it reaches the lake. At this point there is a boat-house, built of tree-ferns and thatched with reeds. There were two large whale-boats inside it, and other boats and canoes lying about, some on the grass and some in the stream. What a picture the scene would have made! The two crews of Maoris had already taken down the luncheon baskets and stowed them in the boats; the bright sun streamed down on the full tide that flashed among the reeds and washed over the smooth turf. The dark-skinned boys with big, black, liquid eyes, dressed some in white calico, one or two with a bright coloured shirt, danced in and out of the water, merrily shoving, shouting, and chat-



tering; and behind the boat-house, with its rich brown pillars and its crevices filled with flickering light, the tall wooded cliff in cool grey shadow rose nearly straight out of the water, crowned with the sloping downs of the mountain. The pohutukawas—like rhododendrons—fringed the shore, leaning their great branches and stems over the water, all ablaze with crimson blossom, and draped with long, weeping tresses of *Asplenium flaccidum*. The two boats raced. The boys had no real idea of rowing; but they pulled their long oars in good time, and worked really hard. Very jolly they were and full of fun. They knew a little English, and gave each other nicknames for the occasion. One was "Possum," another was "Blue Squirrel," and a third, "Tinned Meat." We saw ducks and cormorants and terns flying across the lake or hovering over it. After rowing for four miles we turned suddenly round a promontory on the right. There was a little bay with two or three huts, and canoes drawn up on the beach. Here we got a large basket of crayfish, and then rowed on to the end of the lake. Here there is a small native settlement called Te Ariki. A stream flows in from the Rotomahana lake, and the wooded cliff breaks down sharply to the green-sward and the shore, ending in a garden of pohutukawas. We walked for a mile through the manuka, which is of two kinds—the common one with white single flowers, the other with small clustering blossoms, like the Mediterranean heath or French may. The White Terrace and the Pink Terrace are on opposite sides of the lake. We first reached the *White Terrace*. It slopes broadening down into

the lake, and ripples out into curved and shining flats among the rushes on the marshy shore. It is about a quarter of a mile long, one hundred and fifty feet high, and in the broadest part about a hundred yards wide. The lower part has large, fan-shaped baths full of water of the loveliest milky blue. Higher up the terrace assumes all sorts of fantastic shapes. Sometimes it looks like icicles. The general effect is that of a glacier. Near the top it is not unlike the ribs left in the sand by the tide, only that the ribs are deeper, and form a network of cups. In these are ferns, mosses, and twigs crusted over with white. The top of all is like a crater, with one side broken down. The cliffs of red earth rise above it to a considerable height; below, is a magnificent pool or basin of dazzlingly blue water boiling furiously, and sometimes gathering force till it foams and bursts aloft in a grand white fountain flashing in the sun, and the great volumes of steam ascend like a cloud. The steam and spray floating in the air encrust the branches of the manuka with a white coating of silica. I found several ferns, and one a very rare one, the *Glychenia dichotoma*, a delicate little green umbrella.

We descended the other side of the terrace, and then walked along the slope of the hill. The path leads beside several other boiling pools and geysers. Two of them, named Ngahutu and Ngahapu, throw up water to a great height. The whole hillside smokes with steam, and shakes with the roar and thump of these mighty engines. We lunched under the shadow of the tall manuka bushes, where the Maoris had already brought the baskets and

spread the feast. They waited on us very cleverly, and first they served up our crayfish, which they had boiled in the natural kitchen. Some little fan-tails twittered and darted about us without any fear.

Higher up the hill is a plateau full of mud holes, which are like chimney-pots a foot or two high. In these the mud, which resembles white paint, is thrown out, a few pats flying up and falling back again. One of these chimneys is called the "porridge pot." The Maoris eat the mud ; we tasted it, and found it rather salt and unctuous, but not disagreeable. On the rocky hillside above the valley of mud is a terrible roaring steam vent, that snorts and bellows so that you cannot hear yourself speak ; further on is what looks like one of these chimneys on its side, forming a small cave. It has been artificially enclosed with slabs of stone. It was the official residence of a chief, and it passed as a heritage to his eldest son, and the family had enjoyed this privileged palace, a few feet wide, for generations. There is another fine boiling caldron with a small terrace descending from it into the lake. This, they told us, was the scene of a terrible accident. A girl was boiling potatoes in it, and the baby on her back slipped over her head into the water, and the girl jumped in to save it. When the parents, who were below, came up, they could recover nothing but the heads ; the bodies were boiled to nothing.

At the foot of the hill we embarked in two canoes, which were waiting for us. They are always hollowed out from totara trees, and are very frail and narrow. A nervous person might upset the *canoe* in a moment. A woman paddled in front

and a man behind. The lake is full of islands and of rushes, and haunted by ducks and pukekos, which are handsome, large water-hens with red bills and legs and bluish-black plumage.

The Pink Terrace is not quite so large as the White, nor does it expand so broadly.

We landed at the foot of the Terrace, and bathed in the upper pools, venturing gradually into the hotter ones. It was delicious. The baths are like pink shells, smooth and soft, and deep enough to swim in, and the colour and substance of the Terrace is like pink coral. The top is like the top of the White Terrace ; only the water and the steam are a still more indescribably lovely blue, turquoise and sapphire. The edge of this profound pool—which, although throwing off clouds of steam, was, in contrast to the other, absolutely still and clear—is a kind of white shelf of coral, fading into pale sulphur, and then into pink. You can safely walk all round the crater. When we again embarked, we paddled all the way down the stream to Lake Tarawera. This was almost the best part of the day. The stream is warm, and in some places quite hot. It is shaded by tall rushes and ferns, overgrown with large pink convolvulus. When we reached Te Arika all the youth of the place was sporting in the stream. The wind had risen, and the water was rough as we rowed the eight miles back. Our guide was the celebrated Sophia, who speaks English perfectly. The Maoris were polite and charming, though they have wisely learned to prevent any traveller from breaking specimens off the Terraces. The arrangements for the day were perfect. If it had been a picnic arranged by some nobleman in

an English park, nothing could have been more comfortable, quiet, and well-appointed. There was no delay, no hurry, no confusion. Unobtrusive attendants were always ready with spoons or paddles, napkins or towels, dishes or canoes. No attempt was made at extortion. Not a word was breathed about money from morning till night. All was paid at the hotel.

My friends went back to Ohinemutu that night by coach; I preferred to spend New Year's Day at Wairoa, and to walk. The day was hot. I went to the old mission station on the hill. It is a lovely, forlorn spot. A picturesque, wooden church stands on a plateau of ferns overlooking the lake; the doors stand wide open, and the thick ivy creeps in through the roof. The mission house stands alone, approached by a splendid avenue of lofty dracænas and cherries loaded with delicious fruit. The whole place looks sad and forsaken; but there are excellent orchards allowed to run half wild, and the paths lead into lovely woods. The owner invited me into the house, and begged me to help myself to cherries on my way down, and among the fern there were beds of the finest and most prolific wild strawberries I ever saw.

Down by the lake the fern was almost impassable; it grew so thick, so deep, and so tangled, and the ground was so rough. And the fern seeds contain a gum. Their little bags burst when you try to brush them off, and the cloth is all stained. Progress by wading was more impracticable still, for the water was too deep. After a terrible scramble, at last I reached the bay beyond the first *promontory*—a lovely, white, curving beach, the

water as clear as crystal, sloping down to unknown green depths. The stones on the beach were so hot I could not bear my feet on them. In the afternoon a thunderstorm came on ; the lake was all purple and still. I hailed two Maoris who had been out cray-fishing, and they conveyed me back to the head of the lake. They had caught two large basketfuls of fish. They have a semicircular frame made of sticks and weighted with stones, and to this the flat net is attached. I gave them a shilling, and two sandwiches, which they ate with joy and gratitude, exclaiming, "Too much, pakeha, too much." This does not look like the extortionate character usually ascribed to them. "Pakeha" means "foreigner."

## CHAPTER XIII.

BUT the glorious beauty of this lovely region is a thing of the past. Now the whole country for miles around is buried deep down beneath white volcanic dust and mud. The bush is destroyed. Every leaf is stripped from the trees, the branches are wrecked, great trunks are broken down or rooted up, the native *wharès* are crushed and buried, and the hotel where we stayed beaten down into hopeless ruin. The Terraces are no more. The lovely Rotomahana lake, once green with ferns and rushes and alive with waterfowl, has become the crater of a furious and tremendous geyser. The Tarawera mountain, that rose so grandly silent, serene above the lake, with its triple peak, has become a volcano, and the country is like an arctic scene, a monotonous and dreary expanse of whitish grey, broken only by barren rocks and blasted trunks and drifting columns of steam and smoke. Just after midnight, on the 10th of June, the inhabitants of Ohinemutu were awakened by a violent and protracted quivering and trembling of the earth. The windows rattled, and the houses creaked and strained like ships in a storm. Then came a fearful roar. The people

sprang from their beds and rushed out of doors. It was a clear, starlight and frosty night ; but behind the hills in the direction of Tarawera there arose a dense, black, umbrella-shaped cloud, that seemed to menace even Ohinemutu with its overhanging, deathly pall. Peals of thunder crashed almost without intermission, and the geysers began to roar. The scene was magnificent, but terrible beyond description. The huge volume of ascending smoke was lit up by the red glare of incessant sheets of flame. Forked lightnings quivered round it, and large, bright meteors appeared to chase each other across the sky. The roaring of the explosions was continually interrupted and overpowered by terrific peals of thunder. The street was filled with terrified fugitives. Many were in their night-dress. Mothers were carrying their children. Some were crying out that the Day of Judgment had come. All were endeavouring to escape, some to the nearest mountain, others along the roads to Oxford or Tauranga. Many took refuge in the school, and there they knelt and prayed for mercy. Showers of ashes began to fall, but a violent wind from the west beat back the cloud.

The flashes of fire were seen and the noises heard more than a hundred miles away. At Auckland, at New Plymouth, at Blenheim, sounds were heard like the booming guns of a vessel in distress, and men were sent out to see and help. Tauranga and Gisborne were wrapped in darkness, and shops, houses, and streets were lit with lamps.

But if the scene was fearful on the shores of Rotorua, it was still more fearful at Wairoa. What happened there can best be told by three of



the survivors in their own words ; one is the keeper of the hotel, the others are the school-master's wife and daughter.

"About 12.30 the ground began to shake, and shook continuously for an hour before the eruption broke out. When this was first seen, it was like a small cloud on the mountain, with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. All were got out of bed and went up to the old mission station to ascertain the cause of the occurrence, and we saw a sight that no man who saw it can ever forget. Apparently the mount had three craters, and the flames were shooting fully a thousand feet high, while there seemed to be a continuous shower of balls of fire for miles around. As a storm appeared to be coming on, we returned to the hotel, and shortly afterward what seemed to be heavy hail-stones came pouring on the roof, which continued for about a quarter of an hour. This was succeeded by a fall of heavy stones, fire-balls, and mud, the lava falling after the manner of rain. The weight of these substances upon the roof soon began to tell upon it. The roof of the hotel gave way about half-past four a.m. with a loud crash, and the whole of the upper story collapsed. The *débris* falling into the rooms below, we left the smoking-room and went into the drawing-room, which, as it was the newest part of the house, we thought would stand the longest, but it was with the greatest difficulty that we got there, going through falling stones and mud which impeded us. When we went outside, everybody, without exception, was cool and self-possessed. The back part of the *house, in which was the dining-room, gave way*

next, and all of a sudden we heard a fearful crash and roar as if thousands of tons of stuff were falling, and we heard the balcony come down.

"The danger of our position was now fearfully apparent. Mr. Bainbridge suggested that we should engage in religious service. He remarked with awful calmness that he expected to be before his Maker in an hour or so. We acquiesced, and Mr. Bainbridge read a portion of Scripture and said a prayer, in which all fervently joined. At the same time we agreed that we should make an effort to save ourselves, and with this object determined to leave the hotel and make for the first Maori *wharf* we saw standing. At the time there was a terrific gale blowing, and hot stones and mud still descended incessantly. I said: 'Boys, we shall have to go; put what you can over your heads.' We all placed rags and planks over us to protect us from the danger. We agreed to stick together. It was so dark we could not see a hand before us; we directed our way by instinct. Humphries and his wife went first; Bainbridge, the English tourist, next; I took the two girls, jumped over the broken balustrade which lay in our way, and lifted the girls over. I called out, 'Are you all right, boys?' and all seemed to call out, 'Yes.' So we went on, shouting to each other, only having to go seven hundred yards to reach Sophie's house. We continued shouting to prevent our losing one another. Suddenly I missed the young tourist, and putting the shawl again around my head went at once back after him. The shower of *débris* was so great that I was knocked down, but getting right again, called

as loud as possible. Though unable to find him, I was rewarded by coming in contact with George Baker, my cook, who was standing against a tree, and I got him to the *wharè* and went back to the hotel to find the others. After some further searching, I was assisted by a brilliant fire-ball coming from the crater. Lighting on a *wharè* it burst into flames, and I could see better. I found that Stubbs and Minnett, having groped about for some time, had returned to the drawing-room. I directed them to the *wharè*, and then went towards the *Wharèpuni*, and my delight was great when I heard the voice of Humphries answering my shout. He and his wife were making for the carved house, and they reached there and remained all night. I went back to the *wharè* looking for Bainbridge, but could get no answer, and have not seen him since. My belief is that he was stunned by falling stones, and buried under the mud which now lies five feet deep all over the settlement, covering everything up.

"At half-past six I got a candle in a bottle and went up to the residence of the Hazard family. It was still pouring mud and stones, and I was knocked down three or four times. I had previously been struck down many times when looking after the others. We commenced to dig for the bodies of the Hazards, and to our great astonishment discovered Mrs. Hazard alive. Quite a thrill was caused by seeing her fingers moving, showing she was alive. We called out that we would soon have her out, and on digging away the accumulation we found her with a shawl *wrapped round* her head. She was sitting on

a chair, with her back to a chiffonier, her right arm round the neck of Mona, her dead little daughter. Her dead little son was across her lap. She said, 'Yes, I know they are both dead; you can take my children away.'"

In her own sad account she says: "My two daughters, Flora and Ina, escaped into a detached portion of the house. While sitting in my chair with my three remaining children around me, I was pinned to the floor by the leg through the roof falling in, and I believe that it was at that time my husband was killed. My youngest child, Mona, a girl four years of age, was in my arms. A boy aged ten, Adolphus, was on my right, and a younger child, a girl aged six, was on my left. The child in my arms cried to give her more room, as I was pressing her against the beam, but the load of volcanic mud pouring down on me prevented me from being able to render any assistance, and the child was crushed and smothered in my arms and died. Adolphus said to me, 'Mamma, I will die with you,' and I think he died shortly after, as he did not answer again. The little girl died shortly after, as she said 'Oh, my head,' as the mud was beating down on her, and she spoke no more. During my entombment, I thought a search-party would come to search the room, and the first people I heard about the place I 'cooed.'"

One of the daughters who escaped tells the following story:—"Father asked me if I felt the earth quiver. I replied 'Yes.' He said it was the most wonderful sight he had ever seen, and we went on the verandah to see. There was an ink-

black cloud hovering over the truncated cone of Tarawera, with lightning and balls of fire shooting out of it. We all dressed and went into the sitting-room, thinking it was the safest part of the building, as being constructed of iron. We lit a fire in the stove. We all went in there and sat down in the middle of the room, mother, with all the children round her, looking out of the window. It was like a great sheet of fire. I sat down at the organ and played and sang hymns. At three o'clock we heard a rattling as of stones pattering on top of the house. The noise was so great we could not hear each other speak. We afterwards found it to be lava. The volcanic shower had continued to pour on the house for about an hour. Tremendous wind then arose and came down with such force that we were nearly suffocated with smoke, and had to cover the stove with a mat and pour all the water we could get, which not being sufficient to put out the fire, my father took the pipe off the stove. At about four o'clock we were all, excepting Messrs. Blyth and Lunding, assembled in the middle of the room, believing it to be the safest place, as the walls were bulging inwards, and threatened to come in. I walked over to the door, seeing it bulging, to lean against it. Messrs. Blyth and Lunding were standing at the same place, when suddenly there came a tremendous crash, and all was dark, the roof falling in on top of us. Quantities of lava fell on our heads. Mr. Lunding jumped up and smashed the window, cutting his hand very much. Finding he could not do so well with his hands, he used his foot and got out. *He said, 'I'm out; come out, Miss Hazard,' and he*

pulled me out. Mr. Blyth followed. On getting into the open air we were struck about the head and body by lumps of lava. We ran into another portion of the house, in which was a light, and shut the door, but finding the roof bulging down, and being unable to get into some of the other rooms, we opened the door and stood in the doorway so as to be ready to escape. I was perishing with cold, and Mr. Blyth got some blankets to protect me from the cold. Just then the house appeared to be struck with lightning and burning lava, and took fire. We all rushed out into the garden, when the portion of the building in which we were took fire and burst into flames. We endeavoured to get to some other shelter, and got into a paddock, stumbling over some uprooted trees in the darkness. Seeing by the light of the burning apartment that the hen-house was standing, we went there for shelter, and remained until daylight watching the principal building burning."

Another story illustrates the devotion of the Maoris to their poor children. The narrator says that Mohi and his family "were in the chief's house when the eruption first commenced, but Mary was afraid to stay there because of the noise of the falling boards of the house, and they went down to their own *wharè*, taking two little boys with them. Mohi said, 'Well, let us pray to God;' and they prayed. The roof now was smashed in by lava and stones. To save the life of the elder boy, he wrapped him in a shawl, and knelt over the little one so that the body should not receive any hurt from the falling lava and stones; but these drifted so quickly round his body that the

little one was soon covered, and he had to keep throwing it aside with one arm to keep it away. The Maori had his hand on the ground, and was also on his knees, so as to provide effectual shelter for the little one, his back thus forming a resting-place for an increasing fall of lava. All this time his wife was trying to protect the other little boy, but her efforts were in vain. The silent struggle with the elements and the lava overpowered mother and child, killing both. Mohi, finding it getting dark, and the lava very heavy on his back, made a desperate effort and flung it off, and taking up his little one called to his wife to be quick and follow, when to his horror he found both his dear ones had died silently by his side. They were afterwards dug out; she was in a sitting posture, with her arms extended over the babe to protect it from the sand-drift."

Another Maori woman saved the life of an European girl by brushing the mud and dust away from her face so as to give her room to breathe. More than a hundred natives perished. The settlement of Te Ariki, at the foot of the fatal mountain, was utterly destroyed, and every living thing perished and was buried under twenty feet of ash and mud. At Wairoa, an aged Maori, more than a hundred years old, reputed to be a sorcerer, was dug out alive after being buried for more than four days. He was found mumbling his prayers, and said he had prayed all the time. When he was asked whether he had prayed to the "Atua" of the Maoris, he said, "No; to the Atua of the pakeha." They gave him some biscuit and brandy, and afterwards offered him warm milk, but he re-

fused it. When they inquired what he would have, he replied that he never took anything but potatoes and water.

The sufferings of the poor cattle were terrible. Many were killed by the eruption, and many died of starvation. There was neither food nor water for them ; for all the fields were buried, and all the creeks filled up, and the lakes full of sulphurous mud. Cows and sheep were crowding about bewildered. Wild pigs, with the hair torn off their backs by the pelting mud, were rooting about after food. Horses, endeavouring to find water, fell over precipices, and some got on ledges of the cliff where they could neither get up nor down. And birds were lying dead.

The news of the disaster reached us during our last mission in the South Island, when we were four hundred miles away, a few days only before we bade farewell to New Zealand ; and we thought of that second Lesson for the day, which we had heard the Maori read from his Bible the night we slept at Wairoa. How strangely prophetic and appropriate it was, as well as the hymn : "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away ; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life ; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. . . . And death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them."

.. A mysterious warning of the coming catastrophe



was reported from Tarawera. A short time before the eruption a party of six Europeans and nine Maoris started from Wairoa for the Terraces in a canoe. When they had got half-way another canoe was seen steering parallel to them, and making for the Tarawera mountain, which has always been kept as a burial-place for the bones of the dead. The natives whistled and shouted, but no answer was returned, only three of the mysterious crew rose and stood upright. The Maoris were very much frightened. They were convinced it was a phantom canoe. It was of an ancient build, with lofty stem and stern, and they knew well that there was no such canoe upon the lake. They believed it was an apparition to warn them of death, and they said to the tourists when they landed, "We all die to-day." Most people dismissed the story, no doubt, with a laugh, but I have heard those who know the natives well express a belief that among the Maoris "there are more things" "than are dreamt of in philosophy."

The following two stories were believed to be well authenticated by the clergyman who told me them :—

A native Wesleyan minister was driving one day to Wairarapa, near Wellington. With him were two or three companions and a dog. Their road lay through the bush, which had been partially cleared, and there were stumps standing by the roadside. Sitting on one of these stumps they saw a native friend of theirs, and a regular attendant at the services, named Philip. The dog, who was running before them, when he came near the figure, stopped and crouched back as if in fear.

When they drove up, Philip rose and disappeared into the bush. They shouted, but there was no reply, only the tree-tops for some little way whirled, as if a gust of wind were passing through them. When they neared the town they heard the sound of a *tangi*, or funeral wailing. It was the natives singing a dirge for Philip, who had just died.

The other story is as follows:—Mr. Z—— went with a labouring man to a place near Invercargill, and took with him a pack of hounds. His object was to kill wild pigs and salt them. They settled some miles from the shore, on the edge of the bush in a lonely spot, and there they built a wooden hut. An old, disused Maori path ran by their hut into the wood. Every morning at nine o'clock the dogs barked furiously, advancing towards the wood as if pursuing something, and then, after a while, retreating, still barking. When a month had passed in this manner, the labouring man came in one morning with a dead boar on his shoulders, and threw it down, saying, "There, I'm off. I shan't stay another hour." "What's the matter?" said Mr. Z——. "Well," he said, "I've been plagued ever since I've been here. I've never had a quiet day. But to-day I've seen something; and I'll stay no longer. I'm off now." "What have you seen?" "Never you mind, I'm off." And he went and left Mr. Z—— all alone in the hut. In a day or two, as the dogs still behaved in this strange manner, Mr. Z—— determined to find out what it was, so he fastened one of the dogs on the path with a very short rope. At the usual hour all the dogs began to bark savagely,

but the poor animal on the path crouched down foaming at the mouth, and nearly choked itself struggling to get away, and then, after a while, faced the wood and behaved in the same excited way. Mr. Z—— told this to a Maori. "Yes," said the native, "it's the spirit of the Maori who owned the land. He'll do it for three moons." In fact, this disturbance did continue for three months, and then ceased altogether.

I returned from Wairoa to Ohinemutu on Saturday, only just in time to send my home letter to catch the mail at Auckland by the hands of a waiter, who was summoned to appear before a court of justice, and having heard me inquiring about letters, came up and said, "Excuse me, sir; I'm a criminal, and I shall be proud to oblige you." The clergyman who is in charge of the natives from Tauranga to Taupo, and visits Ohinemutu once a month, arrived at the hotel and constrained each of us to preach twice on the morrow in the ugly church, so that our holiday Sunday was a much-occupied day. There was a native service nominally at half-past nine—nominally, because the Maoris have no clocks or watches and no regard for time, of which they have enough and to spare. Sometimes when they have an early Communion, they come an hour or two before the time and sit round the church smoking till the doors are opened. On this second Sunday after Christmas they crowded to the church when the bell rang, many of them dressed only in their favourite blanket, a simple dress which takes very little trouble in putting on. The service was all in Maori. The lessons were read by the native

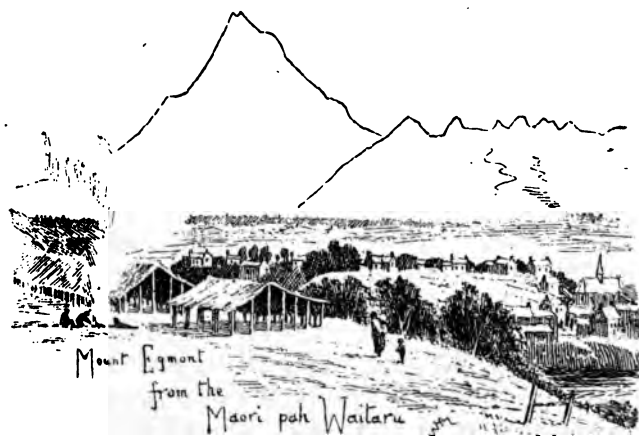
reader. The psalms were beautifully and rhythmically recited, the people keeping well together, and ending all at the same time with their emphatic—"Ake, ake, ake, Amine." The words, "Like as a lion that is greedy of his prey, and as it were a lion's whelp," occur in that day's psalms. As the Maoris have neither lions nor the letter "l," the "lion" and the "lion's whelp" were transformed into "riona." I preached on the gospel, the clergyman interpreting. The Maoris were very attentive, but I found that preaching through an interpreter multiplies a sermon by at least two, so that I never reached my second point, much less my third. Perhaps it was this unexpected and merciful abbreviation that won the heart of the aged chief who sat in the front row; for, when the service was over, he arose and rubbed noses with me.

We left next morning in a coach and five horses, in the opposite direction to that in which we had come. Rain had fallen, and the roads were less dusty and the air pleasantly cool. We soon entered some lovely bush of tawas, rimus, and ratas in splendid bloom, and the rare *Todea superba* grew plentifully. In one place we drew up on purpose to visit a grove of *Todea hymenophylloides*. They grew with thick stems, like tree-ferns, for two feet in height, and then branched out in magnificent fronds of thick crispness five feet long. Tuis and large pigeons with green back and white breast flitted and flapped across the road. The road has here and there been swampy, and has been mended (what would be said at Kew or Chatsworth!) by laying down across it the trunks

of tree-ferns ; and—such is their surprising vitality—they had sprouted at each end, and burst into leaf under the horses' feet. Others, black with sad bush-fires that smouldered beside the road, although charred and disfigured, were making fresh efforts to revive, and throwing out green tufts at the head. Very different are other trees ; for instance, the kauri pines. When once they have smelt the fire, they die in their pride, haughtily refusing to survive the insulting invasion of their primæval privilege.

Oxford, a little village—and the only one—on the route, was our half-way house, and Cambridge our destination. Soon after leaving Oxford, a man who sat behind in the coach and was quietly far from sober, tried to clamber out of the coach, and fell beneath it. We felt the wheels thump and bump as they jolted over his leg, and the man rolled from the road into the swamp. Not only was he not killed, but his leg was not broken ; he was able to get up again into the coach, and at Cambridge I saw him limping off again in search of more liquor. To see the smooth green Waikato again, winding for miles at the bottom of his deep cuttings, with their succession of terraces as level as if ruled with a plumb-level, was like meeting an old friend. In some places the road, without wall or rail, ran high above the river on the side of the steep slope—a cause of dread to one or two nervous passengers. The church at night was filled, and Canon Bodington preached to them a final, farewell sermon. There was a splendid effect of sunset mingled with the lurid light and rolling smoke of distant bush-fires. The next two days, one of which was the

Epiphany, I took farewell of my dear friends in Hamilton Church, and, after spending a night at Mercer, a town lower down the river, arrived at Auckland and rejoined Canon Bodington, who had preceded me, in time to prepare for our voyage to Taranaki.



## CHAPTER XIV.

FRIDAY is reckoned by sailors an unlucky day for sailing. But nothing dreadful happened to us for violating the nautical tradition on the 8th of January. Beyond the fact that the wind was high and the water a trifle rough, our sixteen hours' voyage in the *Gairloch*, from the port of Onehunga to New Plymouth, was all that we could desire. The sail down the long Manukau harbour is interesting. On the left are wet, sandy flats covered with green weed, on which are flocks of hungry gulls, and, beyond the flats, an irregular, low beach and the cones of volcanic hills. On the right are beautiful bits of wooded rocks and sequestered creeks, and shady glens leading up to kauri forests and grassy downs. The Manukau Head and Paratutai Island, separated by a narrow

channel from the mainland, are fine and bold in outline, and beyond them for a mile or two on either side are foaming, dangerous breakers. It was here that the *Orpheus*, man-of-war, was wrecked, and scarcely a single soul was saved.

The waves ran high, and the air was overhung with a gloomy, hazy fog, which was caused by an immense line of bush-fires, ten miles long, in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth. The smoke darkened the air even at this distance—some hundred and thirty miles. The fires raged with great fury. Many settlers, chiefly Danes and Germans, were burnt out, their houses, their crops, and all their possessions destroyed, and themselves escaping only with their lives. The cattle were burnt or driven away.

It was early dawn when we landed at the fine breakwater, a mile or so south of Bishop Selwyn's "favourite settlement," of which he used to quote the verse of the psalm, "The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground; yea, I have a goodly heritage." The scenery is in some respects unique. The Sugar-Loaf is an extraordinary, conical rock, rising sheer and smooth out of the sea to the height of several hundred feet. It is perfectly described by its name. Beneath it are piled other broken rocks, and the sea is strewn with little islands. The sand of the shore is quite black, and is piled up in sand-hills. It is iron-sand, and contains from fifty to seventy per cent. of iron and a little gold. It extends along the greater portion of the west coast of this island. There is a factory at Onehunga, in which iron is worked from this sand. Strong magnets are used



to separate the iron from the other substances. The ironsand gives a grimy look to the shore. One is surprised to find that when it is touched, it does not leave a smutty stain on the hands.

Inland, behind the town, rises the magnificent, snowy cone of Mount Egmont to a height of over eight thousand feet. New Plymouth, which is the capital of the Taranaki county, was one of the earliest colonies of New Zealand, being founded by the New Zealand Company in 1848. It is a quiet country town, with houses, shops, schools, stores, and halls, chiefly built of wood. The church of St. Mary is one of the few New Zealand churches which are built of stone. The stone is volcanic, and of a quiet grey colour. The parsonage, where we were hospitably received by the Archdeacon of Taranaki, is a low wooden building, fronted by a verandah, and smothered in camellias, fuchsias, jessamine, and magnolias. In the centre of the green lawn is a mulberry covered with large, delicious fruit, haunted by the gay-plumaged, chattering mynah birds, which we had not seen since we left the Sandwich Islands.

On the night we arrived Canon Bodington began his twelve days' mission, which included two services at Inglewood twelve miles away in the bush, and another at a little place called the Bell Block along the shore. At the last week-day Communion there were more than fifty communicants, and a letter of thanks signed by more than a hundred persons was forwarded to him on his return to Auckland.

My work lay at Waitara, twelve miles northward along the coast. At Waitara there is a river—in

fact, the village is called Waitara after the name of the river—navigable by boats for a few miles. Boating and boat-racing is a favourite amusement, when the toils of day at the office, the counter, and the factory are over. The river is spanned by a huge, old-fashioned wooden bridge, and below the bridge are wharves, where cattle and sheep are driven down narrow gangways on board the little steamers that take advantage of the tide to brave the dangers of the bar, which at low tide is covered only by two feet of water. The wharves are also a favourite resort of the Maori boys, who sit there and angle for fish, which are attracted up the river by the refuse from the frozen-meat works. On the north of the river rises a precipitous, earthen bluff covered with ferns. On the top of the bluff is a Maori "kainga," or village, with a low shed for the reception of guests. Some of the inhabitants were busy thatching this hotel in expectation of the immediate arrival of friends. Others lay on the grass around a large fire in the centre of the village. The view from this bluff is very fine. In front are the picturesque huts, the fires, and the groups of natives. At the foot of the cliff is the river, and the bridge, and the wharves, and the boats, and the steamer taking sheep on board, and on the other side of the river the village and church, and then the cultivated fields with houses and plantations, and beyond these the wide rolling plain, covered with bush, and here and there the smoke of a bush-fire, and then the splendour of the glorious snow-peak of Mount Egmont rising sheer from the plain, and displaying the full grandeur of its height. I have never seen

a mountain which asserted itself more majestically. To the right is a short range of hills attached to it. The great mountain appeared in a variety of beautiful aspects. Sometimes glowing white clouds rolled about it with purple shadows and grey haze. Then it became almost clear, with a veil of yellow smoke from the bush-fires below. Against the dark-purple range to the right, the same smoke appeared a lovely, pale, whitish blue. Sometimes the tip of the peak, with glittering snow exquisitely soft, showed alone above a mass of downy clouds, towering aloft in a great surprise. At sunset the smoke made an orange canopy; the mountain dim grey. Or else behind the faint grey of the mountain was a glowing crocus sky, deepening, later on, into orange and red. Or, again, a glorious, golden light flooded the distance, and the sky with the mountains was wrapped in pink haze.

On Sunday morning, as we were going down the hill to the little wooden church, loud and prolonged cheers announced the arrival of five hundred Maoris with hundreds of horses. Many of them lodged in the long shed on the bluff; others set up white tents by the roads and on the commons. The place was crowded with them, and the beautiful river, even close up to the bridge, was nearly always rendered an intolerable sight by crowds of these ragamuffins and gypsies of all sorts and sizes flopping about in the water. They showed great variety of taste in dress. Some contented themselves with a blanket or a counterpane. Others wore portions of European dress, but always of bright, vivid colours. Some affected *the customs* of their fathers, and wore nothing but

what was made of flax, feathers, or dogskin. Some of the women—tattooed on the lower lip—were on horseback, dressed in perfect attire, quite ready for Rotten Row, with riding-habit and black hat and veil. The costume was completed and received its finishing touch by a short pipe in the mouth. These Maoris are an inferior race in habits, thoughts, and language to their northern kin. They are most of them Hau-Haus, and are followers of the false prophet, Tewhiti, who lives at Parihaka south of New Plymouth, and has a bitter hatred of the English and of Christianity. He has persuaded his followers that if they march round about the white settlements, like Joshua round Jericho, the “pakeha” will disappear. Meantime he preaches a policy of peace; and in other ways his influence is good. He encourages the natives to practise their ancestral trades of mat-making and wood-carving, and insists upon sobriety. The prophet has sometimes held missions among his people lasting for several weeks. He has preached to them night and day, eating scarcely anything and sleeping only a few minutes at a time, going about speaking first to one group of people and then to another. After one of his missions (so said one of the troupe that visited Waitara during my stay) the prophet and his general, Tohu, were sitting in their tent, when a voice fell from heaven declaring that all the prophet’s plans for the benefit of his race were approved and accepted, and ordering the sacrifice of a child. The child was to be washed clean in warm water and then sacrificed. They took a child and washed it, and laid it on a mat, and the

moment they laid it down the child died. Heaven, they said, had accepted the sacrifice and taken the child.

The dirty, idle horde only remained two days, and then rode off in all their quaint variety of costume, many of them carrying their tent poles like lances. The affair looked very like a circus.

This Waitara district was the cause of the war. The land was supposed to be very valuable for cultivation, and the colonists were anxious to obtain it. A native chief, named Taylor, offered to sell it to the Government, and the Government bought it. A superior chief, named King, said he had no power to sell it, and came to New Plymouth to plead his cause. He was asked, "Is the land Taylor's?" "Yes," he said, "it belongs to Taylor and all of us." This was taken as an acknowledgment that the land was Taylor's, and that therefore Taylor had a right to sell it. The natives refused to accept the decision and erected *pahs* on the Waitara land to protect it. These were attacked, and thus the war broke out. Bishop Selwyn and nearly all the clergy were of opinion that the war was unjust, and they were consequently very unpopular with the colonists for a time. When the bishop landed and walked up through the streets to the parsonage, men called out, "Knock his hat over his eyes," and so on. The bishop turned round and faced them like a lion. For half an hour he talked to them and defended what he had done for the natives and what he had said. As a man in the crowd kept on calling out insults the bishop said, "*Kindly* clear me a lane that I may see that

gentleman." When they moved, the man slunk away ashamed. Several places in the Waitara district were pointed out to me where skirmishes had been fought or parties of soldiers surprised and cut to pieces. New Plymouth was thrown into a state of siege.

The meat-works at Waitara form an important part of the trade of the place. It was interesting, for once, to see how the tinning and the freezing were done.

Outside the factory a man on horseback was, inside a narrow enclosure, engaged in driving cattle into the gangway, which, intersected by sliding partitions, led to the slaughter-house. The cattle are forced on from one compartment to another, the doors shutting swiftly behind them, till they are at last shut into the place of doom, where a man from above severs the spine at the neck with a spear. The last two bullocks were getting very wild, and appeared likely to charge, so the man, seeing his danger, opened the doors and rode out, only just in time to escape the horns of the infuriated animals, which charged fiercely at the sides of the pen.

The freezing apparatus is very interesting. An engine at work compresses air by repeated strokes until there is a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. When the air has reached this high point of pressure, it forces open valves and passes into a cooling chamber (for the air gets so heated by the process of compression that the cylinder in which it is contained is too hot to touch), and then into another. Then, when the air has cooled to a temperature of sixty degrees, it is let out. The

air expands instantaneously, and passes like a lightning flash from sixty degrees, or near summer heat, to seventy-five degrees below zero. It is the sudden expansion of the air that causes the intense cold. The outside of the engine, where the air passes into the expanding chamber, is crushed thick with hard snow, and this, not only in the heated summer air of a hot engine-room, but within a few inches of the pipes, which burn you if you touch them. The cold air, after passing round the works, returns to the engine to be compressed again. If there is any waste of air, a wheel is turned, and the engine sucks in the outer air. The suction is so violent as almost to glue a man's hand to the aperture.

The mission at Waitara was much broken up by services at Tikorangi, Huirangi, and Manutahi, outlying hamlets, where the services were conducted in schoolrooms. But it was well worth visiting these outside places, because a large number of men and young men assembled every time. But it interfered, of course, with the regularity of the work in the central church. It also involved a good deal of riding. Thus on the last Sunday of the mission I had four services, three sermons, two instructions, and twenty miles' fast riding, with scarcely any interval for food or rest. The two horses which carried the clergyman of the district and myself were evangelically called "Titus" and "Phœbe." Titus was a strong, brown horse with plenty of bone. He usually lived on the commons, and chose "fresh fields and pastures new," and it was sometimes not an easy task to catch him. Phœbe was a grey mare, and could travel very

fast. She lived in a paddock, and was very dainty about her water. There was only one spring where she would consent to drink. So, when we rode that way, we had to be content while she made up for a prolonged and voluntary abstinence. As the roads were either mere grassy tracks, or were bordered with grass, we were able to go smoothly and fast, except when it was quite dark, which it sometimes was, as we did not get home till eleven at night.

I preached every midday in the yard of the meat-works—an unsavoury place, and not appetising just before dinner—to the men and boys, who sat round a gasometer and upon a kind of tank, smoking. Once I preached on the bridge, and on the two Sunday nights in the public hall, for the sake of accommodating a larger congregation.

On Wednesday, the 20th of January, I returned to New Plymouth, and at the parsonage saw Canon Bodington, who returned to Auckland next day.

In the afternoon I went on to Inglewood, and held a service at night. The bush was on fire in many places. Some spots looked weird and desolate under the moon—tall skeletons of burnt trees standing up gaunt and dark, and here and there a tongue of red flame darting out suddenly high overhead from the heart of a tree. I was very kindly entertained at the house of one of the churchwardens.

At Inglewood there is a cheese factory. The new milk is brought in barrels. They are swung from the cart into the factory and weighed, and then the contents are poured into a vat, and drained off through a pipe into a patent sepa-



rator. The separator revolves rapidly. The cream keeps at the centre, and the milk at the outside. The cream is drawn off into deep pails and the milk into a vat, where it looks all thick with froth. The cream, after being kept one day, is put into a large revolving churn. When the butter is made, it is twice washed by turning water on to it through a pipe. The buttermilk is poured into another vat, and the cheese is made from the milk and the buttermilk. The cheeses weigh forty-five pounds each, and are sold at fourpence per pound. Some smaller cheeses are made with cream in them, and are sold at sevenpence per pound. They are exported to Australia.



SUGAR-LOAF ROCKS, NEW PLYMOUTH.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE Taranaki Mission was now at an end, and I had determined to utilize the few spare days that remained by seeing something more of the country, either by visiting the false prophet in his lair, or by ascending the towering, snowy cone of Mount Egmont. We decided in favour of the alpine excursion. Mr. Devenish, who has since been ordained, rode over to Inglewood from New Plymouth, and my kind friend, Mr. Baker, the clergyman of Waitara, brought over the two evangelical horses. He had some difficulty in getting them through the burning bush, and Phœbe, who was being led for me, and was in high spirits, enjoyed a playful and satisfactory roll in the deep dust, and, when she reached Inglewood, required some brushing before she was fit to proceed.

In the village we purchased provision for our journey—six pounds of biscuit, three tins of salmon,

half a pound of tea, and three yards of calico for a tent. As it happened we did not use more than half the biscuits and one tin of salmon, and never unrolled the calico. We borrowed rugs and waterproof blankets, a "billy," which is something between a saucepan and a pail, and two tin pannikins. We strapped our things on the horses and rode off in the evening. It was beautifully fine, and we enjoyed splendid views of the great peak soaring aloft above the dense forest. Three miles of road brought us to the few scattered houses dignified by the name of Egmont. Here the son of Mr. Greylong, the schoolmaster, drew us a rough map of the track so far as he knew it, and this proved a great help. The boy, who was about ten years old, was thoroughly colonial; in order to find his father a few hundred yards away he spent as much time and energy, as would have sufficed for the work, in catching a horse, after a good deal of shouting and running, and saddling it, in order to save the walk.

At Egmont we turned sharp to the left on to a grassy track, and dived into the heart of the bush. Our intention was to seek for the last inhabited house—where a German settler, named Pieters, had made a clearing in the forest—the most advanced outpost of civilization. Here we proposed to leave our horses, as it was the only chance of pasture, and walk on and encamp in the bush. The word pasture would amuse an English farmer or groom if he could see the place, for it looks much more like a timber-yard than a field, being encumbered with huge, half-burnt, fallen trees, through which none but a hungry nag could thread .

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his way to find a few mouthfuls of grass here and there. Pieters had the reputation of being very unsociable, a dreadful atheist, and a lecturer on infidelity. He had also tamed a bull, which was perfectly docile and followed him about like a dog, and came with him into market at Inglewood to carry his purchases. There was something very weird and romantic in riding in single file in the dusk towards this mysterious person along the green, narrow track cut through the lonely bush; the avenues of tree-fern almost meeting overhead, and the huge forest trees towering above them, covered with masses of hanging ferns and parasites. It soon began to get dark, and when we reached the clearing and the hut on the edge of a little creek, and hailed Pieters, he said it would be impossible and even dangerous, to try to find the track that night; old hand as he was, he wouldn't attempt it himself. He offered to let us sleep in his cowshed, an offer which we thankfully accepted, and he said he would help us to arrange a bed when he had done milking the cows. All round us was a fantastic glimmering of bush-fires, and spouts of flame darting from the lofty chimneys of hollow trees. On the other side of the creek an immense rata, measuring a chain (sixty-four feet) round, and reckoned to be the largest in New Zealand, was smouldering and falling to pieces. The "more-pork" owls, so named from their note, were calling to each other from side to side; and occasionally a ka-ka parrot flew screaming across the opening. While Pieters milked the cows we converted a bit of smouldering log into a blaze, and soon we had a grand, roaring bonfire,

on which we boiled our "billy" and threw in a handful of tea.

Pieters joined our party and contributed some new milk. We found that he possessed a Bible, which he lent us, and he remained, respectful and interested, while we said our evensong standing round the fire, reading about Laban and Jacob, and reciting the psalm, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious; and His mercy endureth for ever." Then we fell into conversation with Pieters, which lasted till midnight. He is a Hanoverian, and has been a wanderer all over the world, and at last settled down in the wild heart of the bush, all alone with his wife and his four boys, Walter, Oscar, Noble, and George. He was very intelligent, fond of poetry, and an especial admirer of Schiller, and was delighted when I repeated a piece from "Maria Stuart," the relic of a school speech-day; although, as Pieters' chief desire was to clear away the trees, he did not sympathize so heartily as we did with the captive queen's "Dank, dank diesen freundlich grünen bäumen." He was, no doubt, a Freethinker, but "lying," as Carlyle says, "open to light," and certainly not an atheist. The wonder is that, brought up in a somewhat narrow creed and living such a roving life and banished from all religious and social sympathies, he should retain any real faith at all. But the religious instinct was quite alive within him. He had a true foundation of faith in the midst of his "honest doubt." He held no formulated creed, but he was not bitter nor hostile to ours. And it was deeply touching to find him, *in his isolated solitude*, although scorned as an

atheist, treasuring our English Bible in the heart of his family, and cherishing a simple veneration for the "Supreme Being," whom he acknowledged though he did not know Him. Pieters certainly had the graces of patience and charity, for he listened sympathetically to my argument and provided us with what we needed. He allowed our horses to pasture amongst his logs, and he came with us to his stack and helped us to pull armfuls of new-mown hay for our bed. I shall always defend a cowshed as a sleeping-chamber, at least when, as in this case, there are no resident cows. It was comfortable, if not actually luxurious. One side of the shed was quite open, and a beam lay across it just beneath the roof, and loose pieces of rimu timber, resting on the beam, formed a kind of loft. Here, after removing some saddles, saws, and a scythe, we spread our hay and our rugs, and slept like tops.

The cock crew—and he was somewhere very close—at three o'clock in the morning, and in obedience to his alarum we got up, replenished the fire, and boiled the "billy." By this time the dawn had begun, and we began our march, taking only some provisions, as we hoped to return before night. There was a woodcutter's tent on the other side of the creek. I ventured to call to the men to ask the way. They came out and politely showed it us. One man came from Warwickshire, and was full of questions and recollections of home. He said to me next day, "After you were gone I couldn't sleep. I turned it all over in my mind; and I cried, I did, as I lay there, to think of it all." The track was good, but

blocked here and there by fallen timber. Riding would have been quite impossible. We cut alpenstocks and went on. Ka-ka parrots were whistling and screaming overhead. There was a chorus of tuis and of bell-birds, which Captain Cook compared to "a concert of silver bells;" and large, green pigeons, with white pinafores, were calling and fluttering and pecking at the berries of the fuchsia and other trees. The ground was deeply carpeted with every kind of delicate *hymenophyllum*—the *rarum*, *flabellatum*, *pulcherrimum*, *demissum*, and the rest—and the round, smooth kidney-fern with its frill of spores that makes it look like an Elizabethan ruff; here and there the exquisite *Todea*, *superba* and *hymenophylloides*, showed their feathery tufts. Here were the grand, sword-like, serrated, fronds of *Lomaria discolor*; there was a bed of *Asplenium obtusatum* or *bulbiferum*, or a plant of *Nephrodium hispidulum*, or *Polypodium pennigerum*. Great fuchsia trees, the red, paper-like bark scaling off in dangling shreds, and covered with red blossom or purple fruit, leaned across the path, and the huge ratas, like a bundle of knotted trees bound together, rose to a vast height, every crevice filled with the long sweeping fronds of *Asplenium falcatum* and *Lomaria filiformis*, and the endless, quaint shapes of *Polypodium pustulatum*; and almost every trunk was enveloped in climbing ferns, *hymenophyllum*, *Pellaea rotundifolia*, *Tmesipteris Fosteri*, and others.

At seven o'clock we halted for breakfast near a little brook that ran among mossy stones under a low bank, clothed with masses of *Lomaria elongata* with its thick, black stem and leaves like ribbed

silk, one of the grandest of New Zealand ferns. Here we left all our superfluous luggage and clothes and prepared for the ascent, but took the precaution first to mark the spot by hanging up a white towel and a handkerchief. Another hour and a half brought us to a small clearing that had been made with the view of providing a camping-place. We were now ascending a sharp, wooded spur, and the views looking back, down the deep gullies and ranges, upon the interminable miles of untrodden bush, were wild and impressive. Here and there the country was steaming with smoke. Near this clearing we found white violets, white primula, large white euphrasy, a white kind of lobelia, and a yellow ragwort. Here the vegetation began to change. We entered a thicket of cedar, with bare reddish trunk and thick top, the trunk clothed at the summit with moss and fern. Then we passed to a thick tangle of flowering, scented shrubs, olearia, senecio, and veronica. About a mile beyond the clearing the ridge became impracticable, and we had to descend two hundred feet down a landslip, and then to creep up the gorge under a huge, towering rock called Humphrey's Castle. Here we found two kinds of daisies, a white harebell and a parsley fern. When we got on to the short turf we found a large yellow buttercup. And then began the tug of war. For about five hours we had to plough through loose shale and dust and scoria up a cone as steep as Vesuvius under the blaze of a sun that was like a furnace. On either side of us were great streaks of snow that were too steep to tread on without an ice-axe. We lunched off biscuits and iced marmalade.



It was half-past four when we crossed the dome of white snow and climbed the pinnacle of rocks that forms the summit. It was a glorious and almost dreadful spot. It was fearful to see the dome of snow, curving smooth over, and dipping into a waste of seething cloud, or on another side shooting almost perpendicularly down between precipices of rock. The smoke from the bush-fires hid the interior of the country. All that we could see was, far away, the snowy summit of the Ruapehu volcano. The smoke presented an extraordinary sight. It rose up till it found its equilibrium in the rarified air, and then rested and lay like a dark, ruled line across the sky, or like the floor of an upper story to the earth, on which human feet (the thought made one shudder) might tread. But what was most glorious to look at was an almost complete semicircle of the sea, all glowing yellow to the west, against which innumerable little, brown clouds far beneath us looked like boats or canoes floating on the water. One of my companions would not believe—I do not think he believes even now—that it was the sea, because the horizon seemed so prodigiously high. The other had never touched snow before. New Plymouth and the breakwater were conspicuously distinct, and we could see at various spots the streaming smoke of the bush-fires. I do not suppose that anywhere else in the world such a view could be seen. The mountain is so absolutely alone, so princely in its height, so sheer in its unfettered rise, so near the sea, and the base so buried in wide woods, and, adding the bush-fires, so strangely mysterious, that the whole effect

is unique and overpowering. As we descended we observed the shadow of the peak projected by the sinking sun in distinct outline on the clouds at our feet. One of the party rolled some huge stones down the side of the mountain. In that great solitude there was no danger of hurting any living soul, so that we could watch without any misgivings the terrific leaps and crashing shocks of the great missiles as they bounded out of sight into the gulfs below.

As it was perfectly fine we did not need to be guided by the sheets of newspaper we had put under stones in case of mist. It was a stiff pull up the landslip from the gorge, and we were very glad we had left the "billy" full of water at the top of the landslip. It was the first mouthful of water we had tasted since the morning. It began to get dark as we entered the bush. Here some wild cattle crashed across the path. In a very short while it was impossible to see. We lighted a candle and went on stumbling over the roots and stones till the candle got quite low. Then we placed the end on the flat of the billhook till at last it flickered and went out. All hope that we should reach even Pieters' hut that night had long since been abandoned. Then we almost exhausted our store of matches to light the way. Then we were in the dark. Fortunately, the moon began to rise, and through the dense mass of trees there was just a faint glimmer which made the track appear a shade less dark than the rest of the wood. We struggled slowly along for some time, and then, to our great joy, we discovered the white towel hanging on the tree where we had left our

things in the morning. It was quite like getting home. We lighted a fire, made some tea, warmed and put on our extra clothes, and then lay down to sleep, each under a chosen rata tree, which kept off the dew and made a dry, if rather a hard bed. I don't suppose we slept very much, perhaps an hour, and I think I preferred the greater part of the time to sit in front of the warm fire.

The delicious bell-birds sang us their inexpressible *reveille* at three o'clock, and after a little breakfast we trudged on cheerfully and reached Pieters' at about ten o'clock, where Mrs. Pieters hospitably entertained us and refused any remuneration. However, she consented to accept our calico and the remainder of our provisions. Then we saddled up and rode off to Egmont and Inglewood. Half-way we were met by my kind host and a friend riding out to search for us, thinking we were lost in the bush, and they had brought with them a piece of beef and a large loaf stuffed with butter, thinking that we might, when discovered, be starving.

I returned by train to New Plymouth. Before I left I visited "the meeting of the waters," a lovely spot with deep wooded banks, and broad shallows, and deep, green pools haunted by wild fowl. Here I noticed—the southernmost point—the nikau palm. Taranaki is a great country for ferns. The *Asplenium Australe* and the edible fern grow nowhere else in the colony. I had arranged to leave on the 26th of January, and walked towards the pier. There was a very heavy sea; the tide was rising and the waves breaking right over. I *was wondering* how we should get on board, when

suddenly the vessel steamed off. It was too rough to take passengers on board. They had taken cattle ; but one of the trucks had been washed off



the line and almost into the sea. My voyage was delayed two days, and I landed at Onehunga, as I had sailed from it, on a Friday. I found the

General Synod in full session, engaged in discussing the question how to define the word "communicant." Ultimately it was decided to leave it to the conscience of each person who had thus to describe himself. The venerable primate, Dr. Harper, was presiding, and all the other six bishops, including Bishop Selwyn of Melanesia, were there. The Synod opened on the previous day with a grand service in St. Sepulchre's, and the sermon was preached by the Primate of Australia, Dr. Barry. During the session the Samoan ambassadors were presented to the Synod.

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The last day of January was our last Sunday in Auckland. At St. Sepulchre's there was a high celebration of the Holy Communion, beautifully sung, if I remember right, to Berthold Tours in F. The primate was the celebrant. He was assisted by the Bishop of Auckland and the archdeacon. His primatial cross was carried before the primate. I preached on the Gospel, the stilling of the storm. At night I preached my last sermon at St. Paul's—it was within their Dedication Octave—on the Conversion of the Apostle. Canon Bodington preached a farewell sermon at St. Sepulchre's on the subject of Conversion.

On Monday there was an ordination at St. Mary's. The service was in the Maori language. Two natives were ordained, one a priest and the other a deacon; and the Bishop of Wellington preached the sermon in the Maori language, of which he is a complete master. In the procession the Maori clergy and the white clergy walked in pairs side by side, a native and a white together.

I had the pleasure of meeting the native clergy, some of whom were tattooed, and also Paul, the chief of Orakei, at luncheon at Bishops court. The speeches of the Primate and the Bishop of Auckland were interpreted by the Archdeacon of Waimate. The Bishop of Wellington spoke in the native language, and the archdeacon also translated the speeches of the Maoris. One of them said, "The prophet somewhere says that the wolf shall lie down with the lamb. We were once like the wolf. Then you came and stroked us down and made us like the lamb. When we catch a wild pig we hold its nose over the smoke till it is stupid; then we tame it. So we were like the wild pig, and you came and made us tame."

After lunch I gave an address to the Maori clergy in the chapel, through the archdeacon's interpretation, as also Canon Bodington had done on Saturday. All that I could do in the way of speaking their language was to salute them with a "Tena koto." The singular form of this salutation is "Tena koe," and the dual "Tena koro." Early on Tuesday morning we bade farewell to our kind friends, of whom several accompanied us to Onehunga, and there took a passage on board the *Hawea*, bound for Nelson in the South Island.

At luncheon I sat next to a Roman ecclesiastic of high rank in New Zealand. He was aggressively discourteous. Having ascertained from me my name, he began at once by saying, with a sweet smile, "I suppose you're not so high as to call yourself 'Father'?" I replied that I did not call myself any names, and then quoted a piece from George Herbert, in which he says that the country

parson has as thoroughly possessed himself of the idea of being the father of his people as though he had begotten them all. He said, "I suppose you know that your opinions are not older than the Oxford movement." The repartee was obvious. "Even if that were true, they would be older than yours ; for the Infallibility of the Pope and the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary only date from 1870." It was the only instance in the whole of our tour round the world, in which personal rudeness was offered us. Evidently he did not think that the effect of our mission was Romewards, and that we were friends in disguise. Later in the day I lent him a copy of Bishop Cosin's "Religion of this Realm of England," which, although a little out of date, gives a not unfair idea of the standpoint of the English Church, and I talked with him for two hours. He softened down considerably, and I hope he obtained some new insight into things as they are.

Certainly in our mission we did not proselytize. Persons of all "denominations" came to us ; and, while we never concealed our opinion that the English Church ought to embrace the whole English race, and reproved those for forsaking their mother who had been nourished in her bosom, we never tried to allure people away from the denominations in which they had been brought up. I remember, for instance, two ladies coming to me on the same day ; the one was a Roman and the other a Wesleyan. The former was discontented with the Roman Church. There were two or three doctrines which she could not accept. I advised her to go to her bishop and tell him her difficulty. If he refused her the Sacraments unless

she accepted these doctrines, then she was at liberty to apply for admission to the Church of England. The bishop happened to be at that time in Australia, and I do not know whether my inquirer ever took the advice. The Wesleyan wanted to make a mission resolution. I found that she was leading a good, Christian life, doing her duties at home, constant in prayer and reading the Bible, and engaged in works of charity. "Well," I said, "what shall it be?" It really was not easy to say. It did not occur to me to persuade her to give up the Wesleyan chapel. Then a thought struck me. I said, "You have a quarterly fast, haven't you?" "Yes," she replied. "Do the Wesleyans," I asked, "ever observe it?" "No." "Well, then," I said, "make a resolution to observe the Wesleyan quarterly fast." So she made it then and there, and I subscribed my name and gave her a blessing. And I hope she still keeps her resolution.

But the want of unity is a great disaster, and it is a wonder that a commercial people does not find out and resent the inconveniences of it from the financial point of view, if from no higher. It is a saddening sight to see in a little township three or four different places of worship where one would be enough; and upon a small population it is an unnecessary and unwarrantable tax.



## BOOK III.

*THE SOUTH ISLAND.*

## CHAPTER I.

WE anchored for the night within the New Plymouth breakwater, and early next day resumed our southward course. It was a breezy holiday, and as we sat on deck and watched the grand, sweeping outlines of Mount Egmont fading out of sight in the distance, I enjoyed a day in company with Shakspeare and read the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of Timon of Athens, till at sunset we came in sight of a fine headland on our left, cloud-capped with vapour, which clung to the land and assumed the shape of the hills. Then we saw the lighthouse on the long, low reef of Boulder Bank, and entered safely the only harbour where Bishop Selwyn ever employed a pilot.

The town of Nelson, which is nicknamed "Sleepy Hollow," has a population of about seven thousand souls. It reminds one of some Swiss or Italian town in an alpine valley. The high hills almost close round it and shut out the sea. It might well have suggested the poem of "The Lotus-eaters," a land in which it always seems afternoon. The climate is one of the most equable

and delightful in the world. "No one," says Bishop Selwyn, "knows what the climate is till he has basked in the almost perpetual sunshine of Tasman's gulf." It is a paradise of summer fruits. Rich orchards of nectarines, pears, peaches, and plums surround the houses. Almost any fruit might be grown there. Over the verandah of the house where we stayed with a relation of Canon Bodington's, a vine ran riot, covered with hundreds of bunches of grapes.

There is a large high-school for girls, and a "Nelson College," belonging to the Church, for boys between the ages of twelve and twenty, containing at that time some thirty boys. Bishops court, to which is attached a theological college, lies behind the town on a slope of the hill, a picturesque group of buildings embowered in wood. The position of the principal church is remarkably fine. It stands on the jutting spur of a hill covered with trees, and a long flight of steps leads down to the main street, which runs straight towards the shore. An acre of land belongs to the church, and the remainder of the site belongs to the town, and is used as a public recreation ground. The name of the town, given it by the New Zealand Company in 1841, has also suggested the names of the streets, which are called Trafalgar, Hardy, Bronté, and so on.

We stayed three nights in Nelson, and on Saturday, the 6th of February, we started by coach at six o'clock for a four days' drive to Hokitika, on the coast of Westland. On the first day we travelled ninety-five miles to Fern Flat. For some thirty miles our way lay through the Waimea

plains, and a railway runs parallel to the road as far as Bellgrove. The richly cultivated plains, with their English homesteads, orchards, hop-yards, and cornfields, busy with harvest, are bounded on the left by a range of hills, and on the right by the river and its estuary, beyond which a high range of mountains runs out to form Cape Farewell. Through the comfortable villages of Richmond, Brightwater, Wakefield, Foxhill, where there is a brewery, and Bellgrove, where there is a comfortable wayside inn, we reached the foot of a mountain pass, and entered the bush. Bishop Selwyn found this district "rapidly advancing into a state of plenty and independence," nor could he "discover a single industrious man who was not in a position of comfort and abundance." On the coach, however, were two men from Australia going to a new gold reef on the Buller river, who contrasted colonial life unfavourably with life at home. They had to carry a fifty or sixty pound swag all day, ford rivers, and lie down at night in damp fern. I need not explain what a swag is. The contents, no doubt, vary, but they always include tools, and generally a good weight of flour neatly strapped in a thick blanket. A West Coast "swagger" may be always distinguished from any other, because he carries his swag strapped upright on his back to avoid catching in the bush. Others, who have lived where bush is more rare, carry the swag strapped across from the shoulder to the waist.

For many miles after leaving Bellgrove, the road positively swarmed with bevies of Californian quail, all the dear little chicks running scrambling about, *and the smart old cock*, with his crest-plumes erect

like a Red Indian chief, perching on a bush conspicuously near the coach, in order to draw away attention from the rest of the family. After crossing the desolate, fern-covered ridge of hills, called "Spooner's Ranges," where we found for the first time the magnificent daisy, called "cotton-plant" from its soft white stem and the downy back of the sword-like leaves, and enjoyed a grand view over the Waimea plains and Nelson Harbour, we descended into the bed of a shingly torrent and out into a plain covered with flax and dracæna, and soon had our first experience of fording a river in a coach. The novelty soon wore off. The river was the Motupiko and was joined by the Motueka. We lunched at a lovely little cottage "quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine" and "sweet musk roses," and with an ideal orchard attached to it. Seeing no fruit on the table, I asked the landlady whether she meant to give us a dish of cherries. "Oh," she said, "you can go into the orchard and help yourself to as many as you like; and green-gages too." A man who was gathering them gave me as much as I could carry away. Here we began to hear tales of the bush-fires, which had been frequent in this, the driest summer that had been known (they said) for twenty years. The grass is long and dry, and when it catches fire, it "all goes off in a puff." The river is quite full of what they call salmon-trout. They may be seen, we were told, by scores, and are very large, even up to fifteen pounds. Our hostess said that sometimes, when she was bobbing for eels with a worm tied to a string (she couldn't bear hooks; she was afraid of them), one of these fish would seize the

worm and run away with it, and then suddenly drop it.

From Motueka for miles and miles we slowly ascended through the bush, until we reached the summit of the pass from which we caught our first view of snow mountains. Beneath us was a deep valley, and the narrow road wound in zigzags down through the bush. The horses (we changed six times in the day) are well accustomed to the work, and swing the coach along at a great pace. There are some queer bits to go round. In one place, under an overhanging rock, we met a huge waggon drawn by five horses. To pass seemed impossible. Our driver was also nodding at the moment, and awoke with a start. He drove with great boldness and skill, as if he meant to go straight over the edge. We could look down through the ferns and see the steep bank sloping to the river far below. Then we stopped. The moment the waggon had passed us, our two leaders reared straight up. I wish an instantaneous photograph could have been taken. It would have been a pretty sight. At another place there was a sharp turn in the road which was an acute angle. A bit of rail, which really was no sort of protection, but only for the look of the thing, perhaps to inspire the passengers on the box with a false sense of security, guarded the apex. As we cleverly swung round it at a quick trot, the horses leaning right over, I said to the driver, "That was rather an awkward bit, wasn't it?" "Yes," he said, with an air of gaiety and unconcern, "we call it the *Grecian Bend*." So we descended into the Hope valley. The bush

was quite different from anything we had seen before. It consisted almost exclusively of black birch—really a beech—growing very thick, and often to a great height, and entirely free from the clinging plants, which are so striking a feature in the northern forests. Here we saw ka-ka parrots and a flight of little green parrots with red heads, shrieking and scrambling over the bushes close to the coach. They are often caught and caged, and learn to speak. In fact, I was told that at the sawmills at Waimate, the parrots used to come round the men at their dinner hour to pick up what they could, and that they grew so tame that the men taught them to say, "Pretty Dick wants a cup of tea." It would be startling to hear the birds in the heart of the wild bush asking pathetically for afternoon tea.

We also saw the wekas, or Maori wood-hens, pecking by the roadside, quite unconcerned, as the coach came thundering past them. These birds cannot fly, and they are very inquisitive. We were told that at a place called Jackson's, on the road between Hokitika and Christchurch, the owner of the house, a pious Christian, used always carefully on Sunday to study a favourite old Bible. One Sunday he missed it, and after hunting for it high and low, he gave up the search. On the following Sunday, as he wandered regretfully through the bush, he came upon a weka with the lost Bible open before her, and all the little wekas in a semicircle round. In these woods we also saw robin grey-breasts.

The Hope river is clear and dark, overhung with black birch, and the same dense forest covers the

steep mountains to their very summit. The Hope valley opens into another, through which the masterful Buller comes rushing down from the lakes Rotorua and Rotoiti green and foaming. The view from Hope Junction looking down stream is one of the grandest I have ever seen, and quite unusual. The steep hills, wooded to the summit, rise on either side to the height of four thousand feet. Down the narrow valley ranges of mountains cross and recross each other, and seem to offer no possible outlet to the broad and foaming river that sweeps and curls round islets and bits of broken shore with groups of graceful trees. The valley gradually narrowed, till the river became deep and smooth between ledges of square rock. It was quite dark, except for the illumination of the bright stars, when we reached Fern Flat, a romantic oasis in the bosom of the hills, where we spent the night. Our morning drive showed us the same magnificent scenery, huge, wooded mountains, among which the pent-up river rushes through rocks and white sand, grand trunks of black birch, and lovely ferns, through which the road ran often at the height of several hundred feet above the river. Here and there a wooden channel or water-race crossed the road, and a gold digger's shanty stood near, and wires were stretched across the river on which was slung a box, or, as it is called by a courtesy title, a chair, the only means of communication between the two banks. We had surprising effects of mist, dense and grey, rolling up from the river, and climbing the steep woods under a glittering *sun*.

Suddenly we came upon the small town of the Lyell. A hotel stands on a jutting headland. The coach swung round this, and we burst all at once into a regular street with hotels and banks, clinging to the side of the hill under the prominent crag, hundreds of feet above the junction of the Lyell creek, which is spanned by a high wooden bridge, and the Buller river. It was a scene that Turner would have loved to paint. It was Sunday, and the streets were full of lounging men. There is a church in the place, and also a chapel, but there was no service whatever. If we had only known this we should certainly have preached in the street. But over the whole of this district there was quite a famine of spiritual things. From the Waimea plains down to Hokitika, a distance, as the crow flies, of some hundred and thirty miles, there was only one priest and one deacon. There seems to be no reason why a clergyman should not be supported at the Lyell; and there is a great opening for the work of itinerating missions.

Three weeks before we passed, the coach came from Hope Junction to the Lyell through the fire. There was only one passenger. It was known that the bush was on fire; but the passenger said to Cassidy, the driver, "If you can manage to drive, I shall be all right lying in the bottom of the coach." So off they set, and came to the place where the bush was burning. It was not at first so bad as they expected; but then the wind rose, and before they had time to risk turning the coach round on that narrow road, the fire closed in behind and cut off their retreat, and then came roaring after them. The driver urged his horses



to their utmost speed. The fire gave chase, and it became a race for life. Although the horses galloped, the fire was too swift for them and caught them up. The coach was all blistered with the heat, the horses were singed, and their manes and tails burned off. The driver's whip was burned in his hand, and his whiskers were singed off. Then through the smoke he saw a clearing. There was a turn in the road; he dashed round it, and was safe. A single fallen tree would have caused them all to be burned to death. This was the only day on which the driver was ever known to be excited, and not without reason.

There are several "claims" at the Lyell. One of them, named the "Alpine," is productive; but most of the claims on the Buller have been abandoned. The rock in the neighbourhood is a rough-grained granite, with large flakes of mica in it.

After crossing the Lyell creek the road ascends, and then leads down to a ferry across the Buller river. It was a lovely spot, that reminded one of the Tweed below Melrose, and would have made a perfect picture. A broad, deep pool of green, swift water, bordered with a margin of white sand and rounded boulders; on the right steep, fern-covered rocks overhung with trees, and a high hill; on the left a bank of brushwood with tall pines, and a cottage, and the road, and behind the pool rocks, trees, and distant hills; in the foreground the coach being driven on to a large raft, with groups of passengers, and a man on horseback. The raft is attached to a strong wire rope slung high above the stream. A wheel in a sort of pulley-block runs *along the rope*, and the action of the stream on

the punt floats it across the stream, aided by the vigorous propulsion and guidance of a ferryman with a long sweep.

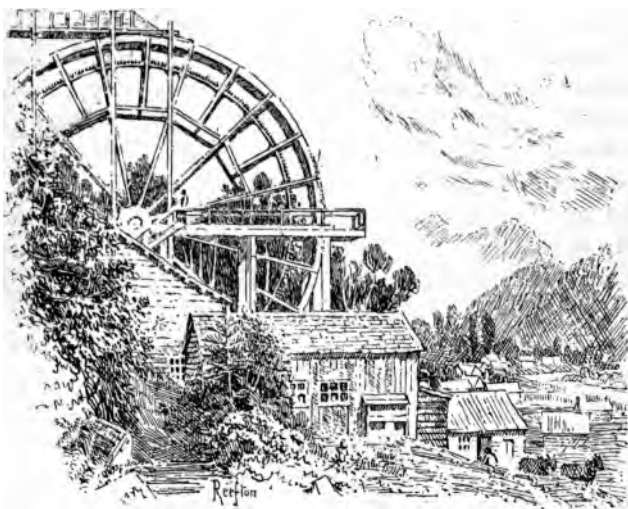
There is a marked absence in this black-birch bush—as in all New Zealand woods—of flowers. But in many places the musk has seeded itself, as in California; on the hills were several veronica shrubs; and by the Buller the lace-bark (*Plagianthus Lyallii*), not unlike a wild cherry, was blooming profusely. Everywhere the graceful bush-lawyer, a kind of creeping bramble with curved, retentive thorns, hung down its long streamers of tiny, sweet blackberries.

The journey from Nelson to the Lyell is little known. It is quite out of the track of tourists. But it is well worth seeing by travellers who can trust themselves to Cassidy in spite of the "*Grecian Bends*."

Between the Lyell and Christie's Junction, where the Buller falls into the Inangahua and rushes down through a fine gorge to Westport, the scenery gradually tames down. The united river is spanned by a very fine wooden bridge, and groves of splendid kahikatea pines, with their masses of dark, thick foliage, grow beside the river. By the roadside was a wealth of big, ripe blackberries. From here to the mining town of Reefton is a flat straight drive of five and twenty miles, crossed by innumerable creeks through which the coach lurches and splashes.

Reefton, as the name implies, is a gold-mining station. It is built, as usual, entirely of wood, and almost every other house is a hotel. We preached and gave an instruction at night, and

also on Monday, in the little barn-like church. On Monday, as there was no coach, we had to spend the day where we were, and we walked up the valley to the gold-mining villages of Black's Point and Crushington. There were several batteries for stamping the quartz, worked by large water-wheels. We were accompanied by a charming companion, a Government surveyor, who was



at that time visiting the place. He has power to give persons who have bought land from the Government a "certificate of title." This is under "Torrens' Act" for the simplification of land-transfer, which first came into force in New South Wales. In each district there is a land-commission, with a chief commissioner ; all claims are brought before them, and they sell the Crown lands. The

native reserve in this island has long ago been fixed, and all the remainder taken up by the Crown. The land was bought from the natives at about a farthing an acre. The Government is now, through native land courts, giving the natives legal titles to their property, so that they may sell or do what they like with it.

Our Tuesday's drive was a wet one. We started early in a steady downpour, and again at mid-day there was a deluge of wet. A New Zealand shower comes down quite straight. It makes a direct attack. Escape is impossible, and the chances of effective defence are slight. At the almost-deserted mining village of Ahaura, with its pretentious street, a woman got on the box beside us, refusing to go inside, and put up her umbrella, which drenched us with a steady stream till I gave up the box and retired inside. Inside was a Chinaman, wearing a massive gold ring of his own digging, weighing four pennyweights. All this district is peopled by gold miners, and there is a large colony of Chinamen, funny little fellows, like toy men, with old, wizened faces, and wearing blue jackets with gold buttons. They always work on the top, and can never be persuaded to descend a shaft either for gold or coal.

"No gold to-day, Tom?" said the driver to a boy who handed him a bag. Every Tuesday he takes the gold to the bank at Greymouth. The batteries had been stopped for want of water.

The driver of the coach gets five pounds a week. Our last relay was a good one. The three leaders were bought for twenty pounds apiece; one of the

wheelers for fourteen pounds. This is a very fair price in the colony. At one of the relays I observed a horse with a foot or two of rope dangling at his tail. I asked what it was. "Oh!" said Cassidy, "he's a bit light behind; we put that on to balance him." We soon found out the meaning of the riddle. The animal—who, by the way, was called "Peter"—began to kick, and kicked over the traces. The driver got down and lifted—a risky bit of work—the horse's legs back, and then knotted the rope with a good pull to his tail and fastened it to the bar. When Peter next gave a kick he was reminded of his duty by a sharp tug behind. Peter also very nearly fell as we raced downhill to a bridge. At one inn we met two waggons and seventeen horses. I do not know whether reliance is to be given to our driver's natural history, but he assured us that both hares and pheasants in the colony bred three times in the year, and that the wekas suck the pheasants' eggs. The cats, he said, destroyed many pheasants.

A few miles above Greymouth we came to a narrow gorge of the Grey river. On one side is Taylorville, and on the other Brunnerton. These are coal-mining stations, flourishing and increasing. There is a vast quantity of coal, and its proximity to the seaport of Greymouth, accessible by rail and by boat, renders it a very profitable industry. The annual output of coal is about seventy thousand tons. It has been said that this west coast alone, the land of gold and coal, is worth £300,000,000; which, considering that £25,000,000 of gold have already been exported from this district, must be a moderate computation. If it ever adopts a

special coat-of-arms, the heraldic colours ought to be *sable* and *or*.

From Taylorville into Greymouth, a distance of eight miles, we raced a train, and arrived just behind it. As we could not reach Hokitika that night, we determined to stay where we were.

Greymouth is a straggling town, lying along the left bank of the river; there is a long wharf where two or three steamers are moored, and a wooden pier runs out into the sea beside the bar, about a mile from the town, and the long waves roar on the piled broken rocks on which it is built. The Chinese were keeping their New Year's festival, and crackers were snapping about the streets, as if it had been Guy Fawkes' Day.

## CHAPTER II.

EARLY next day we left in a tramcar drawn by one horse, and took the mails with us. The rails are wooden, and are laid in a narrow cutting through the bush. The effect is that of a prolonged avenue, extending fourteen miles. How little her Majesty knows how her mails are delivered! The letters are chucked out by the driver as he goes along; sometimes they are flung quite into the bush, where there is not even a post with the magic V.R. to protect them. In one place a retriever ran down to meet the tram, and raced off with a newspaper in his mouth. The first part of the way lies alongside the roaring sea, bordered with low sand-hills overgrown with grand flax. Then the line plunges into the dense bush, and the ferns and trees brush the windows. In one place a tree-trunk forms a fantastic arch across the road. I gathered two lovely white orchids in profuse blossom, hanging from the same tree (*Dendrobium Cunninghamii* and *Earina autumnalis*). The umbrella-fern grows in great abundance.

The river Teremakau, broad and swift, with high precipitous banks, divides the dioceses of Nelson and Christchurch.

Here we had a new experience in travel. We flew across in a cage slung on wires, with very much the same rapid swoop that a swallow makes as he darts across a pool at a dancing gnat, except



that, as we skimmed away, we did not dip our wings. The wires looked so slight and the cage so heavy, when freighted, that it was a relief to see the luggage fly across first, and to be assured that



the wires can bear the tension. The flight was seven hundred and fifty feet. Another tram took us on through the bush to Kumara, and from thence by coach, on jolting iron springs instead of the usual leathern ones, we reached Hokitika, and began our mission that night in the well-appointed wooden church; where the singing was led by a little surpliced choir, only the second we had seen since leaving England.

Hokitika is situated at the mouth of a river, and there is a wharf where ships from Nelson and other ports can be seen moored. Hokitika and all these West Coast towns have a dreary, deserted look. The population has dwindled away. It is the fate of gold-digging towns. At first there is an excited rush to the newly discovered El Dorado, and the place is crowded and busy; then the golden dream fades away and the volatile population disappears. For a few days the weather was stormy and cold, and dense masses of frowning clouds brooded low upon the hills; but the view from Hokitika on a fine day is very beautiful. There is a range of mountains rising up into the regions of snow, clothed with bush that descends into the broad plain, the river winding down to the bright sea, and far away across the sea shine the two snowy peaks of Mount Tasman, displaying between them the sharp summit of Mount Cook, Aorangi, the sky-piercer, as lofty as the Matterhorn, and rolling its huge glaciers almost down to the sea level.

Near the parsonage is a small church school, and every morning some fifty children come to the church to be taught, before going to their

board-school lessons. All honour is due to the New Zealand Church—and I must add, to the Roman Catholics—for maintaining their schools in the face of the strong opposition presented by the Government free schools, where no religion is taught.

Canon Bodington's mission lasted twelve days, and included a service, attended by a crowd of miners, at Rimu, five miles to the south. The miners are very hearty and genial. They do not make much profession of religion, but they are impressible and warm-hearted, and, when they are moved, are strongly in earnest. When my friend left Hokitika in the early morning, one of these good fellows stopped the coach a mile out of the town, in order to grasp his hand and thank him for the mission, and to ask his acceptance of a little gold anchor made from the precious metal dug by himself, and to say farewell with a hearty "God bless you, sir." There are many Presbyterians in this neighbourhood, and many Roman Catholics also. I found several of the latter on this coast who had ceased to attend the Roman Church, perhaps because, like a lady I met in Auckland, they found "too many intricacies" in it, and had attended instead the English Church, but were doubtful whether we recognized their Confirmation, and would admit them to the Communion.

A very touching story of his life was told by one miner, who was a Swede. When he was young he had a great desire to be a missionary in India, and had studied with this intention. A Swedish bishop, however, dissuaded him from it, judging him, no doubt, unfitted in some way for

the work. He abandoned the idea and became a sailor. In England he joined the Church, and was confirmed. Then he emigrated to New Zealand, and became an avowed atheist. But, even while professing to be an atheist, he used to pray that if there was a God he might find Him. One night, by accident, he took up the Bible instead of a Shakspeare. Finding out what it was, he flung it down in disgust, and then, a minute after, idly took it up, and it opened at the story of the Prodigal Son. He read the parable through with a new and a deeper interest. That old story won him, as it has won so many, from his unbelief and indifference ; and from that day his Bible became his constant companion.

Another pathetic story of a different nature was told me. A "loafer" is a man who gets his loaf given him instead of working for it. And Old Billy is a loafer. He is well known, and a general favourite. He was once a rich man, and had £1300 in the bank. He was always generous and ready to help others in distress so long as he had the means. But on one unlucky day he backed a bill for a man, who is now a successful merchant, and lost all he had. It was too late to begin life again, and Billy was getting old ; so he said that, as he'd done his best for his mates while he had "the sugar," he must now look to his mates to keep him. Once he'd helped the world, now the world must help him. And his kind-hearted friends acknowledge the justice of the case, and say Old Billy is in his right ; and he never lacks a bit of something when they've got it to give. He was in the navy during the Crimean War, and

has his medals to show. But he never had a home. All he can remember is being on board ship. Whenever the ship was going back to port, all the sailors were talking of going home, and whom they should see, and what they would do. But there was nobody waiting for Billy; he had no place to go to but the lodging-house. And while his mates were buying little presents for "the old woman," or the youngers, or Peggy, or Sue, Billy might buy, but it would only be for his own room or the museum. "I used to cry by myself," says Old Billy, "many a time." And, even if he mixes now and then, as jolly old tars are wont to do, his glass of grog stronger than he ought, let us pray that the generous and lonely Old Billy may have his frustrated longings satisfied, and find a home at last.

Amongst these men I found odd instances of refinement. One man's favourite book for reading, I remember, was "Ecce Homo;" another treasured an exquisite miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell, for which he had refused a hundred guineas. These were genuine working-men. But it is not uncommon to find men born in higher station and educated at the Universities, who have adopted from choice or from necessity the toil of labourers.

In Tasmania a man who made his living by sinking wells, had in his *wharè* a little library of classical books and English poets, and a selection of English novels. After a hard day's work he used to come home and "have a wash up," and then enjoy thoroughly a quiet evening, reading Cicero's letters to Atticus, or the *Ædipus Coloneus*, or, if the thought of his daily work inclined him

in that direction, the musical lines of the Roman Tennyson, "O fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro."

Another Latin scholar was driving a bullock-team for a farmer in the great Canterbury plains. And the "Boots" in a hotel, where we alighted from the coach, was an Oxford graduate. Whether the unfailing polish of the city of many spires imparted an extra "shine" to our shoes, I cannot now say; but there is no doubt that gentlemen when they come out stand the rough life better than any others, and work splendidly. So we were told by those who know. There are, however, two different and opposite ideals of colonial life. Some men well born and well educated take up the roughest work and live a downright hard life, and yet preserve all their culture and refinement; others, in their excessive anxiety to be radically colonial, live always in picnic, and, even when their fortunes are made, stable their men like horses and treat their horses like pigs.

Five miles north of Hokitika is the small Maori settlement of Arahura, on a river of the same name. They have a little church and a native reader. On Easter Day all the communicants walked into Hokitika for the early Communion. They arrived an hour too soon, and squatted on the grass in the churchyard, women and all, smoking, till the bell rang and the doors opened. Maoris are extremely sensitive. If they are told, for instance, that they have been bewitched, they give up all hopes of life, and say that they do not expect to live three days; and at the appointed hour they die of imagination. The chief of Arahura not long ago was brought before a court of

inquiry about some land business. The chief had committed some small act of dishonesty. A colonist would have pleaded not guilty and brazened the matter out. But the Maori was of a different mood. He felt so guilty, and was so deeply ashamed of himself, that his mind was affected, and in his misery and despair he hanged himself in the native meeting-hall.

After helping in the mission at Hokitika for three nights I went back on the Greymouth road to conduct missions at Stafford, Waimea, and Kumara. These three places, together with a wide reach of country, are worked as one parish, although Stafford and Kumara are ten miles apart; but for seven months there had been no clergyman there at all. During the whole of that time the good schoolmaster, a licensed reader, took the services at all the places, driving the ten miles every Sunday night to Kumara to read the service and a printed sermon, and then, with his Monday's work before him, driving home ten miles, sometimes in a storm of rain and wind. When the vestry at Kumara sent him a present of £10, he thanked them courteously and returned the gift, saying that he was glad he had been able to do something for the Church. Where the Church has such generous and devoted laymen as this she need fear nothing, so long as she is faithful to herself and to her opportunities. The mission at Stafford lasted four days, and in spite of the drenching rains it was well attended, chiefly by men, some of whom walked four or five miles through the dripping bush; and at the last service, when they had all gone out, they returned and

made a little speech of thanks, asking me to thank the bishop for letting them share in the mission; and, as a result of the mission, they instituted a weekly Bible-class and prayer-meeting among themselves. Every morning about a dozen boys and girls, who formed the choir, came spontaneously, as a matter of course, to the early Communion, and sang ("Hymns Ancient and Modern" is the national hymn-book of New Zealand) "I am not worthy," and "Jesu, gentlest Saviour," and the Kyrie. The fervour, devotion, and simplicity of this little, unpretending choir was delightful.

Stafford was once named Peg-leg, after the first inhabitant, who, through an accident, was deficient in his powers of locomotion. At last the Government surveyor told this person, whose wooden limb was on the high-road to geographical fame, that the name of the settlement really would not do in a serious map and a grave Government report, and that it must be altered, and he gave Peg-leg his choice. So Peg-leg called it Stafford, after the name of his old English county. In the height of the gold-fever this was an important town. I am afraid to repeat the number of thousands who were said to inhabit it in the age of gold. Now there are only a few hundred. Some live in the town, which is one irregular street up and down hill, lying beside a stream in a valley, with low, wooded hills on either side. Others live in scattered groups in the bush, and, coming from all parts of the globe, impart their nationality to the names of their residences. One place is called Scandinavian Hill; another, German Gully;

and another, Greeks. One of the churchwardens was a Boer from the Cape ; and in the street of Waimea you hear nothing spoken but Italian, and I baptized a black-eyed baby in the church by the names of Victor Menotti.

I stayed with the excellent and hospitable schoolmaster. His house stands on a goose-green, and so does the church. Ten geese and a whole rout of ducks and fowls lived at the head of my bed, divided from me, however, by an inch plank, and in the very early morning, when they shook off their delicious dreams of gobbling black slugs and awoke panting for water, their discordant cries—that peculiar scream, a despairing *accele-rando* and *diminuendo*, of a duck, when it can't get its own way—was an effectual though uncertain alarum. However, I ate one of them on Sunday, and I would gladly have eaten one every day. After eating my duck I drove to Waimea, also called Goldsborough, for an afternoon service.

At Stafford I made the acquaintance of a delightful person who came from my own county—a Mrs. Bramhall, from Glossop, in Derbyshire, a thoroughly good-natured, old-fashioned, comfortable person, the wife of a gold-digger at Stafford, and one of what we should call in Derbyshire the “regular old standards” of the place. She was gifted with a beautiful voice and a retentive memory, and long before there was any service at Peg-leg, she used on Sunday nights to sing the old church hymns she loved so well. Men used to “roll up” (the colonial expression does not imply insobriety) to the well-known wooden cottage among the kahikatea pines till



the place was so full that they could not move ; they looked in at the doorway and crowded round the windows, and sat on the hillside about the house ; and silent tears fell down those rough weather-beaten faces as they listened to "When I survey," or "There is a land of pure delight," or "Rock of ages." It reminded them of home.

This lady was, and is, a regular pillar of the Church. When first a service was begun, her husband dissuaded her from going ; "Nobody goes to church," he said. "If nobody goes to church," she replied, "I'm going back to Glossop. I didn't come out here with you to be a heathen."

When first they came out they settled on Piper's Flat, a little distance on the Hokitika road. They were finding gold all round, but Bramhall and his mates, although their claim was in the very middle of the rest, could find nothing. They sunk four or five times, but to no purpose. The mine proved a "duffer." Then they set up a store. The goods were brought on a long string of pack-horses, led in single file along the track through the bush. When all the claims on Piper's Flat had been worked out, and their claim might, no doubt, have been "jumped" by somebody else—that is, their right to the claim might have lapsed through neglect—one day at dinner Bramhall said, "Let's have another try at the old duffer." So they got to work, and for three days they were bailing out the water ; but nothing turned up, and his mates called to Bramhall to come out. "Give me half an hour," he said ; "the dirt's changing." But no ; they said it was no good, and made him leave. Then at dinner they began talking, and

determined to have a last try in the afternoon. They sent up a pan of dirt, and took it down to the house and began to wash it. They didn't say much, but began to talk in a low tone. Then they went back to the claim. "Send us up another bucketful of that dirt," they said. They took it to the house and washed it. That week every man of the party made £40.



### CHAPTER III.

KUMARA is a most interesting place. It is three hundred feet above the sea, which is just visible on the horizon. The town, which was in its first decade, consists of two long streets at right angles, Dillman's Town, about a mile off, and "The Larrikins," half a mile further. Dillman's Town, a long, low, irregular line of grey houses intermingled with lofty pines, is built on the crest of a ridge, which is covered with exquisite bush, where the climbing rata (*Metrosideros florida*), perhaps the most lovely variety, displays its spikes of gorgeous bloom. The ridge slopes sharply down to the wide, shingly Teremakau, which is deep green, and winds among wooded hills and groves of stately kahikatea, rimu, and tree-fern. Above the houses and the ridge are ranges of grand blue mountains, and between the mountains is a glistening line of alpine snow. In the immediate foreground the boulders are covered with a blood-red lichen. The scenery reminds one of Corsica, and is not unlike the country between Calvi and Corte or between Evisa and Vico. Kumara is the best gold-mining station in the South Island,

as the Thames is in the North. But the manner of obtaining the gold is entirely different. At the Thames it is found in the rock, and crushed out. At Kumara it is found in the earth, and washed out. At the Thames the gold is dug from its original birth-place; at Kumara it is found after passing through a process of change in Nature's laboratory. Here Nature has already done the crushing. The ridge at Kumara may be the moraine of an ancient glacier. The quartz has been pounded and ground down by the march of the ice, and deposited in the sloping terrace of earth and black sand. Water is the most necessary thing for the west coast miners. It is what they long for most, and the want of it is their chief complaint. Two pelting days a week they require to make them happy, and while the traveller is dripping from what he considers a prolonged and heavy downpour, the miners look anxiously at the sky and complain that it is so sadly dry. To supply the miners with water, the Government has brought water down from the hills in a water-race, rivalling the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna, at a cost of £37,000, and tunnelled a "sludge-channel," at a cost of £17,000, through the Kumara ridge to carry off the water, after it has been used, and the *débris* that it hustles along in its furious course, down to the Teremakau river. Besides the Government race, there is another built by a private speculator, and these wooden aqueducts and the smaller ones belonging to the various claims, crossing and recrossing in every direction on lofty scaffolding, make up a bit of intricate and busy scenery unlike anything else. But the miners have

to pay for their water, and they pay for it by the "head." A head of water is a volume twenty inches wide by two deep, and they pay £2 10s. per head. Each claim has the water—six or seven heads—for three hours every day. The *Kumara Times* (for the place has a good daily journal) was anxiously proving that the Government obtained a return of six per cent. upon its outlay. At Stafford, where the gold is nearer the surface, a miner may claim forty square feet; at Kumara he may claim a hundred. For this he has to pay the Government annually £1 for a "miner's right." He also has to pay 3s. 6d. for a dam, for a head-race, and for a tail-race, and a duty of 2s. per ounce for the gold, for which (after paying duty) he obtains £3 16s. per ounce.

It is very interesting to watch the men at work. The scene of their labours is like a large earthen quarry with high banks. The water is conducted from the Government race through a private race to their diggings, and then with terrific force discharged (I suppose it would be too bold to say, although it exactly expresses it, that the water was fired) through a "giant nozzle" like a cannon at the earthen sides of the quarry. The water bangs against the cliff, pours down the kind of moraine that is formed at the base, and washes in a foaming torrent everything but the big boulders down the channel of wood, called the tail-race, on the top of which is planted the giant nozzle. One man stands by the nozzle to aim it; two or three others, clothed in sou'wester, mackintosh, and fisherman's long boots, and armed with a crooked pitchfork, called a "drag," walk about in the torrent and

rake away the boulders to give the water and auriferous sand free passage into the tail-race, where the precious burden may be deposited. Two others are a mile away, at the bottom of the sludge-channel, raking a free passage for the water to escape into the river. The manner of catching the gold is simple. The bottom of the tail-race is paved with blocks of stone, or sometimes wood, not too close, but leaving gaps between, and the gold, being heavier than the sand, drops in the chinks between. Every seven weeks the men take up the blocks for some fifty yards, and turn on the water to wash away the sand. Then they go along the race (it must be an exciting moment) and pick up the yellow lumps that they see lying about or sticking up in the sand. I watched the process one day, and the men had got the bottom of a sugar-basin filled with lumps the size of dice or nuts. Very beautiful it looked. I quite understand the fascination and witchery of this lovely queen of metals. And I think St. Lawrence (as reported by Prudentius) would not have spoken so contemptuously of the base and grovelling origin of gold, if he had seen the churchwarden of Kumara washing up and panning out his gold under the open splendour of a New Zealand February sky.

When the nuggets are secured, the men take "the cream" of the gold from the race and put it in a pan. They pour water on it, and then wash it round and round with a circular motion so as to float the sand to the top, and skim it away into another vessel. The gold is not mere dust. It lies in lumps and flakes. When it has been washed enough, a magnet is applied to it and to what

remains of the black sand, magnetic oxide of iron ; and the square, coarse granules cling and hang from the magnet like a swarm of bees from a bough. All but the cream of the gold is washed by water over a flannel cascade till the flannel retaining the deposited metal shines like cloth of gold. When the gold is quite dry it is blown, and whatever refuse there may be from the various processes is mixed with quicksilver, which captures the minute particles. There are generally three or four partners to each claim, and they employ labourers at £3 a week. The partners, of course, divide the profits. One man told me that he and his partners got about two hundred and twenty ounces at one wash up, or £160 each partner ; on another occasion they got £125 each. On some claims they wash the "tailings" just before Christmas, and consider the profit as pocket money. This miner strongly expressed his preference for life in the colonies, and contrasted the lot of a working-man obtaining £3 a week, and buying meat at 4*d.* a pound, with the lot of an English labourer receiving 12*s.* or 15*s.* a week, and having to pay 10*d.* or 11*d.* a pound for meat. Many say the same. A woman remarked to me, "You seem more free here. You can go where you like in the bush. At home, if a man stopped to look at a field, the farmer said, 'What's that man doing there? Is he looking after the game?'"

Gold is also obtained from the sea-shore. A party of men once astonished the bank by bringing in four hundredweight (so it was said) of gold, which they had washed out near Greymouth.

The scene on the slope of the ridge below

Dillman's Town is extraordinary. The various tail-races and the Government sludge are continually pouring down stones and boulders, and these, like a huge, desolating avalanche, have overwhelmed the valley, buried the trees up to their very summit, and forced the Teremakau to eat out the opposite bank and entirely alter its course. The sludge foams down in great fury. Three men have fallen into it. One was found buried under the stones at the foot, with his boots just sticking out over the top of the water. The other two men were almost unhurt.

There are some places always connected in my mind with tunes. Stafford is one of them. It is associated with Sankey's tune for "There is a fountain." I have only to hum the tune, and all the feeling of the place and the tune comes back to me. Kumara is another. I always think of it in connection with the martial tune (really an adaptation of the Marseillaise) of "Faith of our fathers." There was a large and very hearty choir of little people, and every night we sang this hymn together—

"And by the truth that comes from God,  
O then indeed we shall be free,"

as we stood at the corner of the street half an hour before the evening service. I found two banners with Easter texts on them. Two boys carried these. I went down in my surplice, bell in hand, followed by the choir, and, after one hymn, I spoke for twenty minutes or more. It was a picturesque sight to see them all—a grand crowd of men from all parts of the world, Chinamen and all—standing there attentive and respectful. Kumara is reputed



to be a very wicked place, and I half expected a row; but the men were as good—and better—than their own gold. A man once tried to interrupt by making derisive remarks, but this tentative mockery met with no response, and the man slunk back to the public-house—I beg pardon, the hotel. All these houses are conspicuously called hotels, and at Reefton, Hokitika, Kumara, Stafford, and Goldsborough, the street appears to be composed of them. Perhaps—to be accurate—for a considerable distance every third house is a hotel. This is one aspect of “local option,” which is universally the law in New Zealand. You get extremes. At Auckland there are very few. On the west coast there is nothing else. All depends on majorities, which, in turn, depend on temperance societies. Sir Wilfrid Lawson would be astonished at the result of his darling legislation.

From our corner we marched to church, singing “Daily, daily.” I also preached every midday with “bell and book” in the street at Dillman’s Town.

That west coast, with its grand mountains over-arched with glorious blue, its glittering snows, and clear green streams, and deep woods with endless ferns and gorgeous rata, and the hearty, hospitable, warm-hearted miners, will always remain with me a happy memory.

I can well understand the raptures of most travellers who make the famous coach journey from Christchurch to the west coast. They describe it as grander than anything in the Alps, the Carpathians, or the Himalayas. This is certainly an exaggeration. The mountains that over-

hang the road are not more than eight thousand feet high, and it is only now and then that a real glacier is seen straggling from the precipices. What takes people by surprise is the sudden contrast between the eastern and western sides of the great Alpine range. The voyager from England lands at Christchurch, which is English to the backbone. He traverses the huge plain to Springfield in a railway carriage, and then for a day and a half winds in and out, up and down, among the wild and heaving desolations, for miles and miles treeless and barren and solitary, till he arrives at the summit of the Otira Gorge. Then the whole scene changes. The gorge is filled with glorious blossom, and the descent into the valley of the Teremakau is a plunge into all the wealth of the New Zealand bush, with its groves of pines and avenues of tree-ferns and rich variety of ferns.

We were already familiar with the exquisite beauty of the New Zealand bush in the Waitemata district, the Thames, Tauranga, Taranaki, and Inangahua, as well as Westland, so that, while there were continual changes of beauty, there was no grand surprise. Canon Bodington arrived at Kumara by the coach, and our way lay through Dillman's Town and up the valley of the Teremakau. Tree-ferns spread their broad and delicate fronds in royal luxuriance, and the rare *Todea superba* is abundant. The road winds along the foot of the lofty hills, wooded to the top, on the left bank of the river, and between the groups of white pines or black birch the broad shingly river flashed silver in the hot sunlight. The woods are like some glorious shrubbery that might present

itself in a dream, and overhead rise the great mountains, swathed in deep woods, and sometimes tipped or streaked with snow. This valley gives me in memory the same feeling as the upper part of the Rhone Valley near the glacier, except that it is infinitely more rich in wood. The quaint notes of the tui and the musical octaves of the bell-bird—from the lower to the upper Do—haunt these delightful bowers. And the great, green pigeon, with his snowy apron, dashes fluttering through the evergreen foliage. Two torrents, the rough and the smooth Wainini, are crossed before the more formidable Taipo is reached. Here we dismounted and crossed a wire bridge, so elastic and unstable that it sends the traveller dancing giddily to the opposite bank, while the lumbering coach plunges through the water lower down. The view up the gully down which the stream rushes is quite alpine in outline, and would form a good subject for a picture. The road turns sharp to the right along the Otira river, which is crossed at the foot of the celebrated Otira Gorge. Here there is a picturesque wooden hotel, which, with the ponderous coach and the groups of horses and travellers, forms an interesting foreground to the sort of Lauterbrunnen view of the narrow valley behind, steeply enclosed by wooded mountains, rocks, and snow.

The road up the gorge is a work of skill and daring. It winds in and out in sharp zigzags round the cliffs, dripping with melted snows and hung with *hymenophyllum*; built up sometimes on heavy timber, sometimes crossing the leaping water on a bridge, and at last sweeping to the

summit in wide curves through dense shrubberies, all ablaze with the dazzling blossom of the rata (*Metrosideros lucida*). A few weeks earlier, the summit of the pass—a green Alp three thousand feet above the sea-level—is brilliant with masses of a giant white ranunculus (*R. Lyallii*), and also the great cotton-plant daisy, with flowers sometimes more than two feet high (*Celmisia Monroi*). We could find no flowers of the ranunculus, only the large, undivided, circular leaves as round as wine bowls, clear green and prominently veined. Descending the pass on the other side, we saw a pair of kea parrots, very strong on the wing, wheeling round the crags like ravens. Certainly they had a right—if any—to become birds of prey, when the prey came within reach.

It was dark before we reached the Bealey, or Glacier Hotel, where we were to spend the night. For a mile or two we drove in the dusk down the broad, shingly bed of the Bealey river. It is a weird, desolate place, eminently suited for a tragedy. If there were any wolves in New Zealand, they would certainly rush out here upon the coach and pull down the leaders, as they stumbled and splashed across the creeks and pools, and scrambled along through the water-worn boulders. We were a load of twenty—thirteen on the top; and we remarked what a curious sight it would be to our friends in England if they could see us clinging to the top of this top-heavy coach, in the bed of a mile-wide river, with no pretence at a road, the sun gone down behind the mountains, and the deep shadows merging into night. Ahead of us, behind the Glacier Hotel, the hillside was

strangely flickering with bush-fires. At length we emerged on the shore of the wide, waste Waimakariri river that flows from the glaciers and snows of Mount Harman and Mount Rolleston, dimly gleaming far off in the uncertain light, tears a way through the Alps into the Canterbury plains, and at last sweeps past Kaiapoi into Pegasus Bay. It is a grand, wild river, and forms a glittering, fascinating feature of the view from the Port Hills between Christchurch and Lyttelton. The shingly torrents are very dangerous. "New-chums" often despise them, but old colonists well know the danger, and cross with caution. The beds of these east coast streams, the Hurunui, the Waimakariri, the Rakaia, the Ashburton, the Rangitata, and the Waitaki, are very broad and swift, and the streams constantly change their course with such rapid caprice that previous knowledge of fords is of little use. A story is told of a waggoner who encamped for the night on the bank of the swirling, ice-cold Waimakariri, with his big waggon loaded with great, square bales of wool to be shipped at Lyttelton, and his team of eight or ten horses, and muttered to himself, as he looked upon the swift stream rushing capriciously through its mile-wide bed of sand and shingle, "Whativer i' the warld shall I do to git over yon blooming river?" In the morning, when the waggoner awoke, the Waimakariri was behind him. This story is ideal, and is arranged so as to leave on the mind a vivid impression of the fickle changeability of these rapid and wandering waters. But it is quite true that at Waimate, after long and anxious importunity on the part of some

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of the inhabitants, a bridge was at length built across the stream, and the very night after it was completed the stream altered its course, ceased to flow at all beneath the bridge, and ran entirely on the town side of it, and quite cut off the bridge from the approaching road. The bridge stood for some time, and at last was pulled down as absolutely useless. It had never been used. No foot had ever crossed it.

The Waimakariri was shrunk to a small stream as we plunged through it in the dark, Davis cheerily singing, "One more river to cross," as he flicked at the off leader in an encouraging and confidential manner. The Glacier Hotel, a wooden, one-storied building, with two large rooms and a number of small cubicles divided by thin partitions, was overcrowded with passengers going east and west; the loud talking went on till a late hour, and began again at four in the morning, when the travellers bound for the west coast rose and departed. It was not long before we followed their example, and started in the opposite direction under the guidance of Cassidy, the owner of the coach. The day was wet and cloudy, and the snowy sources of the river were hidden from our view. The road winds alongside the overhanging bank of the river, at some height above it. The scenery during the whole day was grand but desolate. Nothing could be finer than the bold outline and grouping of the mountains, with rivers and lakes at their feet and castled rocks on their sloping sides; but not a tree, hardly a shrub, relieved the dull monotony of the burnt grass. Here we made the acquaintance of the "wild Irishman," and re-

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newed our acquaintance with the "wild Spaniard." These are not roving Fenians or guerilla soldiers, but stationary plants that hold their own and only act on the defensive. The "Irishman" is a shrub beset with the most fearful thorns. It is difficult to see what this uninviting plant possesses which it needs so ferociously to defend. The "Spaniard" is more of the nature of a thistle, and its leaves are like bayonets, sometimes hooked at the end with cruel and merciless ingenuity. But, beside these unattractive children of Ishmael, we found on Porter's Pass a grand white gentian in abundance. This pass, three thousand feet above the sea-level, is the last ridge which is crossed before the wide sweeping waste of the Canterbury plains bursts upon the view.

Springfield is the terminus of the railway ; and a slow journey of three hours brought us in the dark to the city of Christchurch, where we were met by some of the clergy and escorted to our temporary lodgings in Armagh Street.



#### CHAPTER IV.

THERE is a natural inclination to suppose that, because the three islands are included under the single name of New Zealand, they must be all alike. But they are widely different. They might, so far as physical geography is concerned, be called different countries, in the same sense as England is a different country from Spain. The latitude they cover is surprising. Although in size they are rather less than Great Britain and Ireland, yet the extremes are as far apart as Newcastle and Naples. There is, of course, a variety of temperature. Auckland is semi-tropical, while the climate of Dunedin is not unlike the climate of the Isle of Wight. But the climate of New Zealand is everywhere variable. When Mr. Augustus Sala, who visited the colony during our stay, was asked



how he liked the climate of New Zealand, he inquired, "Which?" And the Americans say there is no climate, but only samples. Westland is wet, and Canterbury is dry. The rainfall at Hokitika is almost five times as great as it is at Christchurch.

Again, the North Island is volcanic, the South Island is alpine. The scenery is quite different. It differs as much as the scenery of Kent from that of the canton of Berne. And the people are different. The North Island is still Maori-land, and contains some forty thousand natives, tattooed and independent. The South Island is as British as Britain, and the thinly scattered fifteen hundred Maoris are ordinary Christian villagers. They have, no doubt, a few little superstitions about sorcery, romantic pets with which they have found it hard to part, but not more, perhaps, than the Derbyshire peasant, who cures his little child of the whooping-cough by passing it three times under a briar that has layered itself, chanting all the time—

"Under the brere,  
Under the brere ;  
We come to leave the king cough here ;"

and, when this fails, finds a second and a sovereign remedy in stealing a bit of bread-and-butter from a woman who has married a husband bearing the same surname as herself, and feeds the innocent with the fruit of his crafty deed.

A good impression of the general features of the country is obtained from the broken, craggy ridge of the Port Hills, which separate the capital city of Canterbury from its sequestered port of Lyttelton. The broken foreground of sloping moor and meadow, where sheep are grazing on the rough

tussocky grass, or being driven within an iron-railed fold by the professional bark of the collie and the shout of the real Scotch shepherd, dips down with many curves and hollows, interrupted by crags and boulders of purple, black, and red volcanic stone, to the parks and shrubberies and white country houses, with green verandahs, of the old gentry of the new world. From the foot of these bleak hills the prodigious and fertile plains, intersected by the broad sweep of the Waimakariri flashing like silver, and the cool, placid stillness of the sleepy Avon, stretch north and south and west, planted with English and Australian timber, and dotted with homesteads and villages. At the right is the grand, yellow curve of Pegasus Bay, fringed with lines of white foam; and on the left is the faint streak of Ellesmere Salt Lake, the haunt of duck and black swan, and Canterbury Bight, of which it is an inlet. And right across the whole of the western horizon, in one lofty wall, the giant range of glittering Alps, robed in winter almost to the foot in a spotless sheet of snow, reaches in a grand perspective more than two hundred miles, from the triple peak of the Kaikouras—the sleepless “Lookers-on” that watch the great steamers, the *Rimutaka*, the *Aorangi*, or their own namesake rushing northward to Wellington or Auckland, as they watched a century ago the white sails of the *Resolution* bearing their great discoverer, Captain Cook, who first gave them their name—to Mount Peel and the faint, ghostly peaks “fringing the southern sky” near Timaru, satellites of the giant Aorangi. In the centre of the landscape is the city of Christchurch, mapped around

the lofty cathedral spire and pleasantly shaded by trees. The view is really not unlike Milan and the plains of Lombardy, with the glorious panorama of the Alps from the Bernina Mountains to the Great St. Bernard.

But the town of Christchurch itself is not Italian. It is English and Cantabrigian. It is very different from what it was some forty years ago, when the "Canterbury Pilgrims" first arrived. Then it was a treeless plain diversified with flax swamps and an occasional dracæna. Now it is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with broad, smooth streets, fine public buildings, well-timbered parks, extensive gardens, railway stations, manufactories, and well-furnished shops. The youth of Christchurch has really never seen New Zealand; it has only seen England at the Antipodes. The boys and girls, unless they have happened to observe the Western Alps, might have been living at Cambridge all their lives.

It is well known that the city is an English Church colony, as Dunedin was a Scotch Presbyterian colony. It is sometimes said that the colonists did not realize their ideal. Perhaps not. But they certainly contrived to produce in the features of the country, of the architecture, and of society a remarkable likeness to an English university town, and, in particular, to Cambridge. There is the sluggish river, overhung, almost buried in places, by the weeping willows, and well stocked with lazy brown trout. There are boat-houses like Searle's, and boats and canoes on the water; there are avenues of lime and sycamore, parks planted with elm and oak, beech and birch;

there are botanical gardens and a museum, and handsome university buildings, and green shaven lawns, and lecturers and undergraduates in cap and gown, and studious boys conning their morning lessons as they shuffle their feet through the fallen leaves beneath the long rows of sycamores on their way to college. There is one point of unlikeness. The students in cap and gown that troop out of the lecture-rooms at dinner-time are not all men. Half of them are young ladies. You expect at every moment to see "The Princess" herself.

The town is distinctly ecclesiastical. It is laid out around the cathedral as a centre. The streets all bear the names of bishoprics. From east to west they are named after home bishoprics, as Durham, Armagh, Gloucester; from north to south they take their titles from colonial sees, as Colombo, Montreal, and Antigua. The cathedral itself is a very fine building, capable of comfortably seating a thousand persons, and it is often quite full. The architect was Sir Gilbert Scott. The tower, which contains a peal of bells, is semi-detached and is surmounted by a lofty spire. It is one of the very few churches in the colony which are built of stone. The east end is not completed. The foundations are laid, but the walls are only a few feet above the ground. There is a screen; a raised chancel, with an organ, and stalls for the dean and canons and choir; a throne for the bishop, where the pastoral staff and also the primatial cross are planted; and, approached by another set of steps, a dignified and richly furnished altar.

The font was given by the late Dean of West-

minster, in memory of his brother, Captain Owen Stanley, who, in swift obedience to the bidding of Governor Hobson at Auckland, raced in a gunboat to Akaroa, and planted the British flag at Akaroa under the nose of the French, who missed the possession of the colony by an hour or two.

The leader of the French immigrants, such is the peculiar irony of circumstance, was a Monsieur L'Anglois. He was disgusted to find, on landing in Banks' Peninsula, that he was no better than his name. While Commodore Lavaud was sipping the governor's claret, the young English lieutenant was crowding on all sail to reach Akaroa in time to snatch the South Island for the British crown, before it was grasped by the leisurely emissary of Louis Philippe. A few lines of poetry, written by the dean and sculptured on the font, recall the exploit.

There is daily choral service morning and evening, with an anthem, as in an English cathedral. There is an excellent choir-school and a carefully trained choir, robed in surplices and violet cassocks. The singing is admirable, and the quiet reverence of the choristers irreproachable. It would be difficult to find anywhere a better rendering of the daily service. I think I never attended a more devout and affecting act of worship than the afternoon service held in this cathedral on Good Friday. It was the "Three Hours'" service, and began, as usual, at noon. The organ was silent, and the choir sang "The Reproaches" with great feeling. There is no instrument so perfect and so moving as the human voice. The commonest glee, well sung, without accompaniment, is always delightful. And

how thrilling and majestic is the sonorous liturgical chant of the Russian Church !

Perhaps the residents in our English cities, living in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, do not feel or need so much the advantage and the charm of our cathedral music, but it is almost impossible to over-estimate the secret civilizing influence it exercises on a busy colonial society, apt to be vulgarized by the acquisition of wealth, or by the jostling throng of trade and commerce. The cathedral and the church is not only central in position, it is also the focus of civilization and refinement. With its reverent and careful ritual, its stately and beautiful music, and its cultured preaching, it dignifies the life around it. The forces that influence us most are not always the most obvious. Their very secrecy adds to their power. They steal upon us unawares, and give no trouble or occasion for resistance. We are often rendered happy for a day by a dream that we forget ; and the dullest labour is made poetical by an anticipated joy. Expression is more influential than language, and tone than manner. And the silent light transfigures and glorifies every feature of the whole landscape. Even the winter of utilitarianism and positivism runs the risk of thawing at the subtle approach of mysterious influences they despise or ignore. The silent influence of Christchurch Cathedral will be felt increasingly, and nothing will tend more to keep alive in the busy city and the thriving province that ideal of Christian civilization and society which inspired its first founders.

The spirit of the founders is traceable in the

architecture of the provincial buildings, where the local Parliament used to meet until the year 1875, when provincial government was abolished, and all legislation was transferred to the Colonial Parliament at Wellington, and local affairs were carried on by a county council after the most approved modern fashion in each of the sixty-two counties into which New Zealand was then newly divided. This Parliament House at Christchurch is as dignified and solemn as a church, and is approached by a cool monastic cloister. The effect it produces is something like the impression which was made by the English House of Lords upon M. de Montalembert. It is more like a temple than a place of business. It gives a sense of the sacredness of political life and political duty.

The founders on their arrival devoted a certain portion of land for the use of the Church and another for education. The consequence is that the Church is partially endowed. I believe that every canon and the incumbent of every parish receives £50 a year as a foundation of his income. There is, however, no endowment for parochial schools. But, in spite of this, St. Michael's parish and several others in the diocese nobly maintain Church schools, where the children can be educated in the Church's faith. Besides the university buildings, there are high schools for girls and for boys. One of the most interesting institutions is what is called the college. This is a large public school entirely in the hands of the Church. It is the Eton of New Zealand. Boys are sent there from all parts of the colony, and it appears to be in

flourishing prosperity. There is a beautiful chapel, masters' houses, lecture-rooms and class-rooms, and a superb gymnasium, an exact copy, I was told, of the one at Oxford. These buildings are grouped in a quadrangle with a green lawn in the centre, and look thoroughly collegiate. There is also a very fine "ducker," supplied with water from the Avon, which divides the school grounds from the public gardens, and some of the boys are first-rate swimmers and divers. It is hardly necessary to say that there is plenty of cricket and football.



## CHAPTER V.

SOCIALLY, Canterbury is aristocratic. The counties and towns, the very mountains and rivers, are patrician, and the patricians themselves drive through the streets, lunch at the clubs, transact business in the day, play lawn tennis in the evening, and go to church on Sunday.

There are the counties of Ashley and Ashburton, the Townsends, Greys, and Cholmondeley rivers, the towns of Cavendish and Aylesbury, Lyttelton and Sumner, Lake Coleridge, and Mounts Peel and Sinclair. The names of places give an idea of the character of their inhabitants. It is so in England, where the Romans, the Danes, the Saxons are betrayed by the names of town and village. It is so in America, where the mixed multitude from every nation and the incongruous, fantastic character of the people is reflected in every fifty miles of railway. It is so especially in Utah State, where the Old Testament spirit of the followers of Smith and Brigham Young breaks out on the map, mixed with the rough nomenclature of the hunter and the cowboy. It is so in Paris, where the streets are weary of changing their names as often as the Parisians their rulers.

And it is so in Canterbury and Christchurch, where the elements of earth and water and the

streets of the city breathe of peerages and prelacy. Coming from England, where the names of the rivers are the oldest things to be named, too old even to be understood, it gives the traveller a slight tremor, as of an incipient earthquake threatening an upheaval of his geographical sense, when he is suddenly introduced at afternoon tea to a personified river. It is uncanny. It is even pagan. The young lady, the venerable man, ought to be surrounded by flags and bulrushes, and to be constantly pouring water from a classical amphora. It requires an act of self-recollection to remember that this is the "pilgrim," or the daughter of the "pilgrim" who landed on these wide shores, and finding the natural features of the country nameless or called by names as unintelligible and musical as the warbling of the birds, gave his patrician name to the hills and streams and to a grateful posterity of geographical students.

But, if Christchurch is aristocratic, the aristocracy is not of that stiff, exclusive, and formal breed that stares at a new-comer for a year, nods at him for another, extends three gracious finger-tips for a third, and invites him to luncheon in the fourth. There is birth, breeding, refinement, culture, accomplishment, and all that makes life graceful and fascinating; but it beams around it with the generous warmth and freedom of colonial or American hospitality. There is probably no English settlement out of England so advanced in civilization, so polished, so versed in the art of life, as Christchurch. Certainly there can be none more hospitable. There are not many visitors at Christchurch unacquainted with Ilam, the country

seat of Mr. Leonard Harper. It lies a few miles out of the city, in the great plain.

A flat plain does not lend itself readily to landscape gardening. But the difficulties have been surmounted at Ilam. The drowsy Avon in its infancy flows through the grounds, broadening into deep pools haunted by trout and possessed by petted swans majestically resentful of an intrusive canoe ; and it is even surprised and shaken into a waterfall that froths and splashes round the roots and flag-like leaves of the flax and the rustling foliage of pampas grass and toi-toi. Delicious lawns, variegated with bright flower-beds, slope down to the stream, which is crossed by rustic bridges, overhung by weeping willows, and shaded by plantations. A pine wood, fragrant and warm, cushioned with moss and fallen pine-needles, offers a pleasant shelter for a bathing arbour, from which a plunge into the pool is not too cold before breakfast even so late in autumn as the end of April. The orchard, hidden by a screen of flowering shrubs and evergreens, is an astonishing revelation of the fertility of the soil and the geniality of the climate. Rows and rows of vigorous middle-aged trees droop their overladen boughs till they rest on the ground their golden-red, juicy burden of Ribston pippins, each of which would take a horticultural prize. The flat plain is hidden from view by pines and gums on every side but one, where a gap has been judiciously left open, through which can be watched the spectacle of the autumn day dying on the range of snowy Alps.

The house inside is beautiful. A porch, flanked

by ferns, and a corridor lead into a furnished hall. Near the piano is a large case of stuffed New Zealand birds and trophies of weapons from "the islands." A few steps connect the hall with another corridor, which is the lowest stage of the staircase. On the wall behind these steps hangs a large, impressive water-colour drawing of Mount Cook. The drawing-room, dining-room, study, and passages are well hung with interesting pictures. A depressed recess in the drawing-room is occupied by an organ of considerable power and of soft, rich tone. It was a charming room to spend an Easter hour of rest, reading and listening to the organ, while all the time, outside the open window, the fantails, black and grey, were frisking and chattering among the broad leaves of a huge magnolia that overshadows all one side of the house, and lazy blue-bottles were sunning themselves on the broad, white, perfumed flowers.

The house and the lawns were merry with the laughter of children. Although I need nothing to remind me of Ilam and the Christian charm and kind courtesy of the owners, yet whenever I look at the photograph of the two youngest little girls which ornaments my drawing-room, or show it to my friends, as I often do, the vision of that delightful English country house on the other side of the globe rises clear before me, and makes me feel how close and how intricate are the sympathies and instincts that bind the colonies to the mother country. English life, and home, and character have tenaciously rooted themselves and possessed the soil. Severance from England would not only be a blunder ; it is an impossibility.

Fox-hunting, whether it is a lingering relic of barbarism or not, is an aristocratic as well as a popular sport, and it flourishes at Christchurch. Cub-hunting began on the 1st of April. The cubs, however, are leverets; sometimes, perhaps, they are red herrings soaked in aniseed. Fox-hunting flourishes in spite of the fences, which are enough to frighten a Mytten, being chiefly composed of barbed wire, arranged on purpose to keep the cattle within the paddocks by inflicting such a cruel gash upon their flesh that they would for ever after refuse to face a bit of barbed wire. Sometimes these wires are concealed in a thick fence of furze, which renders them doubly dangerous, and deceit is added to cruelty. However, young gentlemen near Auckland, who pride themselves on their fast hounds and quick runs, affect to despise the inferior sport of Christchurch, and draw contemptuous pictures of sportsmen dismounting at a barbed fence, taking off their coats and hanging them on the wires, and then getting into the saddle again and putting the horses at the obstacle, now become visible. This view of the Aucklanders is no doubt taken through the green glasses of rivalry, and would be suitably delineated in the pages of their *Punch*, if they had one. It must be added that, even if this little circus were really enacted in the Christchurch hunting-field; as a "paddock" in the colonies may embrace an area of several thousand acres, there are not so many fences as in Leicestershire, and the manœuvre would not demand incessant repetition. In fact, as hares double, and there are plenty of them, it is conceivable that a day's sport might be confined to a single "paddock."

Side by side with the aristocratic element of Christchurch exists the democratic, although there is no felt antagonism. The democratic element shows itself chiefly in the region of politics. The "unemployed" and their orators were often gathered around the lamp-posts in the cathedral square, indignant at the Government for offering them three and sixpence a day at the public relief works—levelling some sand-hills—and demanded five shillings, the lowest minimum that could be accepted by any but a slave. The working-men of New Zealand are fully aware of their power. Six months' residence in an electoral district, quite irrespective of property, entitles a man to a vote for that district. He may also claim an additional vote for any other electoral district in which he owns property to the amount of £25. There are ninety-five members in the House of Representatives, and each member is paid £210 for each session. The election is triennial. The Upper House is appointed for life entirely by the governor. To both Houses Maoris are admitted. Manhood suffrage naturally renders colonial government democratic; and, as colonial politics are chiefly confined to the expenditure of public money, and the exciting question that divides parties is, "Shall we or shall we not permit Sir Julius Vogel to borrow ten millions?" the working-men naturally take good care that their interests shall not suffer; and the "unemployed," who have votes as well as their working mates, feel that their harangues and declamations have more influence on the course of public affairs than the crowds and speeches of Trafalgar Square on the

legislature at home. There is also a temptation to scramble for the public money, each legislator trying to get a little railway, a pier, or a sluice for his own constituents.

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Of colonial politics we had a little peep on the night of Lady Day, when Sir George Grey, the Gladstone of New Zealand, addressed two thousand people in the Tuam Street Hall. He spoke for an hour and a half, and was loudly cheered, especially when, acknowledging that wages must suffer reduction, he proposed to begin with the members of Parliament and to reduce official salaries. He spoke of the connection of New Zealand with the Pacific Islands, and protested against the introduction of intoxicating liquors. "The doctrine," he said, "the missionaries are teaching is one of peace and good will towards all men; of temperance, sobriety, and the various virtues which should adorn a Christian man. And should we not on this occasion bind ourselves by a solemn obligation to enter these islands, when they are civilized, in a becoming spirit, and not carry with us the fire-water to banish those poor creatures from the face of the earth?" But we could not help smiling as the climax of the work of the missionaries and martyrs appeared to be the introduction of commerce and the material prosperity of New Zealand; as though the devotion of the noble army of martyrs was to culminate in supplying the natives of Levuka with tweed and flannel, and giving to the colony in return cheap cigarettes for the club-room and brown sugar for the breakfast-table. Sir George spoke of the railway from Christchurch to the west coast, for which he once successfully

carried a Bill through Parliament, but which had afterwards been quashed, and was now, after many years, on the eve of accomplishment. But the *pièce de résistance* of the evening was a proposal to buy up the land and divide it into small farms, a scheme somewhat, it seemed, in sympathy with the ideas of Mr. Henry George. The views of the orator were not acceptable to all the audience, and at the close of the speech there was a little scene. A man rose to ask a question, and was greeted with uproar. Amid cries of "Turn him out," he pushed his way to the platform and shouted out, "Who was the first man that lowered the price of land in Canterbury from £3 to 10s. and 5s. an acre?" Sir George admitted that it was he, and explained that he had done it in order to enable working-men to purchase, and as part of the scheme he was now proposing; but that if he had remained in power he should have tried to impose a land-tax. "You," shouted the interlocutor, "you were the man who smothered me by selling land to G. H. Rhodes and Bobby Moore." "You asked," replied Sir George, "who was the man who first reduced the price of land in New Zealand. I say, here he stands." "I've not done yet," said the other; "I'll meet you again."

The persons excitedly referred to are well-known large landed proprietors. Some estates held by private persons or companies are very large. There are seven owners who each possess more than 100,000 acres, and there are 259 who each possess more than 10,000 acres. The Piako swamp estate, near Te Aroha in the North Island, consisting of 88,000 acres, was nearly all bought from the



Government at 2s. 6d. an acre. The price of land is now £2 an acre. But this by many persons is considered too high, and, during our stay, a petition to Parliament was being signed in favour of reducing the price to £1 an acre and allowing each buyer to acquire as much as 1000 acres. Although the amount of Crown land obtainable by one man is strictly limited, it is not difficult for persons to evade the law by putting forward men to purchase from the Government, who only hold the land for a time and then sell to their patrons.

The great fertile plains of Canterbury, intersected and well watered by the broad, sweeping rivers, are covered with "mobs" of sheep and cattle that are to be counted by tens of thousands, while the fortunate reaper reaps from every acre his twenty-five or thirty, or in some favoured spots his eighty or even a hundred, bushels of wheat to the acre. A gentleman, with whom I stayed, told me that his average for seven years had been forty bushels. Twenty bushels is considered bad. The richest land lies near the coast line, where the soil is formed by the deposit of the rivers. Kaiapoi, for instance, at the mouth of the Waimakariri, is a place of extraordinary fertility. Near the mountains the land is poor and cold. The grass land has to be ploughed up every few years, because the clover and grasses become thin and dwindle away. Without the friendly aid of humble-bees the red clover bears only very little seed, and, although the bees have multiplied wonderfully in the brief time since their introduction, they find the native shrubs equally to their taste. Clover itself, when ploughed in, acts as a rich manure,

otherwise the land is never manured. Apart from other reasons, the expense of labour would be too great. Altogether the farming in the plains of Canterbury would be lightly regarded by home agriculturists. But, in spite of the rich soil of Canterbury, agricultural depression is felt there as it is at home. In 1883 these plains yielded more than six million bushels of wheat. In 1886 they yielded less than three millions. Only half the amount of land was sown with wheat, and the yield of grain was less than half. Some years ago a well-known Christchurch proprietor sold a thousand sheep for a thousand pounds, without paying for transport; his son not long ago sold a thousand sheep for a thousand shillings. But the price of sheep varies very much. One gentleman, who had been in the country twenty or thirty years, told me that he sold the previous year 2000 sheep at an average price of 6s. apiece. Another, who had just come out to commence farming, bought 100 for 2s. 6d., 100 for 2s., and 100 for 4s.

And we also heard of sheep being sold for fourpence apiece, and even of a flock being given away. Fourpence apiece reminds one of prices in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Scarcity of pasture, owing to the extraordinary and prolonged drought, was the reason for this cheapness. The agricultural interest of the colony is placed at a great disadvantage by the remoteness of the islands from the markets of the world, and by the scantiness of their population.

Akaroa is now one of the most successful districts of the Canterbury province. The slopes of the hills are sown with cock's-foot grass, on which

sheep and cows are fed. Towards the end of winter portions of the pasture are enclosed, allowed to seed, and then harvested. The seed is sold at fourpence per pound. After the seed is taken the cows and sheep are turned on again. A few pigs are kept on the spare milk from the dairies.

But, if agricultural prosperity has declined, there has been no real distress to farmers and landlords, as there has been in England, and, meantime, other industries are achieving success and new manufactures arising. There are manufactories of cloth and flannel, boots, pottery, and brick, iron foundries, grain and saw mills, and meat-preserving works.

One of the speakers at the Colonial Conference said, "We are quite willing at the present time to take a couple of millions of people, and could employ them all."

It is certain that the general prosperity of New Zealand would greatly increase, if the population were multiplied by an immigration of a section of the mother country—men of wealth, whose money would be spent in the colony, farmers with some capital, and labourers and tradesmen. Anyhow, the colony has made a rapid and extraordinary advance, and is certainly destined some day to develop into a great nation. "My faith is," wrote Bishop Selwyn, "that New Zealand will be a great country, and that it is our duty to strive, as God may give us strength, that it may be good, as it will be great."

## CHAPTER VI.

THE mission was inaugurated in the cathedral at evensong on Thursday, the day after our arrival.

At the close of the service the Bishop of Christchurch, who is also Primate of New Zealand, came down from his throne to the entrance of the chancel, and, standing under the arch of the rood screen, addressed us in kind and sympathetic words, and ended by putting to us the following question :— “ Now, brethren, are you willing to undertake the work of conducting the mission in this diocese ? ” Canon Bodington replied, “ My Lord Bishop, we gladly undertake the work you have committed to our charge, and will discharge it to the best of our ability, God helping us.” We knelt on the step before him and he gave us our commission : “ Receive from us mission and authority in the name of the Lord to do the work of evangelists in this diocese ; and may the Lord Himself be a lantern to your feet and a light to your path, and bless the word spoken by you to the edification of His people and the glory of His Holy Name, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Our missions began next day, and continued with very little intermission for more than three months.

Each of us conducted six missions in the city and the immediate suburbs, beside preaching and teaching in the cathedral and elsewhere. My friend's work was at St. Michael's, St. Matthew's, Opawa, Avonside, Papanui, and St. John's. Mine was at Addington, Sydenham, Merivale, Woolston, St. Luke's, and Philipstown. To preach so many missions in sequence in the same city we naturally found a trying work and a drain upon our mental store. The subjects of the sermons and addresses of each mission are necessarily the same, but, although the truths which have to be presented are the same, yet it is desirable to vary the manner of their presentation, especially as many people, who have been attracted by a mission in their own parish, attend parts of other missions, and a few, perhaps, go through nearly the whole course.

St. Michael's is the fashionable church of the city. It is built with considerable pretensions to beauty, and is as handsome as a wooden church can be. It has a good organ, stained-glass windows, and, like most of the churches in this diocese, has a reverently and even richly appointed altar. The parsonage garden is hardly separated from the churchyard. Addington is a pretty church in the suburbs, and it stands in a well-kept grassy churchyard, shaded by pines.

The weather, which had been so intensely hot that my bedroom candle melted and hung limp and pendent over the side of the candlestick, changed. The south wind blew cool, and on the 1st of March the mountains presented a glorious sight, robed in freshly fallen sprinkled snow. We climbed the cathedral tower and enjoyed the grand

panorama. The tower is surmounted by a lofty spire, an addition to the original plan, and too bold an addition, many think, on account of the earthquakes. In fact, the last shock that was felt dislodged a stone from near the summit, and it fell to earth with a crash and imbedded itself in the ground. Since that another earthquake has almost wrecked it.

Twice during the mission Canon Bodington gave an address at the churchyard gate to the workmen and passers-by. His afternoon addresses were on the Beatitudes. The bishop attended the final service, stood before the altar during the singing of the Te Deum, and gave the Benediction.

An amusing and touching incident happened at this time. My friend and I were laughing one day at our poverty. My shoes sadly wanted mending, and I had only a shilling left. My friend had a pound in the bank. A clergyman, entering into the humour of the situation, gave me a pair of shoes, which were too small for himself. They fitted me admirably ; so I gratefully took them, and I wear them still. My straw hat, which has also lasted me six years, was given me by a good friend at Kumara. So I said I was a lucky mendicant, clothed from top to toe by charity.

The story of the hat and shoes got wind and spread, and in a day or two I received the following letter :—

“DEAR SIR,

“Having heard quite accidentally that the shoes want mending, and that there is not much to mend them

with, I have great pleasure in enclosing something to do it with, and any other little personal wants which need attention. Believe me, truly yours, but one wishing not to be known."

A month later, I received in the same masculine hand another note containing another sovereign—

"DEAR MR. MASON,

"I am afraid that the amount of walking you do may have worn the soles very thin, so here is another shoemaker, with the best wishes of the sender."

A third remittance followed later. This cheery and graceful act, the prompting of a kind and generous heart, was thoroughly typical of the Christchurch character. I acknowledged the gift and thanked the giver in the *Church News*, and sent the money, as usual, to the mission fund. It was these charming little episodes and courteous charities that brightened our prolonged work, and encouraged us through the late autumn chills and storms of advancing winter. They were an evidence of sympathy, and showed that the hearts of the people were, like their own rich plains, "good ground." All the time of my stay I was kept supplied with delicious grapes by Mrs. Harper of Ilam.

Perhaps to refined and cultured minds there is no apparent and immediate connection between the wash-tub and the virtues of the spiritual life, or, perhaps, between the baker's kneading-trough or the fisherman's net and the kingdom of heaven; but whether these subtleties and suggestions are too vulgar for the dainty touch of æsthetic society or not, I have no doubt that the

angels are often in the kitchen and the pantry, and observe and record for a future occasion what is done with soap-suds and dishcloths. Perhaps under the cover of their wings I may say that during the whole of our sojourn in the province of Christchurch, whether servants were kept or not, we never had any expenses in connection with the laundry.

It would be criminal not to record my deep gratitude to Canon and Mrs. Stanford and their family, who welcomed me as if I had been one of themselves, kept a room always ready for me and a place at table, and were almost inclined to scold me if I happened to lunch anywhere else. Canon Stanford was really, although not so named, the chancellor of the diocese. He was principal of the Theological College, which is considered an upper department of the great public school—the Eton, as I have called it—of Christchurch. The house is called the College House, and contains studies and a lecture-room for the use of the students. The house is surrounded by a verandah, overrun with passion-flowers. There is a fernery and a good lawn-tennis ground, surrounded by beds of flowers, shrubs, dracænas, and *insignis* pines. It was in this delightful place that I found a real home, invested with all the refinements and comforts and leisure that the most considerate hospitality could suggest. On the few spare evenings there was generally music. The family was entirely musical, and the instruments were the violin, the 'cello, the flute, and the piano. Besides this, the latest volumes of poetry and the best books from Mudie's or Smith's list lay on the



table, and there was a good theological library, and an earnest and ardent Churchman and theologian, ready to help and glad to advance interesting subjects for discussion. No wonder that I found the College House a restful and congenial home, and suffered myself to be an *enfant gâté*.

The Addington Mission was broken into by the Sydenham Mission. In this mission I had again the privilege of addressing daily the men at the Government railway works. I was not allowed to speak inside the grounds for fear of creating a precedent or exciting jealousies. I stood outside, rang a bell, borrowed a watch, and, after our old hymn, "Lord, I hear," spoke to my hearty and attentive crowd, composed not only of Churchmen, but of Roman Catholics and Dissenters. The well-bred freedom of their manners was quite delightful. One Friday, as I came up, I observed one of my friends looking at his watch. "What's the time?" I said. "You seem to be keeping a look-out." "Oh," he replied, "you're late to-day; you must have dined on fish." After the last address a Wesleyan proposed a vote of thanks, which was received with cheers. They crowded round to grasp my hand, and wanted to give me a watch with an inscription, but I thought it better to decline the gift, kind and generous though it was, and however suggestively accelerating it might have proved on fish days. The railway works, where everything is made from a tenpenny nail to a steam-engine, seem to be as complete as anything in America or England. It was interesting to watch the lumps of glowing scrap-iron being welded under the terrific blows of the steam-

hammer, while the agile smith, armed with long pincers, deftly and rapidly shifted and turned the fiery metal. In the model-shop are seen wooden models of everything which is to be cast in brass or iron. To an uninitiated visitor all seems wonderful—the tires of the wheels, made purposely too small to fit the wheels, expanded by heat and dropped on, to shrink at their own cool leisure; the steel axles, made too large to fit into the boss of the wheels, and then driven home by the sheer force of hydraulic pressure; the machines for planing iron, sewing tarpaulins, and the thousand works necessitated by modern locomotion.

Some of my friends who came to me in the vestry with their troubles and sorrows were delightfully frank. They did not waste any time beating about the bush. They started the game at once. One fine young fellow introduced the subject with the same straightforward, dispassionate judgment that he would have used about a horse, by saying, "Good evening, sir; I've a nasty habit of swearing."

At the close of the mission I received two touching anonymous presents, a Prayer-book and a Bible. Inside the Prayer-book were written two texts, taken from our mission memorial card: "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it;" "Christ loved me and gave Himself for me." On the fly-leaf of the Bible was an inscription: "Please accept this Holy Book from a member of Christ, a child of God, and inheritor of the kingdom of Heaven. Pray for us to seek repentance unto the end." I wish the kind givers might know that I use these beautiful books with grateful remembrance more than twice every day of my life.

The mission ended the day before Shrove Tuesday. The carnival was marked at the cathedral by a choral festival, rendered imposing by the presence of two metropolitans, one of whom, the Bishop of Sydney, was the preacher, and by a procession of trumpets, torches, and banners. On the morrow of Ash Wednesday I began a course of midday instructions at the cathedral, which, thirty-seven in number, lasted till Good Friday. This work was additional to the missions. The course was meant to be an outline of doctrinal theology. It began with the character of the historical Christ, as an undisputed basis, and proceeded to His Person, His natures, His work; the existence, attributes, and character of God; the meaning of sin and salvation; the Person and office of the Holy Ghost; revelation; the Church, the Sacraments, the theological virtues, and the consummation of all things. The instructions, spoiled as they were by want of leisure for preparation, by fatigue, and other hindrances, were heard by a patient and increasing audience, among whom at first were the two lenient metropolitans. In fact, the venerable Bishop of Christchurch came every day, when he was not otherwise engaged, and was contented to sit in beautiful humility among his flock on one of the ordinary chairs. It was not my business to set vergers to rights, but I was strongly tempted to throw a stone into the too placid stream and set a chair more worthy of the high dignity of the Primate of New Zealand. It was one of the great privileges of our mission that we were allowed to work under him, and to be continually cheered and strengthened by his

grand example, his vigorous Churchmanship, and his hearty and frank sympathy. Although he was eighty-two years of age, he was as active as when he came out more than thirty years ago. He was always present at the early Communion and daily matins, and cold and storm had no power to hinder his attendance even at services from which his absence would have seemed natural. He has now resigned, and the following extract from the *Lyttelton Times*, which, unlike the Auckland papers, scarcely ever notices ecclesiastical affairs, shows the reverence and esteem in which he is held:—

“Every one, whatever may be his particular denomination, will regret to hear that the primate has announced his resignation. Because every one knows that of the few who are so full of years as he, hardly any can show so pure a record of a life, not blameless only, but full of activity, zeal, and untiring devotion. Truly, the primate is the ‘Grand Old Man’ of New Zealand. In the full vigour of his manhood he came here. When he came he began to work simply, methodically, persevering through hardship, undeterred by discomfort. Like the apostles of old, he travelled many a mile on foot; like the missionaries of the wildest countries, he traversed many an inhospitable region, swam over many a river, endured the cold of many a camp. Nothing of this ever interfered with his duty. The stopping-places of his journeys always found him ready to conduct service, to preach the gospel, to visit the sick, to do the many works of which the Great Master had set him the example. To-day, when the day of

his golden wedding is far behind him, and his grandchildren people the land, he does his duty always in the same methodical, strenuous, unflinching fashion. In the mornings and evenings his venerable form is to be seen going towards College chapel or diocesan cathedral. Every Sunday a new place sees 'my lord' in its pulpit and ministering at its altar. Confirmation takes him everywhere, and so do visitings; and all the while he does the work of his diocese, and watches over the churches of New Zealand. What Canterbury thinks of the apostolic man who has a place in every heart, was shown by the cheering that greeted him from one end of the Jubilee procession to the other. Full of years and honours, he is laying down his pastoral staff to take, before he dies in peace, the rest he has so well earned by his sublime life. May that rest be long: in other words, may the grand lesson of his life be kept before us as long as possible."

The west front of the cathedral faces a large square, and the square is a favourite place for meetings. It was decided that we should utilize the square in the interest of the mission on Saturday nights. At the appointed hour I found a political orator occupying a lamp-post and addressing a large number of men. I joined the group, and inquired whether I might have a turn when they had done. This, however, appeared impracticable, and I had to be content with another lamp-post. This lamp-post was my pulpit every Saturday night, and a very good one it was, so long as consciousness of the limited area of the perch was preserved in the anterior lobe of the

brain. I robed in a shop upstairs, in the presence of two hundred dolls with staring blue eyes and flaxen hair and eyebrows arched with well-bred surprise, as though they would say, "Who is this eccentric individual, and what on earth is he going to do?" One night there appeared among the rest a doll in surplice, stole, and hood. I understood afterwards that he was not created for my benefit, but had figured in a doll show. In these Saturday preachings I was helped by Canon Stanford and other clergymen and laymen. Sometimes the crowd was very large. Once, if it had not been for the softening influences of the Archdeacon of Akaroa, the inspector of police would have made us "move on." The audience was always respectful and sympathetic. The only interruption was on Easter Eve. An old man called out, "Come down off there. Take off that white rag." Some of the crowd began to hustle him, and I had to appeal to them to let him alone.

The missions at St. Michael's and Addington were followed by missions at St. Matthew's and St. Mary's, Merivale. In this ecclesiastical city the saints are almost too thick on the ground. St. Matthew's parish is in St. Alban's district. Canon Bodington found this mission one of the heartiest and best worked. The surpliced choir went out every night in their surplices to proclaim the mission and bring in the men.

In the day's holiday (except for the cathedral address) which followed, we were driven to Sumner, a seaside watering-place at the foot of the Lyttelton hills, where broad, firm sands are frowned upon by fine and fantastically twisted and perforated

cliffs of lava. The beach was strewn with the broadest seaweed ribands I ever saw, and with black, oval egg-bags of some species of skate, and with a few shells.

The prolonged dry weather, which rendered pasture so scarce and stock so cheap, also caused many serious prairie fires. It was said that a hundred thousand acres of grass were burnt and many thousand sheep. "For twenty miles around us," wrote an eye-witness, "there was nothing but fire. We were encircled by a belt of flame, miles wide, and we had to make a race for it. So fast did the fire travel that, although the horses were galloping, they were scorched. The settlers were out, doing what they could to save their stock and horses, and many narrow escapes took place. In some of the valleys the clouds of smoke were so dense that it resembled the darkest night, and the horses were allowed to go their own way. It resembled nothing so much as the pictures one sees of a great battle, with heavy, towering clouds of smoke and lurid flashes of fire lighting it up. We came to a creek. The only means of crossing it was by a bridge, down upon which the fire was rolling. The only thing we could do was to gallop as hard as we could, and we just managed to cross the bridge before the fire, though the horses were scorched. The sight of the great rolling waves of fire rolling down the sides of the hill into the valley was magnificent. The dogs would not face the bridge when the fire was so close, and I don't know what became of them."

## CHAPTER VII.

OUR next missions were in the suburbs of Opawa, Avonside, and Woolston, and at the town church of St. Luke, which is under the charge of the Archdeacon of Akaroa.

Opawa is a beautiful place, on the banks of the sluggish Heathcote stream, embowered in groves and orchards, a favourite place for country villas. It is also noticeable for pisciculture. Thousands of trout are reared, chiefly the American brook-trout, distinguished by a white streak at the bottom of each fin, and the salmon ova can be seen on their gravel beds, enclosed in perforated boxes washed by a flowing stream. Avonside is nearer the city. The name carries its own description. The chancel of St. Mark's Church is built of stone, the nave of sun-baked clay. Woolston, which has a wooden church, lies on the long straight road, haunted by trams and bordered by poplars and pines, which leads to Sumner. The salubrity of the New Zealand climate and the longevity of its inhabitants was shown during the mission by a fact which much impressed me. One of the clergyman's sons, little Vincent Merton, went to stay with his great-grandmother in



order to allow his grandmother to come to church.

One afternoon I gave an address to the men in a tannery yard, as they left work. Every day a hundred and fifty sheepskins are tanned, and every week four hundred hides. The skins are placed in long troughs filled with hot water, mixed with other ingredients, and constantly turned by elongated paddles. They are then soaked for four days in native tannin. The best tannin is the bark of the tanekaha pine, which grows no further south than Nelson. It belongs to the genus *Phyllocladus*, of which there are only five species known to exist, three of them in New Zealand. The black wattle from Australia is largely cultivated for tannin.

St. Luke's is not far from the cathedral. The attendance at the mission was very good. Once or twice not only the gangways, but even the vestries and porches were crowded.

The weather was variable. At the beginning of March the thermometer registered sometimes 86° in the shade. A few days later, there were, perhaps, storms of rain, and the air felt chilly and autumnal.

Our last missions during Lent were held at the two churches of Lyttelton, at Rangiora, and at Kaiapoi.

Lyttelton is the port of Christchurch, and it is approached by a tunnel familiarly called "The Hole in the Hill," more than a mile and a half long through the lofty range of the Port Hills. The harbour, which opens towards the north-east, is completely land-locked. The hills, more than a thousand feet high, are bare of trees, rugged and

craggy, with abrupt and sweeping ridges, and dip sharply down to the smooth waters of the lake-like sea.

Before "The Hole in the Hill" was tunnelled the only way to Christchurch was over these steep mountains. The view that burst upon the traveller when he gained the crest of the ridge must have been a superb surprise. It was over this rough road that Bishop Selwyn came with Bishop Harper, to enthrone him at Christchurch. Their luggage was piled on a hand-cart drawn by a bullock and two sailors. The two bishops took off their coats and pushed behind. They did not know that their friends below them at Lyttelton were enjoying the unusual spectacle through their telescopes and opera-glasses.

The straggling town fringes the shore and scrambles tentatively up the gullies, and the broken nature of the ground is favourable to picturesque, terraced gardens. The two breakwaters almost embrace and form a circle. The largest ships can be comfortably wharved and docked. Canon Bodington's mission was at Holy Trinity, the principal church of Lyttelton. It is built of stone in the Early English style, and the parsonage, overgrown with passion-flowers, is close beside it. His work was diversified by an address to the men in the prison, and three addresses to sailors and dockmen on the wharf astern of the *Rimutaka*, one of the five grand, swift vessels of the New Zealand Shipping Company, which was lying still, as if resting for breath after her long rapid flight from England and before rushing off again for another forty days.

My own work lay at the new wooden church of West Lyttelton. The choir was composed of dear little fellows from the large and comfortable Orphanage, where also I gave an address one day. Many of the men were engaged coaling two boats all one night. Others were busy cleaning out the dock. During the mission we were taken to visit a poor old woman who lay in bed unable to move, all crippled and shrunken with rheumatism. She was full of joy. She said, "I'm so glad God has found me a niche—a work to do for Him: I can pray for others." I also went to see a fine old sailor, a "mud-pilot," who lay dying. After I had prayed with him he said to me, "What am I to say to-night?" I said, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me." He repeated it, and then said to his wife, "Don't forget that." He died soon after.

On Passion Sunday there was a terrible disaster. The *Taiaroa*, one of the Union Steamship Company's boats, was wrecked at the mouth of the Clarence river, fifteen miles north of the Kaikouras. The early morning was perfectly calm and bright, and the view of the harbour and the bay was indescribably lovely. The headland, crowned with a castellated signal station (where at one p.m. every day a ball is made to fall by electric touch from Wellington), was a lovely soft grey, and threw a deep, quiet shadow on the still, glassy water. The cliffs and steeps and breakwaters were the same delicate tone, and it was impossible to distinguish between the shore and the reflection. The headlands behind were bathed in silver haze and the sun glittered brilliant and hot. Early in

the afternoon there was a sudden and fearful change. A furious wind burst upon the bay with a dense, driving, hurrying mist, pelting rain, dark masses of low storm-cloud, rough angry waves, and flying sheets of spray. The *Taiaroa* struck in the dark upon a rock. The passengers got into the boats, which were fastened astern. They nearly all capsized. In one of the boats were eleven persons. Nine of them died from exhaustion and cold. About thirty people were drowned. Amongst them were two professional betting-men, "magsmen" as they are called, who were returning from some races. One of them had on board a monkey and a goose. These creatures he had cleverly trained to work some gambling device, and to pick out cards and numbers and to give them to people. By this means he was able to evade the letter of the law. He got safely into a boat and was regretting that he could not save his pets. It so happened that the magsman perished and the monkey and the goose floated safe to land.

Rangiora is a small country town, north of Christchurch, between the rivers Ashley and Waimakariri. The Archdeacon of Rangiora is the incumbent. He is the father of the Archdeacon of Auckland. The neat and well-kept church is built partly of concrete and partly of wood. Besides preaching the mission at the parish church, Canon Bodington also gave addresses at Woodend, Fernside, and Kaiapoi.

Kaiapoi, which fell to my lot, is a large village built on the rich soil of an island, which is part of the delta of the Waimakariri. Farmers have been known to reap from this fertile soil a hundred

bushels of wheat per acre. Sixty bushels is a common crop. Besides the agricultural industries, there is a large cloth manufactory, which employs many men and produces first-rate flannels and tweeds of pure, unmixed wool.

Kaiapoi, as well as Rangiora, is reached by train from Christchurch. One of the two stations on the way bears a Dantesque name. It is called "Styx." But the name is not really infernal, any more than the place. It owes its classical transposition to some surveyor of a poetical and imaginative turn of mind. The real name is "The Sticks," because upright stakes were driven into the bed of the stream to show the ford. The other station is called "Belfast." A large freezing establishment stands in a paddock near the railway. A thousand carcasses are frozen here every day, and heaps of wool are seen spread out in the field, and men busily combing them. The railway bridge over the rushing Waimakariri was built by an amateur, who also constructed the mile-long bridge over the desolate shingle and shifting channel of the Rangitata. He was called "the heaven-born engineer." The cost of the bridge was only £13,000. As much or more had already been spent in making futile experiments, and in obtaining learned opinions that the thing was impossible. The river was declared to be too rapid. The amateur solved the problem by driving down iron pipes and then fixing the piles in the centre. There are three branches of the river. The bridge over one of them was swept away not long ago. Two boys who saw it and knew that a train was almost due from Christ-

church, with great presence of mind, ran down the line as fast as they could go to meet the train, and succeeded in stopping it. They were rewarded by a gift of £25 apiece. I crossed the river for the first time at evening. The broad stream, bordered by grass, reeds, and flax, was full and placid with a yellow, reflected sunset. But the calm beauty is deceitful. A member of Parliament once estimated, in a speech in the House, the number of deaths in New Zealand by drowning as a thousand annually. But this must have been in earlier days, when there were no bridges, and the fords were less known, and the colonists less experienced. Many deaths occur in taking cattle across. An ox strays down stream. The driver goes after it, and in his exertions to recover the animal he is swept away himself. A clergyman in this neighbourhood told me that in a district he once had in the North Island there were six rivers, and that he had known some one drowned in each. In one place a young man was riding across a river, and the horse stuck in a quicksand. His uncle, whose house was near the brink, seeing the danger, plunged into the water to rescue him. They were both drowned in the presence of his children, who were looking on. The horses trampled them down into the quicksand.

The road bridge into Kaiapoi is not so well built as the railway bridge. When it was finished some one wrote on it, in large letters, "Pons Asinorum."

The sunrise of my first day at Kaiapoi was glorious. The sky was golden, with masses of streaked red clouds. Over the tops of the flowering

veronicas, and through the branches of the gum trees and pines, shone the snow of the great alpine range, all lit up with rose and gold.

Four or five miles from Kaiapoi is one of the few Maori villages that still exist in the South Island. The inhabitants all came to church on the first night of the mission, headed by their worthy deacon, Mutu, who has married a Maori lady of high rank, the daughter of a Rangitira; and they attended with some regularity. I always enjoyed seeing their dusky, intelligent, serious faces in church. They have no idea of time. The first night they came two hours too soon; and on Sunday they arrived in the middle of the sermon. There are only about fifteen hundred natives in the whole of the islands. They were conquered and enslaved by the North Islanders, but when their masters were converted they were liberated and sent home.

The conversion of the South Island is a story of wonderful missionary courage. It was entirely the work of natives.

Te Rauparaha, the chief of Otaki, not very far from Wellington, was a warrior of great ferocity and renown. In the year 1824 one of his relations, named Te Pehi, secured by craft a passage to England on board a whaling vessel. He was petted in England and presented at Court. All the gifts he received he sold, and with the price he purchased guns. He returned to New Zealand with a large store of weapons and ammunition, and at once organized an attack upon the South Island. He landed in Banks' Peninsula, and there, as he deserved, he was killed in battle.

Te Rauparaha felt bound by native honour to

avenge Te Pehi's death, and it was not an uncongenial task. He persuaded the master of a schooner, the *Elizabeth*, to give him and his war party a passage. When they reached the scene of Te Pehi's defeat, they feigned friendship and invited the chief, Mauharanui, on board. The chief came on board without suspicion. He was at once murdered, cooked in the ship's coppers, and eaten.

Eighteen years later, Te Rauparaha's Christian son, Tamihana, and his cousin, Matina Te Whiwhi, determined to make reparation for the crime by attempting the conversion of the South Island. Their tour lasted fourteen months. They sailed more than a thousand miles in an open boat, tossing whole nights long on the waves of those dangerous seas. They landed first in Banks' Peninsula, and there they began to preach. According to the Maori code of vengeance their lives were forfeit. They ought to have been killed ; and over and over again they had patiently to wait and listen to consultations whether they should be put to death or not. But nothing could daunt the faith and courage of these two noble laymen. They traversed the whole of the South Island, and practically converted all the natives. When Bishop Selwyn visited the island, taking Tamihana with him as a companion, he found that the natives, not only in Banks' Peninsula, but in Stewart's Island, knew the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Catechism, and even in the little out-of-the-way island of Ruapuke twenty persons were able to read. They had never been visited by a white teacher. When the bishop returned to Otaki, he found the once bloodthirsty Te



Rauparaha busy setting up the ridge-pole of a new church in his own settlement.

The population of the South Island has rapidly and, in some cases, strangely diminished.

There was a flourishing native church at Invercargill, under the superintendence of a Maori reader. The man committed a crime, and then killed with a hatchet a woman who he thought would reveal it. The people were terrified; they expected some sudden judgment to fall upon them, and they all fled for refuge to the church. Although they considered it a profanation to eat in the church, nothing could for a long time persuade them to leave the church. They ate and slept in it. At last they went to their homes. A sudden epidemic broke out among them and carried them all off. There was not one of them left.

On the Tuesday in Holy Week, Mutu, the deacon, drove us—the clergyman of Kaiapoi, an excellent Maori scholar, who is in charge of the native population, and myself—to the native settlement. The people were all standing at their doors, and made polite salutations as we passed.

The little wooden church is plain but well furnished, and the sanctuary well kept. The altar furniture, as well as the violet cloth, was the gift of the Kilburn Sisters. The Oxford chair, set on the north side, was covered by a Maori flax shawl thrown across it. It was effectively in keeping with the chapel. But it is a pity that there is not more native work about the place. The Maoris, if they were encouraged to use their native skill, might make a bijou church, far preferable to the colonial, barn-like structures. The service was

most interesting. The church was full—the children in the front, and their elders and the babies behind. The hymns were sung to subdued Gregorian tones, which, however, owned no allegiance to St. Augustine's master. The low, monotonous wail was almost *pianissimo* throughout, and it was so arranged that, according to the Maori chorus, there should be no cessation. The deacon began. At the last line he took breath, and, just before the people stopped, he commenced the second verse. Thus the singing proceeded without any break till the end of the hymn.

I was to address the children; and, before the service, I had carefully learned a question from the Catechism in the Maori language. When the moment arrived, I put the question to them, ending with the words, "Tau whakapono?" The children all sat dumb, their wide, black eyes fixed upon me. Not a word did they say. Then I put the question in English: "What dost thou chiefly learn from these articles of thy belief?" And in a moment there burst out a loud chorus of "First I learn," and the rest. They knew the Catechism in English much better than they knew it in their own tongue.

During my stay at Kaiapoi I was every day, as during the Lyttelton Mission, travelling backwards and forwards to Christchurch for my cathedral addresses. I finished the long course on Maundy Thursday with the subject of "Salvation and Heaven." I have already spoken of Good Friday, and the solemn and beautiful services at the cathedral. The sanctuary hangings were all black. The altar was draped in black, and the cross veiled

in crape. I preached at a plain, old-fashioned service in the morning, and again at night. In the afternoon the "Reproaches" were sung, and Canon Bodington preached the "Three Hours." The service was over by half-past two, but the people remained kneeling till three. The day was hot as an English midsummer, and cloudless, and the leaves were fast falling from the long, straight avenues of poplar and sycamore. The night was clear and starry, and the Southern Cross shone brilliantly almost straight above us, as we returned from the quiet solemnities of the church. The doors of the Secularist Hall were open, and there was a sound of dancing and music. On Easter Even the Bishop confirmed thirty-five persons in St. Matthew's Church, most of them the result of Canon Bodington's mission in that parish. At night I preached in the square.

The services on Easter Day, at the cathedral, were grand and inspiring. I enjoyed them all the more as I had nothing to do but to assist at an early service, to carry a pastoral staff before the bishop, and to read a lesson. There were two early celebrations, and a grand choral one at mid-day, preceded by a procession, which entered at the south door. The church was crowded, and the venerable primate preached a noble sermon on the Magdalene. A few graceless and untutored youths had the temerity to leave the church during the sermon. I wonder the earth did not swallow them up. Canon Bodington preached in the afternoon to the boys in the college chapel, and at night in the cathedral for an hour, on the words "Raised again for our justification," to an enormous

crowd, sitting or standing, which flocked round the doors long before they were opened, and filled every corner. The singing was wonderfully fine. The anthem was, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," followed by a grand Hallelujah chorus from Beethoven. Two delicious trebles sang "Thou didst not leave." The flowers, the lights, the music, the stately procession, and the immense multitude made a glorious finish to the great Paschal festival.



## CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH on the other side of the globe the traveller experiences no giddy sensations from moving (according to the necessities of European imagination) with his head hanging down like a fly upon the ceiling, yet his ecclesiastical sense of the fitness of the universe to the immemorial requirements of the Church is reversed. The seasons are disobedient to the cherished associations of memory. Nature and the Church require a new accommodation in poetry and preaching. Christmas in New Zealand is the time of hot languor and odorous lilies and gorgeous gardens. Easter, so far as New Zealand vegetation dies, is the time for dying; and the dying is conspicuous at Christchurch, where the trees are strangers to the soil, and, in faithful memory of home, weep their wet

leaves to the ground at the season when their sisters in England are timidly pushing their buds into the face of the receding frost. The willows that trail their long boughs in the Avon are all said to be the children of the trees in St. Helena that shade what was once Napoleon's grave. They are, therefore (we should expect it of Frenchmen), sensitive, quick, sympathetic, and radical. They are in favour of native and popular customs. They have almost declared themselves evergreens, and drop their leaves for a few weeks, and a few weeks only, as if they were trying to please both parties. But the change has not yet commended itself to the oak, the elm, the birch, and the plane. They follow the fashion of their forefathers, and, with true conservative tenacity, refuse to do in Rome what the Romans do. So Easter Day is a day of Nature's sleep or Nature's dying, not of life's impetuous reassertion ; not the time for the golden globes of the crocus and bursting larch buds, and the rapturous scent of hidden violets. But there is a compensation. The seasons synchronize more nearly with the Jewish festivals. A New Zealand Easter approaches the Passover. It is the time for gleaning, if not for reaping. Expressions in the Bible, such as "Christ the first-fruits," which feel out of place in England, appeal with a new interest to the imagination. The Thursday in Easter week was the cathedral harvest thanksgiving. It was a day when the change of season forced itself violently upon eye and ear. Good Friday and the next two days were almost cloudless, a few streaks of white sailing high up in a deep-blue sky. The thermometer

registered 82° in the shade; the golden poplars shone out against the blue; and the bell-birds were singing Do-Sol-Do in the parks and gardens. Wednesday was intensely cold, and on Thursday there was tremendous and continuous rain. The roads were flooded, and in one garden the gold-fish were swimming with a new sense of freedom on the gravel-walks, and navigating the stable-yard.

There were, perhaps, as many as twenty persons dimly scattered about the recesses of the cathedral. Between the furious gusts of howling wind and the crash of the battering rains, I uttered from the pulpit a few chilled platitudes. Our one absorbing thought was how we could manage to get as "safely in" as the corn.

When Easter was past we felt that we were within reachable distance of our mission's end. We were feeling tired, and the frequent chill and damp, felt intensely in a country where heating apparatus is unknown to the churches, added something to the depression of weariness. We were not sorry, at length, to see light at the end of the wood. Our last missions in the city and neighbourhood were held at St. Paul's, Papanui, and at St. John's, and at Riccarton with Goldhurst, at Prebbleton with Templeton, and at the Good Shepherd's, Philipstown.

Papanui is a suburb of Christchurch. As one result of the mission a parochial guild was formed. During this mission we were invited to read papers on Church work before the annual conference of clergy held in the college library. We were very kindly received; a vote of thanks was passed to us for our work, and the primate spoke with his

usual generosity and dignified humility. At Papanui Canon Bodington came across an unusual sort of farm. It consisted of ostriches, emus, and llamas. There were two broods of young ostriches, one of four and the other of eight or nine. While my friend was at Papanui I was a few miles away, first at Riccarton, and afterwards at Prebbleton. Riccarton is the parish in which Ilam is situated. The parsonage and grounds communicate, by a long cypress avenue, with the picturesque and irregular church, which has a long stone chancel. The sanctuary is rich and reverently cared for.

Riccarton is a kind of Newmarket. There is a grand stand, and a large racecourse and paddocks and stables. I twice gave an address on the grand stand, which was not so crowded as it would have been on more attractive occasions. In fact, I had to give chase to my congregation, who slipped in and out of the stables and under or over the doors to elude this new and unfair method of ecclesiastical pursuit. These dear jockeys and stable-boys caught sight of a few ladies as well as the parsons on the wide spaces of the stand, and no wonder they were shy at the combination of unfamiliar beings.

New Zealand is a great country for racing. Every little township has its racecourse and its two, three, four, or even five meetings in the year. But, I should think, the racing is much more free from harm than it is in England. It is not the sport of the privileged few. It is really the sport of the people. They do not merely lunch and look on. The owners are much more numerous. The owner is often his own jockey. The slim



youths of the colony do not need to train very fine in order to step with their saddle satisfactorily out of the scale. All gambling and betting is forbidden by law, with one exception. The one exception is what is called the "totalisator." This regulated and controlled outlet and channel for the irrepressible spirit of luck and chance has often been explained to me, but the thing is gone from me. I can only remember that through its instrumentality the sportsman can back what horse he pleases, and that two and a half per cent. goes to the man who works it, and seven and a half per cent. to the club. In favour of the totalisator it is argued that gambling and betting, which could never be altogether stopped, are minimized by its permission. Impersonal betting is certainly preferable to charming your friend's money straight out of his pocket against his will, and the art of the welsher and the sufferings of the welshed are prevented. On the other hand, the recognized legality of the machine is likely to invite and encourage men and boys and women to bet, who otherwise would have shrunk from it. Nor has it ever been shown that it is right to do evil that good may come. At Riccarton paddocks each boy has a racer to look after; some have two. They "dress" their horses twice a day—in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon. They told me that they often got a tumble, not always on "the tan."

During the mission, I gave an address one day to a churchful of children. There was a dear little friend of mine in church who always prays a delightful little prayer, "Pray God bless all the

missioners." She was three years old, and had never been to church before. When she went home she said, "Your garments must be always white like the angels." Then she put all her dolls in a row, and a single one in front of them, and said, "Now, I'm going to preach you a sermon, 'Let your garments be always white;' and all the dolls answered, 'And so they be.'" Another little one said to her mother, "Ask the man of the church to come here; I like him."

There was one fine day during the mission, and that was the last. The sky was clear. The base of the Alps was shrouded in white cloud, and the peaks rose glistening sharp against the pale blue. I heard one of my old friends, a tui, singing and chuckling in the garden. The Riccarton Mission ended with an early Communion on Saturday morning, and the mission at Prebbleton began the same evening. On the Sunday of the Good Shepherd the church at Templeton was crowded in the afternoon. It was a wonderful sight to see the buggies, carts, and saddle-horses in the church paddock. Here I met a friend well known to my Derbyshire parishioners. He told me he came out "without a halfpenny," and now "he needn't work unless he likes." He has a hundred acres of his own, a house and garden, and farm buildings. Another friend in the district, from Worksop, came out penniless, and has now fifty acres, and is a butcher as well as a farmer; while Mr. Prebble, the founder of Prebbleton, who started colonial life on the same conditions, is now reputed to be worth some £40,000. The heavy rains had sadly injured the large potato-crop. As it was found that

the roots spoiled a few days after being taken up, the farmers left them to rot in the ground. Mr. Prebble was said to have lost £500 by the failure of the crop.

On Monday I rode again to Templeton and gave an address to some sixty or eighty men at the meatworks. The day was glorious. The long line of snow mountains rose superbly from the plain, and the Port Hills were grey with mist and rolling cloud.



We were stopped on our way home near the meatworks by a mob of three thousand sheep, which were being driven into the adjoining paddock. Two dogs lay in the road, sleeping on guard with one eye open. The gate was opened wide enough to admit a thin stream of sheep running and skipping, and a man inside counted them with uplifted forefinger, and shouted out the

number now and then. The poor creatures were all doomed, the best to be stuffed into tins, the rest to be boiled down for tallow. Only the legs of mutton, the shoulders, and a little bit of the loin are used for tinning.

In making the tallow, seven hundred sheep are thrown at once into a huge vat, the steam is turned on, and the tallow drawn off into other vats, washed and boiled, and poured into coolers, and thence into casks. Sometimes a poor sheep is guilty of yielding only one pound of fat; sometimes it gives twenty-two pounds. The interior fat is made into common soap. The slaughter is prodigious. They said that sixty thousand sheep were killed in eleven weeks.

The manager loaded me with tinned meat, which I proposed to bring home to some of my farmer-friends; but it was all stolen from me on board an Australian ship. The men were very hearty and attentive, and the manager gave them an extra quarter of an hour in order to listen to my addresses.

On the last night of the mission a poor woman came to see me who, during the Riccarton Mission, had dropped a written question into the inquiry-box—a deep question in simple language, “Please, what becomes of the poor sinners that God cannot take in at His narrow gate?” The mission ended on Thursday morning. There was to be one free night, and the missions at Philipstown and at St. John’s were to begin on Friday. But a sou’-wester set in and brought a storm of wind and an overwhelming deluge of rain. Nearly seven inches of rain fell in twenty-four hours. No such flood

could be remembered. The rainfall of this one day was greater than any whole month's rain for the last three and twenty years. The Avon and the Heathcote rose and swamped roads, streets, and bridges. It quite put an end to the mission. I made an effort, however. My kind friends, the Stanfords, procured somehow a cab, and I drove in the evening to Philipstown, a suburb. For a long way the road was a lake or a river; no dry land appeared. At the church I found all dark, no bell ringing, and the church and parsonage standing, like the primæval world, in the water and out of the water. All around was the unbroken surface of a rippling lake. "Can't you drive up to the house?" I shouted. "I don't know," replied the driver, whose horse and cab were not warranted to swim, "whether there's a bridge. The man that came out just now" (presumably a parish clerk) "fell right down. I couldn't see him for some minutes." At last I told the cabman to wait, and got out and waded through the lake, poking with an umbrella to see "whether there was a bridge." At last I reached the house and learned (what I might have guessed) that there was to be no service. "You'll find this," said the clergyman, pointing at the water, "the best way." But to me courteous niceties of direction appeared superfluous in the face of the present realities of the universe. What was the way, and what was not the way, was an idle and unfruitful disquisition. Then my hat blew off, and I had to splash in pursuit. Under a torrid sun the bath would have been cheering and refreshing.

The storm next day was as bad. Only one bridge was passable. The boat-houses were swamped. A mill-wheel was revolving in order to let the water, which was up to the top of the bridge, pass. I found the road a mere lake still ; so our missions were postponed till Sunday at midday.

St. John's Church is built of dark stone. The span of the roof is wide, and there are no aisles. There is a good organ and, as usual in the South Island, a surpliced choir. The clergyman had been absent for rest in England, and returned at the end of the mission.

The Church of the Good Shepherd is new, well built of brick. The parsonage could only be approached on planks. The floods gradually subsided. Men could be seen in boats with tackle, clearing away floating trees from beneath the bridges. The students of the college-house dragged a tree down the river, and pulled it up to the house for firewood. At last the weather cleared. The sunsets and sunrises on the Alps, all robed in snow down to the foot, were glorious, and at nights there was a serene moon and frosty stars. The Queen's birthday was observed by salutes of musketry, a review of volunteers in the park, and a sham fight up the Waimakariri.

The day after the mission the primate, assisted by the dean, celebrated the Holy Communion at the cathedral for the Girls' Friendly Society. I gave an address on the Epistle. There was an afternoon meeting at the society's rooms, at which Canon Bodington spoke. The Bishop of Nelson was present both times.

We measured, near Christchurch, a willow,

planted originally as a hedge-stake twenty-three years ago. It now measures eight feet in girth. The old wire fencing has been absorbed by the tree, and is now buried a foot deep within the trunk. Near it was a gum tree fourteen feet round.

## CHAPTER IX.

ALL our missions in the city were now finished, and on Thursday, the 27th of May, we went south to take the last batch of missions at Temuka, Winchester, Timaru, Geraldine, Waimate, and Ashburton. How splendid the mountains were that morning as we passed them in review, peak after peak and ridge after ridge, with broad shoulders and descending spurs white and dazzling; in front the flat, enormous plain with mobs of sheep and herds of cattle among the tussocky grass, and the broad shingly rivers—the Rakaia, the Ashburton, the Rangitata—with bright, glittering water, and here and there a solitary sentinel *dracæna*. Near the towns the fences are made of gorse, which at this time were in brilliant bloom. Elsewhere, if there are fences at all, they are composed of wire.

Temuka and Geraldine lie within sight of each other. The little church of St. Saviour at Temuka was crowded to excess, people sitting with Canon Bodington even inside the altar-rails. The most remarkable feature of the parochial work is the Sunday schools. The clergyman has devoted much attention to them. He draws out an



annual syllabus, arranged in six standards, for children from the age of five to the age of thirteen and upward. The children are most intelligent, and showed a very good knowledge of their subjects—a striking contrast to the undenominational school at Aratapu. In the neighbourhood of Temuka there is a cheese factory and a linseed factory. On Ascension Day Canon Bodington preached at Winchester, some four miles away. The day ended with cloud, cold, rain, and darkness.

While my friend was at Temuka, I was at Geraldine and Waimate. I got out of the train at the Orari station, and was driven to Geraldine by the clergyman of the parish. His district is enormous. It includes Mount Peel and stretches across the Mackenzie county to Mount Cook. I remember, while we were staying at St. Paul's Vicarage in Auckland, a letter arriving from the S.P.C.K., addressed to "The Reverend the Incumbent of New Zealand." Certainly if any one deserves so comprehensive a title, it is the excellent priest of Geraldine. There are two churches, side by side. The old wooden one is abandoned. The new one, seating two hundred and fifty persons, is a plain concrete building with narrow lights. It stands on the bank of the Waihi creek in a fine crop of luxuriant native flax. On the opposite side of the road is a piece of bush swarming with delicious bell-birds and comical tuis. They make quite a clatter. The church is a mile and a half from the parsonage, so that three services meant nine miles in the day. But we sometimes drove or rode, and now and then I stayed to sketch. Once, while I was busy with my brushes, a hare came close

beside me and sat up. I heard a great splashing, and, looking up, I saw the hare dashing right through the river. The oldest house in Geraldine is built of bark and roofed with thatch. It stands



in a grove of large gum trees and is inhabited by a solitary old woman. Another house, where I was courteously entertained, had seen many changes. It was built by Sir Thomas Tancred for himself. Then it became a butcher's shop, and then the Bank of Australia. The village is

situated just beneath the rise of the foot-hills, or, as they are called, the downs. We rode over these downs through the grand bush, alive and vocal with the wild melody, like flutes and jangling bells, of the native birds. Every turn of the road was a picture. On one side was the alpine range, on the other the vast plain, with a streak of distant blue sea and a broken foreground of Vandyke-brown forest; and, over all, a glorious sky and blazing sun, as if it were midsummer instead of midwinter. Primroses were blossoming in the gardens. Rising at six or half-past for an early service was a cold and dark proceeding, but amply repaid by the splendour of the sunrise. The long, lone wall of snow glowed with that indescribable rosy gold which almost creates a new sense in the person who sees it for the first time from Grindelwald or Chamonix, and the lower hills were the rich mulberry-pink always associated in my mind with the mountains across the Gulf of Ajaccio. A nor'-wester sky from Geraldine at sunrise is a marvellous thing. A long lane of cloud fringes the sky like a partial roof close alongside the Alps, reaching far away to a distant horizon, and the rosy light, catching the lower part of each cloud, makes an astonishing and illimitable effect of aerial perspective.

On Sunday we had a full day, driving five miles to a crowded wooden church at Woodbury. Some people had come fifteen miles. Indeed, during this mission many people—in spite of the occasional heavy wet—came eight, ten, even fourteen miles to the services, and had to ford one river and several smaller but swollen creeks.

The church at Waimate, seating two hundred

and fifty, is dedicated to St. Augustine. It is built of wood, and the handsome squat Norman tower is the design of the clergyman. The altar is richly furnished. Waimate is on the decline, and there are many deserted houses. Once there were three active saw-mills ; now there are none. Agriculture and sheep-farming are the chief occupation. Mr. Studholme has a fine place and possesses some fifty thousand acres. One of his grooms was an old Northumbrian friend of mine. He came to see me and brought a fine couple of paradise ducks which he had shot for me. On Ascension Day the long, flat street was full of men and boys busy with tricycle races. The Waimate river forces its way through a picturesque gorge, broken by ravines and jutting crags, and diversified with trees, dracænas, and flax.

Dogs often find their way into the New Zealand churches. I have no strong objection to them if they behave well. I sympathize with St. Anthony. But a small dog at Waimate was too aggressive. As I walked up and down the nave giving an instruction, he followed me, biting each heel alternately. His erroneous views of duty caused his expulsion. Perhaps I was too intolerant. On the last night of the mission the congregation was picturesquely increased by the presence of a colonel of volunteers and his small force, who came in after their drill.

It was the 8th of June when I left Waimate for Ashburton. On a small lagoon I counted seventeen black swans, and there was a host of wild duck. I also saw a huge hawk or eagle perched on the rail by the line. It was holding up one

great yellow claw in front of its breast. There was a waterspout hovering over the plain near the foot of the hills. The day, which began cloudy and dark, gradually brightened, and at midday it was quite hot. I was met at the Timaru station by the Archdeacon of Timaru and Westland (a big archdeaconry!) and Canon Bodington.

Bishop Selwyn found Timaru "a deserted whaling station, exhibiting the usual decorations of such places—dilapidated try-works, broken boilers, decayed oil-barrels, and ruinous cabins, far worse than the generality of native dwellings." It is now a flourishing town of more than six thousand inhabitants, with a good harbour protected by a costly breakwater, and with many fine stone buildings. But it is not beautiful or picturesque. It stands on the sea, which is faced by low yellow mud cliffs. A good new church was in building. The stone, not unlike Bath stone, comes from Oamaru, another rising town further south. A fine-grained black basalt is also worked in, and the nave pillars are composed of polished Scotch granite, costing only £14 or £15 apiece. The clerestory is flat, weak, and meaningless, and so is the west window; but the church is, on the whole, very fine, and second only to the Christchurch Cathedral. The temporary church is a large workable wooden structure, seating five or six hundred persons. From the porch steps an excellent view of Mount Cook, with its triple peak eighty miles distant, is obtained.

It was from Timaru that Mr. Green made his ascent, accompanied with Swiss guides. Mr. Green is an Irish clergyman. An amusing story

is told in connection with the start. At a farewell tea, held the evening before, some gentleman innocently asked, "But, my dear sir, what do you consider to be the use of incurring all this fatigue and danger?" You might as well have asked Michael Angelo what was the good of painting the Creation on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. Up jumped the Alpine Club hero and, with a strong brogue, "Och thin, I should think, Misther Brown, ye're one o' those men that would just wish to live until ye die."

Archdeacon Harper, who is the eldest son of the primate, and has had a wide experience of the colony, possesses a good observatory and a grand telescope presented to him by his old friends, the hearty west coast diggers, among whom he was for a long time stationed. Through it we were shown some mighty sun-spots, measurable by tens of thousands of miles across, and vast white nitrogen flames.

During Canon Bodington's stay, the *Lyttelton*, bound for London with ten thousand frozen carcasses on board, foundered in the harbour, as she was being towed out. It was supposed that the tow-rope fouled the screw. No lives were lost. The coast is very dangerous, and, until the break-water was built, the harbour was not safe. A monument was erected in the town "to commemorate the generous and noble self-sacrifice of those who encountered the peril of death in their heroic endeavour to save their fellow-men on Sunday, the 11th of May, 1882, when the *City of Perth* and the *Revenue* were wrecked at Timaru. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man

lay down his life for his friends.'” While Canon Bodington was looking at the monument a little bright-eyed girl stopped, looked up, and said, “Please, sir, that last man was my father. He was George Folger,” and then ran away on some errand with her basket. While the lifeboat was being manned for her fatal voyage, a Swede, Emmanuel Nielson, came up and said to one of the crew, “Get out of that, you’re a married man. I’ve got no wife nor children. Let me go.” He went, and was tossed out of the boat by the immense waves, supposed to have been caused by an earthquake, and drowned with the rest.

Canon Bodington’s mission included addresses at Sandietown, as well as at Timaru. In spite of the wet the attendance was very large. On the last Sunday afternoon (it was Whit-Sunday), the four schools connected with St. Mary’s Church, numbering six hundred children, marched with their banners to church to hear a last address; and when the mission closed at night, the arch-deacon read an address of thanks, signed by himself and the churchwardens on behalf of the congregation.

In the box at the door was found a paper enclosing ten shillings and the words, “A trespass-offering for sin brought to mind by the mission,” and another enclosing a smaller sum and the words, “From one who for years past has been living in total forgetfulness of God, and who desires to return thanks that she has in the mission found true repentance and, she trusts, true forgiveness of her sins.”

When I left my friend at Timaru, my destina-

tion was Orari Gorge, where I was to spend a night with Mr. Tripp at his sheep station. After an hour in the train, I found a boy with two horses waiting for me at the Orari station. I packed up a few things in a bundle, and we rode off.

The view of the snowy range was lovely. It was about half-past four, and the distance to Orari Gorge was fourteen miles, so the sun had set long before we got in. But a crescent moon gave a fair light. The road was shingly and bad, and we had to ford several small creeks. The comfortable house is prettily situated just under the hills, which are covered with bush; and the bush is full of bell-birds, and tuis, and Australian magpies, a kind of crow with white back and patches of white on the wings. We awoke in the morning to find snow falling heavily and the ground all white. After breakfast my kind host lent me strong boots and gaiters, and we tramped about to see the place. The sheep-run is a very large one. It extends some twenty or twenty-five miles, and includes all the "Four Peaks" Mountain. The sheep are merinos and half-breds. We saw a number of grand merinoes, with huge, curly horns like a Dutch woman's head-dress, made to walk through a solution of bluestone to prevent sheep-rot. There are two shearings, a dry and a wet. The wet shearing means the shearing of the ewes that have lambs, which are then weaned and are not old enough to be weaned at the earlier shearing, which takes place in November. The largest number ever shorn on this run in one year was forty-nine thousand. Every winter some two or even three thousand sheep are likely to be lost in the snow.



After a heavy fall the shepherds go out to search for them and dig them out. They are discovered by the holes which their breath melts in the snow. For the convenience of the shepherds there are furnished huts at different points among the hills.

The sheep are housed the night before they are shorn, in order to keep the wool dry, otherwise it would generate heat. The wool-shed is very like a large church. There is a centre gangway, and on either side of the gangway pens, like pews. Then outside the pews on either side is an aisle, where the shearers—twenty-eight in number—work. The sheep are passed out from the pens into the aisles, and when a sheep is shorn it is turned out through a window into a pen outside the shed; and there the sheep are counted. A shearer gets 17s. 6d. or 18s. for shearing a hundred, and he can shear a hundred to a hundred and eighty a day. A boy at the end of the aisle collects the fleeces and puts them on to a sort of dresser, where a man inspects them and sorts them into first combing, second combing, first clothing, and second clothing, according to quality. The fleeces are pressed in a screw machine and shunted into a side chamber below, where they are packed in large bales. It takes three men to lift a bale. The bales are backed in large waggons, drawn by eight horses, to the station. At the wharf the bales are again pressed into one-half their bulk.

The sheep are dipped once a year in some solution. The mob is driven in and round a race. A decoy cage full of sheep is used to tempt them on, and they fall into the dip, and a man pushes them

well in. They scramble out on the other side and stand in the pens, which slope back to the dip, until they have done dripping. Mr. Tripp pays £3000 a year in wages. The men get from 20s. to 30s. a week, and all found. There is a resident blacksmith, a saddler, a black cook, and a rabbitier, who is paid 15s. and 6d. a skin.

The men sleep in two rooms, full of "bunks" like a ship. They make their own candles from mutton fat. Fifteen mules are kept. They are more hardy, more sure-footed, and better weight-carriers than horses. I saw two "sun-downers" sitting round a fire in their apartment. A sun-downer is a traveller who begs for a lodging at sundown. By the hospitable rule of the country every traveller is allowed bed and breakfast. But they are expected to clear out in the morning.

I rode part of the way up the gorge. The scenery is very fine. Mount Peel towers up to a great height above the swift Orari river. After lunch I drove to the station and reached Ashburton in the evening, and began the mission. Heavy sleet, hail, and snow fell at night, and there was a hard frost.

The falling snow and the keen frost, which to us made a new experience of the colony and reminded us of home, was all the time working a tragedy in the valley of the Clarence river, north of Christchurch, where Mr. Edward Lister Paske, a nephew of his Excellency Sir William F. Drummond Jervois, and Mr. Hugh James Thompson perished in the snow.

There was a surveyor's party, ten men with ten horses, who left Lake Guyon in the morning, in-

tending to cross Fowler's Pass and down Jack's Pass that day. The snow was falling. By mid-day they had reached the shelter of a wool-shed on the way, and decided to push forward twelve miles to St. James's. Mr. Paske refused to ride, as he felt quite strong, and would be warmer walking than riding ; and so the horses went on, and seven of the party were left in the rear. Soon, in the midst of a blinding storm, they found themselves in a snowdrift varying from three to five feet in depth. Mr. Paske's strength soon failed. Three of the party went on to seek for assistance, and the others did all they could to help Mr. Paske ; they put his arms round their necks, they tried to carry him, they chafed his limbs, they covered him with their coats, and, when he could move no more, they lay down beside him till he died. Then they stretched the body out in the snow, covered it with a coat, and placed their sticks at the head and feet to mark the place, and went forward. Mr. Thompson soon showed signs of exhaustion. His companions for two hours did all they could to help him forward, till they were themselves almost failing. On looking round in the clear moonlight, they could see, during a slight lull in the storm, the dark coat over the corpse not more than a hundred and fifty yards away. Meanwhile, the horses had arrived at St. James's, and a brave man named John Campbell set out at once with some cart-horses to succour the travellers. In two miles he met the first party, gave them refreshments, and went on till he found the rest only just in time. He placed them on the horses, but Mr. Thompson died in his arms. When they arrived at St. James's the

men's clothes, frozen in a sheet of ice, had to be cut from their bodies. This was indeed a month of sadness. The air seemed laden with calamity.

As we came out of church after the early Communion next morning, the view of the western Alps was wild and splendid. Overhead hung a dull grey cloud. Southward the long wall glowed a pale orange, with a faint blue sky above. The northern mountains—Mount Peel, the Four Peaks, Mount Somers, and Mount Hutt—were gleaming and shining, white sides and summits alternating with grey shadows, and the sky mixed up with the peaks, a majestic contrast of tempest and serenity which Turner would have seized and interpreted with joy. Later in the bright day the scenery became calmer, but not less wonderful. The glorious range of mountains vested in snow down to their very feet, like some great procession out of the Apocalypse, dazzling white with lilac and tender grey shadows—blue lines of distant plain, a yellow foreground of tussock and toi-toi and rush, and the meshes of the swift river, clear and blue grey, interlacing the broad bed of shingle, and roaring with a sound like the backward sweep of a summer wave. As I drank in the splendour of that beauty, I little thought that at that hour the Northern Terraces, the fertile valleys, the blossoming bush, the fertile pastures, the rustic villages of the Hot Lake district around the base of the fatal Tarawera were wrecked and ruined, and natives and colonists crushed and buried deep beneath the stones and boiling mud from the treacherous volcano. No tremor of earth.

quake, no echo of explosion reached us in the south; but that night we heard the sad news, and read it in the newspapers just as they did in London.

During the mission I gave addresses at the woollen factory, and also at the old men's home—not called, like the kindred institution in Christchurch, by the peculiar name of the *Depôt*. There were fifty men of all sorts. Many had seen better days. One had lost a fortune of £100,000. A dozen were said to be atheists; but these names are, as I have said before, often lightly or unjustly given. My poor friends, who crept out to the sunshine or sat patiently resigned while I spoke to them about the *Nunc Dimittis*, were perhaps less atheists than they were when they could write large cheques and order their lives in their own fashion. The long monotony of their age, not unrelieved by charity, was instilling, we must believe, some deeper lessons, effectual and slow.

On these grand, frosty days ice remained in the river even at midday. A fortune might be made by polishing the lovely pebbles, green, black, and red, from the bed of the river. One afternoon I saw two men riding with a pack of beagles. They hunt twice a week. There was a sale of horses going on in "Bullock's Arcade." A young fellow was riding a horse to show it, when it bolted with him furiously out of the arcade and down the street. He soon pulled it up, and turned it round. Then it lashed out like lightning several times with its heels. The boy never moved an inch, and looked as unconcerned as if he had been in an

armchair. There was a large crowd of men at the sale.

The mission—the last in New Zealand—ended on Whit-Sunday. I was in church nearly all day, from half-past eight in the morning till ten at night. The people tried to make up for a rather slack attendance by crowding in on the last day. On that night a vessel, the *Ly-ee-moon*, was wrecked at Green Cape, between Melbourne and Sydney, and seventy lives were lost. The huge waves kept sweeping over the deck and washing off the exhausted passengers one after another.

Before daybreak I left Ashburton station. My kind friend, Mr. Otway, who, during the incumbent's absence in England, was in charge of the Church, came to bid me good-bye, and gave me as a souvenir a selection of Mrs. Browning's poems. Nothing could have pleased me more. I often take up the volume, and, as I repeat some of those noble, pathetic, and Christian lines which I first read that cold and glorious morning, I remember with a sense of regret and love the deep impressions left upon me by the sights and sounds of that dear country, and the warm, responsive hearts of those good, indulgent friends, who loved me because I came to them from the old home and the old Church of their childhood's memory.

I suppose I must not speak again of the Alps, even to bid them farewell, nor say how in that Whitsun sunrise the living light leaped and glowed from peak to peak for more than a hundred miles, like some swift and glorious Lampadephoria, an emblem of the "clear light and true knowledge" of the Catholic faith leaping along the unbroken

chain of the Church's eternal Whit-Sundays, undiminished, and growing from dawn to day.

I will only say that if any artist wants to make a picture, let him humbly try to paint Mount Hutt from the bridge over the Rakaia.



## CHAPTER X.

MY last afternoon was entirely taken up by seeing people at my "home" at the College House; and at night the diocesan missions ended, as they had begun, with impressive solemnity in the cathedral. The service was a thanksgiving and farewell. The bishop, the dean, the archdeacons, the canons, a large number of the parochial clergy, and a vast congregation assembled. The music was grand and faultlessly sung. After the anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains," Canon Bodington preached on the spirit of bondage and the spirit of adoption, and at the close spoke of the future of New Zealand. When the sermon was ended the dean came down from his stall and stood in front of the screen. The bishop came down from his throne and stood at the top of the chancel steps, facing the dean and the congregation.



My friend and I stood on each side of the bishop, and then the dean read to the bishop an address from the clergy, thanking us for the mission.

We felt especially grateful for the words "the simplicity and directness with which they have preached the gospel of our Lord, and Master, Jesus Christ." "It may not be our lot," the address ended, "to meet them again face to face in this life, but we rejoice in the hope that our fellowship with them in the Communion of Saints may never be interrupted, either in this world or in that which is to come." The bishop replied shortly, with great dignity and humility, and then Canon Bodington said, "Our feelings are too strong, my lord, to allow us to say much; only, as you gave us authority when we first arrived to conduct these missions, so now we beg you before we leave to give us your benediction." We knelt before him, and he laid his hand on us, and blessed us, saying, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ." "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" was sung as the procession left the cathedral.

I was packing my luggage till four in the morning, and at half-past seven I celebrated in the cathedral. There were thirty communicants. The bishop, assisted by the dean and canons, celebrated again at ten, and I gave an address based on one of Dr. Westcott's, on the Gospel for the day—the one flock in the one fold under the one Shepherd—

"I am the Door ; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." There was a grand congregation, and the verger counted one hundred and seventy communicants, but the *Lyttelton Times* said there there were three hundred or four hundred. Although my address was short, and not a note of music was sung, the service occupied two hours. It was quite a surprise, a touching and almost overwhelming conclusion to the mission.

I may quote here without any breach of confidence a few lines, referring to the scope and effect of the mission in this diocese. The first quotation is from the letter of a clergyman in the diocese who attended only as a hearer. He writes, "Would that the clergy were united in one combined effort to teach Church doctrine everywhere with precision and definiteness. This is the need of our age. The Church would then be irresistible, and would conquer everywhere."

The next is from a lady, "Let me tell you what I learned ; only you must not think it came to me all at once. Being naturally slow at taking in a new thought, I have been learning it gradually all these weeks, and am still going on learning it. You told me God loved me. That I knew before ; only I did not pay much attention to it. But, besides that, you taught me that He liked loving me and making me happy. Now, that never came into my mind before. I never used to think, 'God likes me to have this ; He is pleased for me to enjoy that.' It was a new thought for me, and at first I was afraid of it, as I always am of anything unusual. It was such an effort to take hold

of it. Now, it has brought a new happiness into my life. I like every one better than I ever did before, and I am so happy that I am always wanting to sing."

The third is also from a lady: "I hope I shall always be deeply thankful that my steps were directed to Christchurch at this time. . . . I can and do say the whole of the Creed now . . . because I no longer fear that falsehood lurks in my words." And then, referring to a private interview: "I learnt more from you that day than any words you spoke would account for."

I am grateful to these writers for expressing on the one hand so concisely and so beautifully the importance and the need of definite teaching, and, on the other, the evangelical result of the full acceptance of the Catholic faith, and also the way in which—we gratefully believe—that result is produced, when the words of the teacher only float as feathers in the great river of grace, the wide wind that blows where it lists. "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy paths in the great waters; and Thy footsteps are not known. Thou leddest Thy people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

We left Christchurch soon after two o'clock. The good bishop, the dean, the archdeacon, and others came to say good-bye at the station, and another little party came with us in the train to Lyttelton to wave us a last farewell.

Our vessel was called the *Wairarapa*. She had the good fortune to be burned off Gisborne not long ago by the upsetting of a lamp, so we had the advantage of perfectly new fittings.

A sou'-wester came on with rain, but half the

sky was clear. There was a bright, hazy glow over the Alps, which came in view beyond the Sumner beach and the wide-stretching plain, as we left the Lyttelton Heads. On the other side the sky was stormy, with long streaks of rain stalking over the mountains.

There was a strong head wind, so that we had no rolling in spite of the storm. In the morning we could see westward a range of dark, hilly coastline, with snow mountains gleaming behind. We gradually drew nearer to land—low hills covered with bush. We entered the Port Chalmers Gulf, passing close to the land on the left—low green hills with grass and bush and smooth sand by the sea. The hills are higher at Port Chalmers. The small town rises prettily on the slope, commanded by a good Presbyterian church. Here we landed, and went by train to Dunedin, so called after Edinburgh. It was a Presbyterian colony, founded a year before Christchurch, but after Christchurch had been proposed. For a long time the inhabitants would not allow any English Churchmen to land, but turned them back. When a bishop was appointed they were furious. They had a great meeting which lasted till after midnight. They finally resolved to call the new-comer Bishop Nevill, but they would call their own chief ministers the same. "We are all of us bishops," they cried.

The public buildings are fine, and the streets resemble Queen Street, Auckland. "First Church" is an imposing building, with a really good but curious spire. There is a certain thinness about the architecture, as there always is about all but Catholic architecture.

From the station at Dunedin we trudged up a picturesque and muddy valley through the rain to Bishopsgrove, where we were hospitably entertained. The house is built of brick, faced with white stone and wood. The windows are handsomely mullioned. Inside the same richness and art are conspicuous. A broad staircase of red pine fronts the door, and the walls and roof are panelled with wood. The house was designed by the bishop, who is an artist in more than one branch of art. Behind the house is an orphanage where the bishop maintains twelve little girls. The house and an extensive property adjoining it are his private possession. A stream full of trout tumbles along through bush, ferns, and tree-ferns at the bottom of the lawn, receiving a noisy tribute from a gushing, showery cascade. The garden and shrubberies are vocal with bell-birds and thrushes. The snow on the high hills added a special beauty to the view.

On the following day the bishop took us to see the town and the churches. The brick church of All Saints has, besides a school, a good block of land attached to it, which might be utilized for a cathedral, and it would be fairly central. We next visited St. Matthew's, a cold-looking interior, and St. Paul's on the hill-side. Then we mounted, in what I believe is the steepest tram in the world, the high hill to Roslyn Church and parsonage, commanding a panorama of the city and the gulf and hills beyond, and the narrow neck of land and the sweeping shore against which the ocean was dashing white waves. Here we stayed till it was time to go down to the opening of a new school-room. In the town I saw at a poul-

terer's shop a quantity of kaka parrots hanging for sale at one and sixpence the pair—lovely birds, red or orange under the wing, the breast rich green and brown, and the feathers of the back crimson-tipped and purple—the same sort of effect as the plumage of a pheasant.

When we returned to Port Chalmers we found our old friend the *Kaikoura* drawn up to the wharf. There were also three whalers just arrived from their voyages; one, the *Splendid*, had taken nineteen whales. After a rough night we entered a very narrow passage—the harbour of the Bluff, which is the port of Invercargill, some twenty miles away. The strong current of the tide makes the entry dangerous, and no vessel will come in after dark. There is a large wooden jetty, where we drew up to take in a cargo of oats and oysters. A more miserable place it is not possible to imagine. Flat, dreary hills surround a desolate lagoon. The Bluff implies a fine headland, but it is nothing of the sort. We steamed out at sunset and passed an island and a lighthouse on a rock. Ahead we could see the dusky outline of the mountains of Stewart's Island wrapped in storm. Here there are saw-mills and fisheries. They dry the cod and other fish, and export it to Australia. Our oysters came from there. It is also famous for the mutton birds, which are captured young. My informant said, "When you eat the back you'd think you was eating a mutton-chop; and the belly, you'd think you was eating a fish." Bishop Selwyn says, "The native mode of preserving it is to boil it down, and then to tie it up in its own oil in kelp bags formed of the large air-vessels of common seaweed."



SYDNEY.

## BOOK IV.

### *THE VOYAGE HOME.*

#### CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday — the next day was Trinity Sunday, the 20th of June, when the Queen entered on the jubilee year of her reign. We felt, however, the reverse of jubilation, for as we left the land and entered upon our South Sea voyage we launched upon an awful and prolonged storm. The albatrosses and boobies enjoyed it. The storm was really frightful. The sea looked like black marble, veined and streaked with white, the whole surface lined with the crests of curling waves and patterned

with foam. The wind was terrible, roaring and shrieking, lifting great masses of water and whirling them in drenching showers over the deck, till there was not a dry thread anywhere. The lower deck was deluged by floods of water, which washed and swirled among the oyster barrels, standing lashed by ropes to the side of the vessel. The water, too much to escape, stood sometimes a foot or two deep. When the sun came out, now and then, in bright, cold, watery gleams, there was a rainbow on the horizon and a succession of rapidly formed and rapidly dissolving rainbows in the sheet of foam that flew over the ship. A sail was set on the foremast to steady us. But the word "steady" does not describe our condition. We gave the most awful and sudden lurches. The wind whistled like a child blowing on a tin trumpet, and outside there was a perpetual roaring and banging, while all the vessel creaked and strained. Now and then came a royal salvo of artillery. It seemed impossible for any ship to stand such a battering. It is easy to conceive how a vessel on the rocks, incapable of yielding to the blows, is quickly broken up. The captain said it was the worst storm he has had since August, and that a sailing ship would have been obliged to heave to.

Some time ago, Cooper's Menagerie was on board this vessel. The animals were down in the hold, under the charge of one man. The man was awoke at night by a tiger walking over him. The beast, however, got back into its cage without doing any mischief. Next night the captain, walking on deck, put his hand down on a soft, furry coat.



It proved this time to be only a large ape. The performers were terribly frightened of the weather, and promised the captain all their jewellery if he would only land them safe. He heard no more of the jewellery, however, when they landed at Hobart Town.

At Hobart Town we spent St. John's Day, and reached Melbourne, two days later. It was Saturday, and in the evening we went by train to Albury, on the Murray river, the frontier village on the borders of Victoria and New South Wales, celebrated for its vineyards. The church was well filled with people on Sunday morning, and in the afternoon we started for Sydney, and steamed through interminable miles of gum trees, and past hamlets and villages bearing such uncouth names as Yambla, Gerogory, Dudal Gooma, Yerong Creek, and Junea, not to speak of the town of Wagga-Wagga, famous in connection with the claimant of the Tichborne estate. We arrived at Sydney on Monday morning, where we were hospitably entertained for two days by the primate at Bishops court, a charming house built on the crest of a steep hill, overlooking on one side a gully of tangled bush and the blue sea, and on the other side the distant, gleaming, white houses of the great city.

The cathedral is dedicated to St. Andrew. It was built about forty years ago, with a kind of idea of reproducing Westminster Abbey. The towers would have been something like it, only they were cut down to avoid expense. The chancel is not raised above the nave, and there are only a few steps to the altar, which is mean. The

general view of the nave is good, and the pillars are lofty, but the transepts are senselessly narrow, and the stained glass is bad. The east window has an Ascension. There are the twelve Apostles, and prominently in front of them is a mysterious thirteenth figure with a red beard. This can only be Judas Iscariot. It was, however, originally the Blessed Virgin Mary. But, when the authorities saw this figure, they were so shocked and dismayed that they packed it up and sent it back to England with orders to cut off the Virgin's head. It reminds one of another well-known tragedy, *Hamlet*—

“An exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons, . . .  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
(The) head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?”

By “the authorities,” I do not mean the bishops of Sydney, but the laymen, who discipline their bishops (as commonly in the colonies) with a rod of iron. All their service is with rigour.

We steamed away from the lovely Sydney Harbour in the *Maranoa* on Wednesday, the 30th of June, and were kindly welcomed by the Bishop of Brisbane at Brisbane, on the 2nd of July. During our ten days' stay at Bishopsbourne we held a mission in St. John's Pro-cathedral, and a Retreat for clergy in the bishop's own private chapel, and also preached in most of the churches of the city, and gave addresses at the Foundry on Kangaroo Point. We left Brisbane in the *Duke of Westminster*, on the 12th of July, and it was sixty days before we sighted England. Our route was through the Torres Straits. It is quite the most

interesting way home from Australia. There is so much to be seen. The vessel glides through the still waters inside the great Barrier Reef, and passes in review all the eastern coast-line of the great continent-island. Our cargo increased and varied as we progressed. We took in wool at Port Alma ; frozen meat, hides, tallow, and silver ore at Poole Island ; ingots of silver and blocks of tin at Port Douglas ; mother-of-pearl at Thursday Island ; coffee, tea, sugar, and rice at Batavia ; and cocoanuts and satinwood at Colombo. Port Alma is at the mouth of the Rockhampton river. Not far



BRISBANE.

away is the richest gold-mine in the world. This "mountain of gold," as it is called, was originally bought by a shepherd for about three farthings an acre. It is reckoned to contain a clear profit of about nine millions sterling. Three hundredweight of gold were brought in the week that we were in that neighbourhood. The gold from this mine is said to be the only gold that has ever been found unalloyed with silver.

Whit-Sunday Pass, so named by the plucky old

Christian, Captain Cook, who returned this way from his discovery of New Zealand, and who never forgot his prayers or his Church calendar however far away he might happen to be, is like fairyland—

—“Sprinkled isles,  
Lily on lily that o’erlace the sea.”

Green lawns, feathery woods, purple masses of rock overhung with pines, broken precipices of red stone, and coves of sandy beach—the combination remind one of some of the salt-water lakes in the West Highlands of Scotland; but, unlike them, there is no sign of human habitation, except on one islet where there is a comfortable lighthouse. The hills look as if they would afford excellent pasture for sheep.

At Poole Island I had the joy of landing on a tropical shore, and bringing away a whole sackful of coral of all sorts and sizes, enough to furnish completely a cabinet in England, as well as a number of beautiful shells. After leaving Port Douglas the scenery began to be very grand indeed.

The north boundary of the bay is formed by Snapper Island and Cape Kimberley. Snapper Island is a group of steep, richly wooded rocks with grass slopes and, here and there, a small sandy cove. This exquisite foreground was backed by a grey pile of mountains wreathed in mist. The remainder of the coast until the sun set was a magnificent, ever-shifting panorama of lofty mountains bathed in white floating mist, with wooded hills and trees fringing the water. The Alexandra range is crowned by the superb peak called “Thornton’s Peak.” Over the shoulder of the

mountain appears the quaint, crooked horn named "Pieter Botte," after the mountain in Mauritius, and further north is Cape Tribulation. For richness of outline, for softness of vegetation, and for rugged grandeur of mountain range, this must be one of the finest bits of coast in the world. Cape Tribulation was so named by Captain Cook, who knocked a hole in his ship, the *Endeavour*, on a rock not far away. "It appeared," he says, "that the rocks had cut through four planks into the timbers, and that three other planks were damaged. In these breaches not a splinter was to be seen, the whole being smooth, as if cut away by an instrument ; but most providentially the vessel was preserved by a very singular circumstance. Though one of the holes was large enough to have sunk her, even with eight pumps constantly at work, yet it was partly stopped up by a fragment of the rock, which remained sticking in it. They likewise found that some oakum and wool had got between the timbers and stopped the parts of the leak that the stone had left open." Weary Bay and Endeavour Bay repeat the same tale.

The scenery near Cape York, with its countless islands some of which are named after every day of the week from Sunday to Friday, is not so majestic, but wonderfully picturesque. Fly Point and Albany Island are covered with tall, pointed ants' nests as big as wigwams. They look quite like a village scattered on the green sward. Near here the *Dacca* steamed past us. A few years afterwards she was wrecked in these treacherous waters. We could see wrecks on either side of us ; here the boilers of an engine just showing above

the surf, and there the masts of a sailing vessel leaning over a fatal rock. The sea is haunted by pearl-fishing boats, that scud along under two brown sails and a jib. "These are the men to hold on to a boat," remarked one of our passengers, who had been for many years a sailor and knows the coast well. There are seven men and a diver on each boat. The diver, who can go down twenty fathoms, is paid £20 a month and a percentage on what he gets. Sometimes he makes £400 a year. The shells are large and flat, a foot in diameter, something between an oyster and a pecten. The outside is of a grey-green colour, in thin flakes; the inside is a broad, round, flat sheet of lustrous mother-of-pearl. These shells sell in London at £140 to £200 a ton. Pearls of great beauty are often found in them.

We landed on Thursday Island, and then headed across the Gulf of Carpentaria for Java and Ceylon. We went out through the newest part of the world and returned through the oldest. We went out through America, and came back through Asia. The very ships emphasize the thought. Our first voyage was on a vessel of the Cunard line, with a saloon full of Yankees and a steerage crowded with emigrants. Our voyage home was on a British-Indian steamer, manned and served by Orientals and Mahomedans, and in the saloon a double-fringed Eastern punkah rollicked to and fro to cool the hot air.

Across the two thousand miles of the shallow Arafura Ocean and the Sea of Timor, alive with water-snakes and white clouds of flying-fish and schools of skip-jacks, we steamed westward, with

cuttlefish and yellow seaweed floating round us. The nights were so brilliant and the surface of the sea so calm, that even the Milky Way was reflected in the water, and on our right and left the constellations of the Great Bear and the Southern Cross balanced each other in the sky, and seemed to divide the empire of night between them ; and over our bows, through the spars and rigging, the great globe of Jupiter glowed like a moon. There was a fresh, reposeful sound of water rushing from the bows and along the sides of the vessel, and all through the long, silent watches, the hours, struck in treble on the bridge, were faithfully answered by the steady, never-failing tenor of the fo'c'stle bell. We glided through this glorious region, past Timor and Sandalwood, Sumbawa, Lombok, Musa Pandita, and Baly, gleaming by night with the sullen, intermittent glare of volcanic fire, and by day magnificent with huge, blue domes and cones rising above the white clouds to the height of ten and twelve thousand feet. The rival peaks of Lombok and Baly are the wardens of two worlds. Between them is a deep chasm, a sudden rift in the bed of the sea. The soundings pass suddenly from 224 fathoms to 1129. This gulf is the boundary between two zoological regions, the Indian and the Australian. The fauna of Baly is quite different to the fauna of Lombok. There are no two regions in the world which differ more. One is the region of tigers, the other the region of kangaroos, and yet the channel is less than ten miles across. The boundary line extends from here up the Strait of Macassar.

As we skirted the island of Madura, the sea and

the shore sparkled in the sunshine, and countless fishing prows with lateen sails and bamboo outriggers shot to and fro, with the sail almost sweeping the water, and men standing on the outriggers to balance the little craft. They measure the breeze by describing it as a "one-man" breeze or a "two-men" breeze, according to the number of men required on the outriggers. Bamboo floats were tossing on the waves with nets attached to them. One float was standing almost upright in the water, as though there were a good haul of fish in the net, and no doubt one of the swift, bird-like boats would soon dart upon its prey.

We cast anchor in Priok Harbour, and spent the next day in Batavia.





DREDGE ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE are now about twenty million inhabitants in Java, of whom about one-twentieth live at the capital; but the charm of the place is that you would never think it. The streets—if it is not dishonouring to their beauty to call them by so vulgar a name—swarm with people, but the houses are so buried in a

“Boundless contiguity of shade,”

that a traveller might well imagine himself to be in a large village. We walked about and drove in a carriage drawn by Timor ponies for six hours, yet even now I cannot imagine where the houses can be. The city is more like what ancient Babylon must have been than a modern capital. It is a spacious garden, with avenues, canals, parks, groves, and promenades. The heat was 89° in the shade, but everything suggested coolness. The walls are white; the houses, with their

porticoes and pillars, are white. The bridges, if they are not built of bamboo, are white, and so are the canal banks. But the white does not glare, because it is broken up and tempered by the delicious shade of palms, mimosas, figs, bananas, and flowering shrubs, and by airy lattices and awnings, and broad-leaved ferns and choice plants, and relieved by the exquisite variety of colour in the flowing dresses of the people. It would be an injustice to say that the prevailing colour of their dresses was not white, very beautifully white ; and if they added no colour, there would still be variety, because their dark-brown skins, of which many of them show the greater part, would break the monotony. But next to white, the prevailing hue is rose colour, and rose colour is only a single name for a host of delicate and glowing tints, from a deep, rich, rose madder to a pale, pink blush.

The streets, full of these Chinese, Javanese, Malays, and Indians, look like the rich spring flower-garden, crowded with bright blossoms, that Cowper describes in the last book of the "Task."

All the carrying is done by men. I do not remember seeing a single cart. There were plenty of gaily painted little carriages like small country carts, with awnings, but these were only private carriages or cabs. There was no sound of lumbering wheels as in London or Manchester.

The men carry their loads, hay, fruit, bread, vegetables, crockery, faggots, or poultry, suspended from a light pole across their shoulders, in large, airy baskets of split bamboo. If they wish to attract customers, they use a little hollow rattle the size of a large pipe. The turkeys and geese

are carried comfortably in a sitting posture, bound round the middle with green strips of leaf or grass, with their feet dangling below. The bearers look something like falconers in the olden time. Those that sell cakes, rice, or sweetmeats provide their customers with a sweet, green plate cut fresh from a broad, cool banana leaf. We stood for a few minutes at a small row of Chinese shops overshadowed by broad trees, to watch a fruit-seller, who, amid a group of brightly dressed natives, with upturned faces, was tempting the wild birds down with a piece of pomelo or banana. But the birds did not come down while we lingered. They fluttered among the leaves in longing agitation, but were not overcome by the enchantments. We were reminded of Hotspur's answer to the boast of Owen Glendower that he could "call spirits from the vasty deep"—

"Why so can I, or so can any man.  
But will they come when you do call for them?"

An avenue of tall trees, covered with orchids, led us under an imposing, white archway in the style of old Temple Bar, with two black, ungainly, classic heroes in a niche on either side. It was like a frontispiece to Dryden's "Virgil." Here we saw soldiers in blue, and with no weapon except a short Roman sword. Policemen, too, there were, with short-tailed coats like German postboys, profusely ornamented with broad orange braid. We stopped on the bridge of a canal to look at the view. To our right were moored two or three thatched barges of rich Vandyke-brown close to the white walls and tiled roofs, and backed by groups of cocoa-nut reflected in the water. On

the left were many barges moored close together, and crowded with busy, brilliant, black-backed men. Near them was a small fleet of canoes filled with standing figures. They reminded us of Raphael's cartoon of the miraculous draught of fishes. I never saw the same effect anywhere else ; the narrow, shallow boats, and the men, tall out of all proportion. A few steps further we knocked over the dead body of a snake in the dust. There are countless snakes. As a man said to me at Thursday Island, " You can't go wrong for snakes."

We looked for alligators, but saw none ; but we saw a man nearly up to his neck in water, painting his boat. This was no decisive proof, however, that there were no alligators ; for natives go shrimping, we were told, with nets in the harbour, and these reptiles paddle after them, and when the fisherman accidentally catches a small fish among his prawns, he kills it and chucks it over his shoulder without looking round, conscious of his attendant saurian. The ingenious brute knows that if he attacked the man, he would be killing the goose with the golden eggs, and so contents himself by gobbling up the fish ; an instance of what Mr. Drummond would call " semi-parasitism."

The canal is very neat, bricked and plastered white, topped with grass, and intersected at regular intervals by flights of brick steps. On these steps were women and children washing their clothes, and men and boys washing themselves. I suppose the water has cleansing properties, but it is thick and yellow, and certainly cannot possess the attributes of Pears' soap, according to the pictured

advertisements of changing the Ethiopian's skin. The streets are watered by carriers, who have two buckets slung across their shoulders. These buckets have long bamboo spouts with roses. It is a cool and grateful occupation.

We left Priok on the last day of July, and rounded the end of Java through the Straits of Sunda.

In the distance we could see on our right the long low island of Thwartway, with a wide gap in the middle of it. This gap was made by the great wave which followed the eruption of 1883. It was a hundred feet high. It swept right over Thwartway like a deluge, and tore out the centre of the island as it passed. This is only one of many sad monuments of that terrible day.

On our left came into view the lighthouse and harbour of Merak, which was built after the destruction of Anjer. The town and lighthouse of Anjer were swept off the face of the earth in one moment by the huge wave. Almost at the same time, we saw the author of all these disasters. Krakatoa was once a fertile, inhabited island; now it is a desolate rock. It is simply one side of a split cone rising sheer out of the water more than a thousand feet. The other half of the cone is blown away. It was a literal example of saying "to this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea." The huge mass was blasted away by the tremendous explosion and deposited several miles to the north, completely blocking up the channel. A new survey was made, and new charts issued, so that now ships, which used to pass to the north, are forced to sail south between the mainland

and the island. To the east of Krakatoa rises a finer cone, the island of Sebesie. On both of these summits was a stream of dull, white, volcanic smoke, which the fresh wind, rising into a stiff breeze, blew off westward into a trailing cloud like the smoke of an engine, pointing towards the Peak of Rajah Massa in Sumatra, which rose more than four thousand feet high, wrapped in a grand pile of storm-cloud.

The sun set grandly behind Sebesie, glowing like a fiery, volcanic furnace, as if to remind us of that tragedy, when seventy-five thousand persons perished in one short day. For a long time afterwards, ships used to see dead bodies floating hither and thither, drifting on the tide.

In the Indian Ocean we found ourselves again in the region of storm. A heavy shower came stalking across the ocean, drawing a white scud beneath it on the sea. Orders were given to take in all the sails and uncoil the lightning conductor, and throw the end into the water. Lightning began to play round the horizon, blue at first, then increasing in frequency till it blazed into white, and the sea was as clear as day. It was a glorious spectacle. The electric fluid, which rippled and streamed and gushed from the sky, or darted overhead, threading the clouds, was incessant, and each flash so prolonged that there was time to look to the quarter whence the light came and watch the display.

There is something grand in the squalls. They come in a moment. The wind comes first with a rush. It roars in the rigging and awnings, and bursts with fury on the deck. The ship stands

trembling "like a guilty thing surprised." The sea rises, and the ship begins to heave and roll. The great black waves, like moving walls, come on in rows, leaping ; the nearer rank dark and threatening, the following ridges a faint grey, and the rest dissolved in white mist, which mingles and confuses the sky and the waters. The waves tower and totter and leap at the ship as if they would toss their quivering tops on the deck. There is a sudden rush and roar. The wave is defeated. The vessel leans over ; and a flood of seething foam gushes from her side, dashes against the white crest of an advancing billow, and spouts like a fountain into the air. A few drops of rain that sting like hail splash the deck. Next moment the surface of the sea is smooth ; there is a hissing, plunging sound, and the decks are swimming with a deluge of rain.

For one long week we were seeing what the world must have been like on the second day of creation. There was no sun, no dry land, no living thing ; nothing but water and cloud, and a dim misty firmament in the midst of the waters, which hardly divided the waters from the waters.

The 8th of August, when we reached Colombo, was a Sunday. It was indeed a Sabbath day—a day spent in a Paradise, of which it may truly be said—

"There everlasting spring abides  
And never withering flowers."

Next day we went by train to Kandy and back, and sailed for Aden on the 10th.

There was a fresh breeze ; the anchor was weighed, and the breakwater with its lighthouse

seemed to glide swiftly past us, as we headed away to the west, and the long, low shores of Ceylon soon faded from sight. We little thought of the sad tragedy that was so soon to happen. It was a fine night, a thinly veiled sky with a faint moon, a fair wind, and a sea, not rough, but full of motion, the waves rising and rushing past with a gleam of white foam. Towards midnight I started up, hearing a terrible cry overhead. I rushed on deck, and at the door of the upper saloon I met one of the passengers. It was his scream that I had heard; and he told me in a word what had happened. One of our fellow-voyagers had thrown himself overboard. The poor young man was apparently asleep on a bench near him. He suddenly and silently rose, swiftly passed to the side of the ship—it was only two steps—leaped over, and fell head foremost. The passenger sprang from his chair, shouted “Man overboard!” and flung into the sea a life-belt which hung on the rail. The officer on the bridge threw another, which burst into light when it touched the water. The captain ordered the vessel to stop, and a boat to be lowered. An officer and a crew of Lascars got into the boat, which was quickly lowered from the davits, and rowed silently away in the dark towards the floating light. We saw the boat touch the light, which was not in our wake, but straight out to leeward—touch and pass it. He was not there. Indeed, it was a hopeless errand.

“God rest his soul!” said a passenger beside me. There was no disturbance, or noise, or confusion on deck. After that first terrible cry, there



was almost absolute silence, only broken by the deep bass of the captain's order, "Slow astern," "Pick up the light," "Stop." We stood there looking over the side at the monotonous waves that rose and sank past us, as the great vessel drifted down upon that strange, weird, ghostly light.

"They may have picked him up," said the captain; but it was a vain hope. The boat was ordered out once more in a straight line. By this time it must have been half an hour since the first alarm; none but a very strong swimmer desirous of life could have been still floating.

Again the boat returned; the crew climbed on deck, and the boat was hauled up with the usual sing-song invocation of "Allah," which sounded strange and pathetic at that moment.

It seemed an awful thing to be steaming on our way home, leaving behind us in that boundless, dreary waste, one who had been with us so long, and was alive and well but a short time before.

We coaled at Aden, saw the wrecks about the "Straits of Sorrow" and the island of Perim, and remembered that it was to a wreck on this coast that Abyssinia owes its Christianity, such as it is; and as we watched the unearthly glow on the bare peaks of the Sinaitic range, the psalms for the day chimed in, "He rebuked the Red Sea also, and it was dried up: so He led them through the deep as through a wilderness."

In the Canal we bumped the ground twice, and, as it was getting dark, orders were given to tie up the ship. It was the first absolutely still night we had spent. There was no thumping of the engines,

no hollow rattling of coals, nor cries of ag-wallahs ;  
no dash of waves, nor rush of water from the bows ;  
no shouts of bargemen, nor whistle of train or  
steamer ; no crowing of cocks, nor barking of dogs.  
It was the deep silence of the desert, broken only  
by the treble and tenor of the bells chiming "eight  
bells" for midnight. It made one think of Lorenzo  
and Jessica in the avenue at Belmont—

"Soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :  
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

By day we watched the long strings of camels  
winding across the plain, or the large flocks of  
birds hovering over the dazzling white salt and  
blue shallows of Lake Menzaleh, or the tall, shifting  
columns of sand lifted by little whirlwinds and  
stalking in procession across the desert, alternately  
thickening and melting away. They are one of  
the most interesting sights seen from the great  
ditch.

This must be the image referred to in the  
canticle, where Solomon is described carried in his  
royal palanquin, attended by his "threescore valiant  
men" "expert in war," with "clouds of frankincense  
burning round him : " "Who is this that cometh out  
of the wilderness like pillars of smoke ? "

And these stately pillars of sand bring insensibly  
to mind the miraculous guide of the Children  
of Israel through the desert: "The Lord went

before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way ; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light ; to go by day and night : He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people."

We left Port Said with its jumble of nationalities on land and water, and, while Englishmen at home were banging at the partridges, we were preserving bird-life by affording a daily asylum to all kinds of pretty little pilgrims, linnets, doves, and hoopoes, migrating south. They seemed very rash to venture so far out of sight of land. But they never made a mistake. They flew straight away from our port side as if they had been guided by a compass. We saw the glittering lights of Malta flashing in the dark, admired the sloping vineyards on Pantellaria, and the lawns and precipices of Cape Bon, and the jagged towering rocks of Zembra and Zembretta. Again the lights shone from Cape Carthage and the Dog Rocks, and soon we saw the white houses of Almeria and caught the first gleam of snow on the Sierra Nevada. All the glasses and telescopes were brought out to view what the Australians had never seen before—Europe and snow. We passed Gibraltar at midnight, and felt the autumn cold rushing in from the Atlantic. Whales were seen spouting in the Bay of Biscay. On the 10th of September we steamed past the Eddystone Lighthouse and glided into Plymouth Sound.

It was very refreshing once more to see English fields and woods and cottages and churches ; the broken banks of red earth, the pines, the neat stacks of corn, and the rich red-and-

brown sails of the fishing-boats. Here several of the passengers landed, and amongst them my dear friend, Canon Bodington. So we parted after our long and happy association of labour, pleasure, and adventure. He spent the night at Birmingham, and reached Lichfield next day, where he was received at a public meeting by the clergy of the cathedral and city.

The English Channel and the Thames I felt to be almost more beautiful and more interesting than anything we had seen in our voyage round the round world. The Australians cared nothing for it. They would not lift their eyes even to look at the glorious vision of Dover. At Gravesend my friends came to greet me on the east of England, as they had bade farewell to me on the west a year and two months and one week before. The *Duke* finally rested in the Albert Docks. All Hallows' Vicarage, on Tower Hill, was my destination. It was Sunday, and touching it was to observe, as we passed through the miles of houses in the north-east, how every house had a little garden in the backyard or perched somewhere on the second story or on the roof, and the children and young people were tending and watering their flowers with the charity of the day of rest. How much happier they would be if they could roam at liberty, with plenty of air and sun, in some of our vast, unoccupied regions of Australia or New Zealand! When shall we learn to spend our millions on colonization, instead of on gaols, asylums, and reformatories, and offer to our own brothers and sisters and children those simple, natural joys of life which all human beings have a right to

expect, giving them some chance of freedom and virtue and evangelical partnership with the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air !

So at length I reached Trinity Square. It was delightful to get back to the old country again on a delicious, warm September morning, to hear the cheery sound of the military bugles, and to see the tall, green plane trees gently stirring in the air, and the stern grey walls of the Tower surmounted by the British flag, and beyond them the gleam of the white water of the Thames.

Our first Sunday at home was the same as our first in New Zealand, and the words of the Collect, "wont to give more than either we desire or deserve," were the antiphon of all our time between. "God shall bless us"—this was the last cadence of the evening psalms—"God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him."

## APPENDIX.

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Lichfield, January 11, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MASON,

I hope you will not be startled at my proposal, but I have been asked to recommend two clergymen to go to New Zealand for some six or eight months, to conduct missions there. I have, I believe, secured your friend Mr. Bodington for one, and I think it most desirable that you should go with him. I will not speak of the good which I feel sure God will enable you to do, but I am convinced that it would be of great benefit to yourself, in body, soul, and spirit, and therefore indirectly to the people committed to your care. Bishop Cowie writes to say that your expenses would of course be paid. There would be no difficulty in my giving you the necessary leave of absence—on the score of health—for I feel sure that your doctor will readily certify that you would be much the better of the voyage and of a change of work.

Pray give this your favourable consideration, uniting your prayers with mine, and let me hear from you by-and-by.

Yours always very truly,

W. D. LICHFIELD.

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Athenæum Club, Pall Mall,

March 13, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MASON,

I understand that you are waiting for my decision as to your going to New Zealand.

Nothing that you have urged has altered my opinion that

you ought to go, and that you may do so with a quiet conscience.

This is on the understanding that Mr. Bodington goes also. I should not advise your going alone.

I hope you will see your way to accept the call. Be assured of my prayers.

Yours very truly,  
W. D. LICHFIELD.

The REV. G. E. MASON.

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[*Copy.*]

“Addington Park, Croydon.

“We, Edward White, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England, and Metropolitan, to our beloved in Christ Jesus the bishops, clergy, and laity of the dioceses of Christchurch and Auckland, and to all whom these presents concern,

“Health and grace.

“We heartily commend to your favourable acceptance and affectionate welcome our well-beloved in Christ

The Reverend Charles Bodington, and

The Reverend Edward Mason,

whom you have invited (as we are given to understand) to preach and to hold Church missions amongst you. They are both godly and well-learned presbyters, beneficed in our province, experienced in the work to which they are called by you, well known in the Church of England, and highly esteemed in love for their works' sake.

“With each of them we are personally acquainted, and we know their labours to be sincere and self-denying, and much blessed of God to His own honour. We pray that His benediction may rest upon you, and upon the work undertaken by them at your desire, with bountiful grace to their hearers; that their teaching and exhortation may be fruitful in the conversion of souls, in the strengthening of the faithful people, and their advancement in holy living, through the operation of the Holy Spirit of God. And so we rest your loving brother and servant in the Lord, and we beseech your prayers.

"Given at our Palace at Lambeth this twenty-second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and in the second year of our translation.

"EDW. CANTUAR."

I certify the above to be a true copy.

W. D. LICHFIELD.

Bishopthorpe, York,

June 29, 1885.

MY DEAR MR. BODINGTON,

I send you my heartiest good wishes for the work to which you and your companion have devoted yourselves.

I will not forget your wish to be mentioned in prayer ; and I have already used the little leaflet which you enclosed.

The Lord bless you and keep you in your goings out and comings in. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace now and for evermore.

I am, most truly yours,

W. EBOR.

Willam Dalrymple, by Divine permission Bishop of Lichfield, to the bishops and clergy of the Province of New Zealand, greeting in the Lord.

Whereas our well-beloved Charles Bodington, Priest in the Church of England and Vicar of Christ Church in our Cathedral City of Lichfield, is about to visit the islands of New Zealand at the invitation of the Bishops of Christchurch and Auckland, to do the work of an evangelist by holding missions in various quarters for the awakening of the ungodly and the building up of the faithful :—We do by this writing heartily and in the love of God commend this our brother to the confidence and loving-kindness of all bishops and clergy into whose hands this letter may come.

Given under our hand and episcopal seal this twenty-ninth day of June, being the Festival of St. Peter, in the year of our Lord one thousand eighty hundred and eighty-five.

W. D. LICHFIELD.



To the Bishops and Church in New Zealand.

MY DEAR BROTHERS IN CHRIST,

The Rev. G. E. Mason, Rector of Whitwell in Derbyshire, now in the diocese of Southwell, but till lately in the diocese of Lichfield, has been invited, and has, under the direction of the Bishop of Lichfield, accepted the invitation, to visit the Church of New Zealand as a missionary. I desire, in hearty approval of his purpose, to commend him earnestly to your brotherly reception as a faithful servant of God, in all ways highly fitted for the service which he has undertaken.

In strong hope that God's blessing may be upon his visit,  
I am your faithful brother in Christ,

GEORGE SOUTHWELL.

Thurgarton, Southwell, July 9, 1885.

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PRAYER USED BY FRIENDS AT HOME ON BEHALF OF THE  
MISSION.

*"Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ."*—Col. iv. 3.

V.—Our help is in the Name of the Lord.

R.—Who hath made Heaven and Earth.

Almighty God, Who dost govern all things in heaven and earth; keep, we beseech Thee, under Thy Fatherly care, thy servants, Charles Bodington and Edward Mason, whom Thou hast called to preach Thy Word in New Zealand. Enable them by Thy Holy Spirit to have a right judgment in all things; strengthen them in all difficulties; protect them in all dangers; and grant that Thy Word, spoken by their mouth, may have such good success that Thy Holy Name may be glorified and Thy Blessed Kingdom enlarged: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*From the Bishop of Auckland (addressed to his Diocese).*

Bishopscourt, Auckland, August 13, 1885.

MY DEAR PEOPLE,

I am hoping on the 22nd inst. to welcome to the diocese two clergymen from England, namely, the Revs. C. Bodington and G. E. Mason, who have been invited by the primate and myself to conduct a mission to the people of our respective dioceses. The purpose of the mission is to aid the Church in her ordinary work,—of (1) instructing those who are ignorant of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, (2) recalling to their allegiance to Him those who have become negligent of their duty as Christians, (3) strengthening those who are conscious of their weakness and desirous of spiritual improvement, and (4) affording help generally to all who need to be helped in the Christian life. To one or more of these sections we all belong ; as each one of us will perceive, if we examine our own hearts and our manner of life. To ignore God's existence, to live without reference to His will, is the height of impiety ; to live for ourselves alone is contrary to the first principle of the Gospel ; to make no advance in holiness is inconsistent with our discipleship of Jesus Christ.

Each one of us will, I trust, be benefited by the work of the missionaries. In order that it may be so, I now call upon you all to help them in their difficult undertaking, by attending the meetings held by them in your parish or district, and encouraging others to do the same, and by making a special effort to go forward in the knowledge, the reverential fear, and the love of God. Above all, our earnest prayers are needed, that ourselves and others may profit by "the manifestation of the Spirit," the various means by which our Heavenly Father would lead us in the path of His commandments,—the way of self-denial, of honesty, of industry, of purity, of charity. The spirit of prayer implies a state of mind in which we listen gladly to the "still, small voice," of conscience, and sincerely desire to follow its directions. "Ask, and ye shall have ; seek, and ye shall find."

To help you in this duty of praying for God's blessing on the work of the missionaries,—that yourselves and those belonging to you may be stirred up to a higher sense of your

privileges and responsibilities as Christians, I send you a short form of prayer, which I ask you, as your Bishop, to use daily during the sojourn of the missionaries amongst us. That your hearts may be opened to the working of the Holy Spirit now and ever, and that you may be made more helpful one to another in living to God and resisting the evil that is in the world, is the constant prayer of your faithful brother and Bishop,

W. G. AUCKLAND.

Heavenly Father, we ask for Thy blessing on all those engaged in preaching the Gospel of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and at this time we pray especially for those who are ministering to Thy people in this Diocese. Give to our missionaries the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind ; and grant that by their life and doctrine they may set forth Thy glory, and set forward the salvation of all men. Enable Thy Church to hold forth the light of Thy Truth to those who are living in ignorance and error, to revive the faith of those who have forgotten Thee, and to stir up the wills of those who love Thee that they may serve Thee better in the days that remain ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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PRAYER ON BEHALF OF THE MISSION IN THIS  
DIOCESE, 1886.

O God our Heavenly Father, Who dost stir the hearts of men when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt, and dost bind up the broken-hearted and give liberty to those who are under the captivity of sin, pour down, we beseech Thee, the abundance of Thy Holy Spirit upon those ministers of Thy Church whom Thou hast called, at this time, to share the work in this Diocese for the salvation of souls. Bless the word spoken by them to the conversion of the sinful, and the strengthening of the faithful ; and grant that those whom Thou dost raise up to newness of life, and to a greater diligence in making their calling and election sure, may have grace to persevere unto the end, through the merit and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

## THE MISSIONERS' LETTER.

DEAR FRIENDS AND BRETHREN IN THE LORD,

We have been invited by your bishop to preach a mission to you, and our own bishops have desired us to accept the invitation, and are sending us with their blessing. Mission services have become very common in England; and experience has shown their value in reclaiming wanderers, and in deepening the spiritual life of faithful souls and kindling in them a greater zeal for Christian works. We feel it a high privilege and a solemn responsibility to be sent to speak the Word of God to you. We beg you to receive us as brothers. We come relying on your sympathy, and we ask you to aid us with your fervent prayers, for prayer is the great root and secret of success in all work for God.

Do not expect to hear from us anything new or startling. We come to you with the Word of God as interpreted by the sober teaching of the Prayer-book. You will hear no new Gospel, but the old, old story of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and the work of the Spirit of God,—the way of repentance, the power of faith, and the gifts of grace.

May God, from Whom all good gifts do come, bestow on you and on us His richest blessing.

We are your faithful friends and servants,

C. BODINGTON, Vicar of Christ Church, Lichfield.

G. E. MASON, Rector of Whitwell.

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Auckland, February 1st, 1886.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Auckland.

We, the undersigned, clergy of parishes and districts in your diocese, desire, through you, to tender our heartfelt thanks to the missionaries who, in response to your lordship's invitation, have come to us from England, and have since their arrival been labouring untiringly among us. By their astonishing and sustained labours, and by their clear and unfaltering expositions of Holy Scripture, as interpreted by the sober teaching of the Book of Common Prayer, no less than by their unfeigned piety and

constant reliance on God the Holy Ghost, they have exhibited to us an ideal of ministerial life and duty which it will be our responsibility and our aim to follow; and we rejoice to know that, through their instrumentality, many troubled ones have attained to a peace and gladness not before realized, many sinners have been aroused, and many have been helped to a more loyal and intelligent devotion to our Blessed Lord in this branch of His Holy Catholic Church. That God's abundant blessing may follow them throughout their labours in the diocese to which they are now going, and in all places to which His Providence shall hereafter call them, is the prayer of those who trust always to retain their teaching in thankful remembrance, and in the Divine mercy to meet them hereafter in the nearer presence of Him before Whom they and we alike live, and to Whom they and we as watchers for souls must alike give account.

(Signed)

B. T. DUDLEY, Archdeacon.	R. O'C. BIGGS.
E. B. CLARKE, Archdeacon.	J. BATES.
H. GOVETT, Archdeacon.	F. T. BAKER.
W. N. DE L. WILLIS, Archdeacon.	W. KATTERNS.
C. M. NELSON.	W. CALDER.
JOHN HASELDEN.	C. C. C. FRITH.
A. G. PURCHAS.	A. J. HITCHCOCK.
W. M. DU RIEU.	F. H. LONG.
W. E. MULGAN.	J. K. DAVIS.
T. O'CALLAGHAN.	G. H. S. WALPOLE.
FRANK GOULD.	E. J. MCFARLAND.
E. J. PHILLIPS.	J. H. HEWSON.
PHILIP WALSH.	P. S. SMALLFIELD.

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Bishopscourt, Auckland, February 3, 1886.

To the Revs. C. Bodington and G. E. Mason.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I enclose the copy of a letter that I have received from the four archdeacons of this diocese and others of our clergy, who desire me to thank you on their behalf for your

ministrations to them and their people. I have very great pleasure in complying with their request. For them and for myself I thank you most heartily for the fidelity, the plainness of speech, and the charity with which you have set forth the teaching of the Church on the great truths of the Gospel throughout the diocese, and for the high standard of pastoral labour that by word and deed you have shown us. From testimony that I am continually receiving, not only from the clergy, but also from the laity, from men and women of all sorts and conditions, I am assured that your ministrations have afforded great help to very many of the people of this diocese, including not a few of those who do not call themselves members of the Church of England. I hope that you will both husband your strength as far as is possible during the remainder of your mission in New Zealand; and that, when you return to England, you will find yourselves strengthened in every way for your duties there.

I remain, my dear friends,

Your faithful and affectionate brother,

W. G. AUCKLAND.

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All Saints' Parsonage, Hokitika, February 13, 1886.

MY LORD BISHOP,

We have received the kind and touching letter of thanks addressed to us through your lordship by the archdeacons and clergy of the diocese of Auckland. It is a great comfort and joy to us to be assured by them that the mission has, through the blessing of God, helped them and the flocks committed to their charge. We esteem it a great privilege to have been allowed to make the acquaintance of a body of men so thoroughly devoted to their singularly difficult and arduous work. It will be our constant prayer that their work may bear abundant fruit, and that they may receive increasing help. We beg your lordship to convey to them the expression of our warmest gratitude, and we also ask your lordship to accept our sincere thanks for your own most kind letter, which accompanies their address. May

we also take this opportunity of thanking the laity of your lordship's diocese for their many acts of kindness and their unceasing hospitality?

We are, my Lord Bishop,

Your obedient and grateful servants,

C. BODINGTON

G. E. MASON.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Auckland.

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To the Most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Christchurch,  
Primate of New Zealand.

MY LORD,

Before the departure from amongst us of the Rev. C. Bodington and the Rev. G. E. Mason, who have come to us as missionaries from England, at your lordship's invitation, with the commendation of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, we, the undersigned clergy of your lordship's diocese, respectfully request you to convey to them our grateful acknowledgment of their zealous endeavours to quicken, by the power of the Holy Spirit, the religious life of the souls committed to our charge; endeavours from which we feel that we ourselves have derived much benefit. We desire to bear glad and thankful testimony to the exceeding earnestness, as well as to the simplicity and directness with which they have preached the Gospel of our Lord and Master Jesus Christ: and to their untiring labours for the advancement of His holy religion—labours carried on for several months in succession, following also immediately after a like series of efforts in the diocese of Auckland. We join with them in heartfelt thankfulness to Almighty God, that He has been pleased to grant them that continuance of health and strength which was needful to sustain them during a period of such severe and protracted exertion. We desire at the same time to assure them that their work has been very highly appreciated both by ourselves and by the vast majority of the lay members of our Church, in those

cures especially in which missions have been held. Very many feel that they have derived deep and, as they trust, lasting benefit from the instruction they have received, as well as from the faithful and loving earnestness with which the truth has been brought home to their consciences. Some will acknowledge with profound thankfulness that they owe to them, under God, the beginning of a true repentance; many others will date from the mission a marvellous quickening of their faith and hope, showing itself in a renewed life, a deeper love to God and man, and increased fervour and constancy in their religious duties. The first-fruits of their labours, and a sure earnest, we trust, of their abiding success, are to be seen already in an increased number both of communicants and of candidates for Confirmation. A foundation has thus been laid, on which it will remain for us, the regular workers in this portion of the Lord's kingdom, following the example of their zeal and diligence, to endeavour, with the help of God, to build up the life of practical holiness and devotion to good works.

In conclusion, my lord, we respectfully request you to assure our brethren that they will take with them, on their departure from amongst us, our heartiest wishes for their future welfare and happiness. They may be assured that very many in this diocese, both clergy and laity, will never forget them, nor cease to pray that God's abundant blessing may attend their future labours for the edification of Christ's people. It may not be our lot to meet them again face to face in this life; but we rejoice in the hope that our fellowship with them in the communion of saints may never be interrupted, either in this world or in that which is to come.

We beg to subscribe ourselves, my lord,  
Your lordship's faithful and affectionate servants  
in our Lord Jesus Christ,

(Signed by the Dean, the Archdeacons, the  
Canons, and the other clergy.)

Whitsuntide, 1886.



To the Reverend Charles Bodington and the Reverend  
G. E. Mason.

We, the clergy of the diocese of Brisbane, desire to express our sincere and hearty thanks to you for the privilege we have enjoyed of joining with you in Communion or devotion, and of listening to the meditations and instructions which you have been good enough to give us during this week. We feel that we owe a real debt of gratitude to you for coming amongst us, and to our bishop for procuring for us the benefit of communion and fellowship in Christ with men so gifted by the Holy Ghost with the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, a benefit which, owing to our isolation and distance from the centres of the Church's spiritual life, we can but very seldom enjoy.

Your addresses and meditations, with their deep, spiritual lessons and clear setting forth of the principles which should guide and govern our teaching and our life, have been a help and strength to us, and, we trust, will be of permanent value to us all. We feel sure that the blessing of Him Who is the Head over all things to the Church—His Body—will not be wanting to the mission services in St. John's Church; but that your earnest exhortations and wise counsels will bear the fruits of holiness in the recall of wanderers to the fold, in the deepening of penitence, and the strengthening of spiritual life in those who are trying to live in union with our Lord. We are sorry only for this, that your visit is of necessity so short, and that more preparation could not have been made for the mission, so that, humanly speaking, (clergy and lay helpers co-operating), its effects could have been more general.

And now we ask you to accept our grateful thanks, and assure you of our prayers that you, who have together gone before the face of our Lord into the distant parts of His Church, may have the light of His countenance reflected in full measure on yourselves, as you have been the means of causing that light to shine on the hearts and lives of others.

We ask your blessing and your remembrance of us and our people at the Holy Altar, as our prayers will follow you on your voyage home and return to your work of labour and love for our Master and Divine Lord, from Whom no distance

can separate, and Who unites us all to Himself in the unity of His Holy Church.

On behalf of the clergy of the diocese of Brisbane,  
 BENJAMIN GLENNIE,  
 Archdeacon of Brisbane.  
 Bishopsbourne, July 9, 1886.

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#### THE TEACHING OF THE MISSIONERS.

(From the *Waikato Times*, copied into the Auckland newspapers).

The following letter has been sent by the Rev. G. E. Mason to a resident in Hamilton :—

Challinor House, Pitt Street, Auckland,  
 December 3, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your letter, which has been forwarded to me from the Thames. I am sorry that any bitter feelings have been aroused by my instruction on the Church. Nothing could have been further from my intention than "cruelly to taunt" anybody. I always endeavour to teach the whole truth perfectly plainly, so that there can be no mistake, but at the same time with charity. I cannot withdraw any part of my teaching on the Church, because I believe it to be absolutely true. I have seen so much since I have been in New Zealand of Church-people drifting off from the Church into the sects, that I feel deeply the importance of teaching plainly that there is such a sin as schism, against which we pray in the Litany.

My teaching on the Church is briefly as follows :—

The Church is (1) One—Eph. iv. 1, etc. There cannot be two, for the Church is the Body and the Bride of Christ.

(2) Holy—By union with Christ, and because it is filled with the Holy Ghost. All the ordinances of the Church are holy ; and her object is to make men holy.

(3) Catholic—Not local, but universal ; being the same all over the world ; teaching not PART of the truth, but ALL truth ; embracing all classes of persons, young, old, learned, unlearned, rich, poor, black, white, bond and free ; curing all sins, and possessing all virtues.

(4) Apostolic—Being historically connected by continuous succession with the Apostolic Church of Jerusalem, founded on the Day of Pentecost. There are four marks which distinguish the Church from the sects. They are these :

(1) The Creed : Apostles', Nicene, Athanasian.

(2) The Ministry : bishops, priests, deacons.

(3) The Sacraments ; Baptism and Communion, and the other five sacramental rites of Confirmation, Repentance, Matrimony, Orders, and Visitation of the Sick.

(4) The Commandments : that is the morality.

These four marks of the Church are possessed by the three great historical Churches, the English, the Greek, and the Roman, and no doubt by others, such as the St. Thomas Christians of India, and by other Eastern Churches.

The sects, such as the various kinds of Wesleyans, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Salvation Army, and the Christadelphians, do not possess these four marks, though some of them possess some of the marks. None of them are historically connected with the Church of Jerusalem, and, therefore, none of them have any authority whatever to teach or to administer the Sacraments. They may—and often do—teach the truth, but their teaching is not authoritative ; they have no commission.

When I say that they have no authority to administer the Sacraments I do not mean that the baptism of Wesleyans and others is invalid. I have always taught the reverse, that if anybody—even a woman—baptizes a person with water in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, the baptism is valid, though irregular, and Confirmation by the bishop supplies any defects in the baptism.

Lastly, I draw (as I said at Hamilton) a great distinction between individual Dissenters and the societies to which they belong. The individual Dissenter, if baptized, is a member of the one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, and is distinctly not outside the pale of the Church, so long as he believes the Apostles' Creed ; but the sect to which he attaches himself is not and cannot be "a Church." It is simply a voluntary society founded by man for some particular object. But in government, in authority, in historical connection, and in every other way it is utterly distinct from the Holy Catholic Church. The Wesleyans are no more a

Church than the S.P.C.K., or the S.P.G., or the G.F.S., or the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Wesleyans know perfectly well that John Wesley was a priest of the Church, and that he almost bitterly opposed any of his preachers administering the Sacraments or holding services at the same time as the Church. Wesley simply intended to found a guild for religious purposes within the Church ; and such the Wesleyans still might be.

They have done a great and good work, and I am quite free to acknowledge it ; but they would have done incomparably a greater and a better if they had been under the guidance of the Church and in union with it. To this it is my earnest prayer that they may return.

If the Wesleyan ministers were ordained by the bishops, and the "members" confirmed by the bishops, they might still continue to carry on their work of preaching, classes, and Sacraments as they do at present. They would then occupy a position analogous to that of the religious orders of the Middle Ages.

I hope none of this letter seems harsh. You are at liberty to make what use you please of it. But life is too short, religion too serious, and divisions too many and too mischievous, to allow us to give an uncertain sound. Truth is independent of opinions, and remains eternally true.

I remain, my dear sir,

With all affectionate regard to those who do not agree  
with me nor worship at the same altar,—

Yours very sincerely,

G. E. MASON.

[Perhaps I ought to add an explanatory note to this letter.

With regard to what I have called the "five sacramental rites" I may remark—

1. That I have exercised moderation in not calling them by another name.

2. That, in point of fact, these five rites are distinguished in the Book of Common Prayer by special services or forms, and that there are no more—except, of course, the two great

Sacraments of Holy Baptism and Holy Communion—than five ; for the Churching of Women is only a service of thanksgiving and restoration, and the Burial of the Dead is not mainly for the benefit of the departed soul. Benediction, which certainly is a sacramental means of grace, is not separate from the others, but an integral part of them all.

3. That the Catechism does not touch the question of the “five sacramental rites.” It merely teaches that there are only two universally necessary to salvation ; and the words “two only” followed by the qualifying “as” seems to imply that there are other Sacraments which are not universally necessary, but are for “certain persons or states of life.”

4. That the ninth Homily, bk. ii. speaks thus :—

“Although Absolution hath the promise of forgiveness of sin ; yet by the express word of the New Testament it hath not this promise annexed and tied to the visible sign, which is imposition of hands. For this visible sign—I mean laying on of hands—is not expressly commanded in the New Testament to be used in Absolution, as the visible signs in Baptism and the Lord’s Supper are : and therefore Absolution is no such sacrament as Baptism and the Communion are.”

Again : “Neither Ordination, nor any other Sacrament else, be such Sacraments as Baptism and the Communion are.”

Again : after mentioning all the five : “No man ought to take these for Sacraments in such signification and meaning as the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper are.”]

G. E. MASON.

July 4, 1892.

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I add the following letter as another touching example of delicate and thoughtful charity :

To the Revs. C. Bodington and G. E. Mason, Church Missioners, Christchurch.

GENTLEMEN,

Having derived in an indirect way benefit from your visit to this country, and as I know you do not receive “gifts from men,” I desire you will allow me the pleasure of inaugurating a scheme for the help of men. As you have come so many miles to support us with the Bread of life, or

at least to help us to obtain fresh supplies for ourselves, suffer me in return to acknowledge my share of a general indebtedness by establishing, on behalf of the poor of overgrown London, a poor-box in your joint names ; and whilst I will do what I can to fill the same, will you kindly name the charitable institution you consider the most deserving in the cause of supplying the daily wants of the poor at home ? I propose annually sending or causing to be sent a contribution, in the shape of a draft of our Bodington-Mason Fund, to that institute. In this way you will do me an honour, and I may, as a thanksgiving for your efforts for us, do some little good for the many thousand helpless brethren at home.

Yours obediently,

IGNOTUS.



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